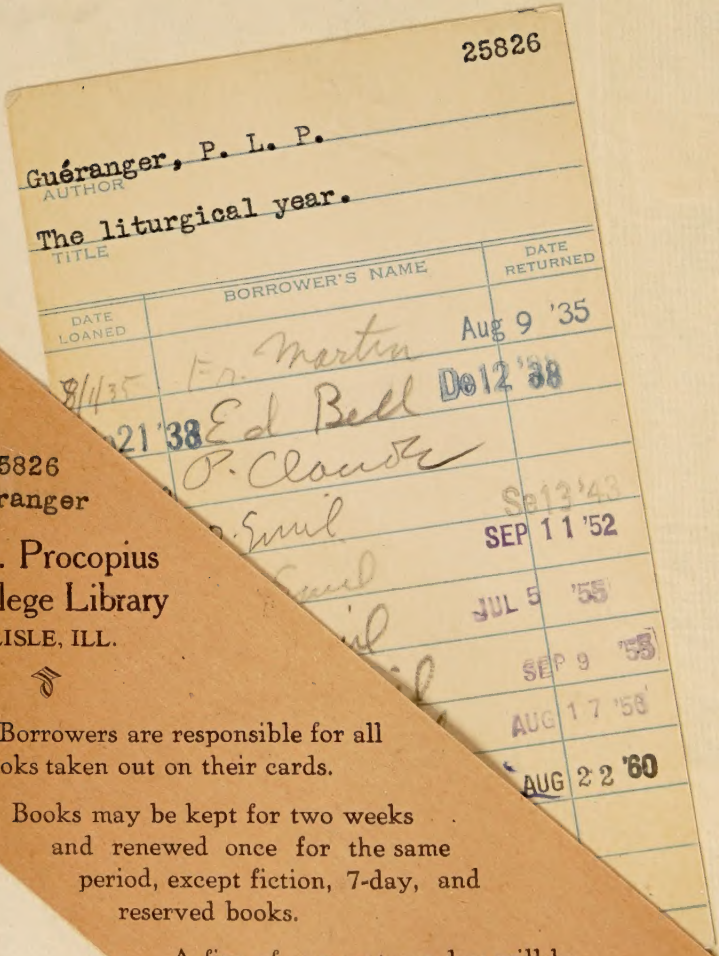

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THE LITURGICAL YEAR

Time after Pentecost

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THE LITURGICAL YEAR

By THE RIGHT REV. DOM PROSPER GUÉRANGER, ABBOT *of* SOLESMES

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

THE BENEDICTINES OF STANBROOK

TIME AFTER PENTECOST

VOL. IV

WITHDRAWN

LONDON

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE LTD.

PUBLISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE

1924

263.9
G932
v.13

NIHIL OBSTAT:

G. H. JOYCE, S.J.,

Censor deputatus.

IMPRIMATUR:

EDM. CAN. SURMONT,

Vicarius generalis.

WESTMONASTERII,
die 3a Julii, 1924.

Made and Printed in Great Britain

25826

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TIME AFTER PENTECOST

TIME AFTER PENTECOST

CHAPTER THE FIRST

ON HEARING MASS, DURING THE TIME AFTER PENTECOST

ON the Sundays, if the Mass at which the faithful assist be the parochial, or, as it is often called, the public Mass, two solemn rites precede it, and they are full of instruction and blessing: the *Asperges*, or sprinkling of the holy water, and the procession.

During the *Asperges*, you should unite with the intentions which the Church has in this ceremony, so venerable by its antiquity: you should pray for that purity of heart, which is needed for worthily assisting at the mysteries wherein God Himself becomes present and unites heaven and earth so closely together.

ANTIPHON OF THE ASPERGES

Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo, et mundabor; lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Ps. Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

℣. Gloria Patri, &c.

Ant. Asperges me, &c.

℣. Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam;

℟. Et salutare tuum da nobis.

Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Ps. Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy.

℣. Glory, &c.

Ant. Thou shalt sprinkle, &c.

℣. Show us, O Lord, thy mercy.

℟. And grant us thy salvation.

℣. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
℟. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
℣. Dominus vobiscum.
℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.

℣. O Lord, hear my prayer.
℟. And let my cry come unto thee.
℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. And with thy spirit.

OREMUS

Exaudi nos, Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus: et mittere digneris sanctum angelum tuum de cælis, qui custodiat, foveat, protegat, visitet, atque defendat, omnes habitantes in hoc habitaculo. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.
℟. Amen.

LET US PRAY

Graciously hear us, O holy Lord, Father almighty, eternal God: and vouchsafe to send thy holy angel from heaven, who may keep, cherish, protect, visit, and defend all who are assembled in this place. Through Christ our Lord.
℟. Amen

The procession, which in many churches immediately precedes a solemn Mass, is a prelude to the great act which is about to be accomplished. It originated from the monastic practice of going through the cloisters every Sunday chanting certain appointed responsories; while the hebdomadarian went through all the conventual places, blessing each of them.

But see, Christians, the Sacrifice begins! The priest is at the foot of the altar; God is attentive, the angels are in adoration, the whole Church is united with the priest, whose priesthood and action are those of the great High Priest, Jesus Christ. Let us make the sign of the cross with him.

THE ORDINARY OF THE MASS

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

℣. Introibo ad altare Dei.
℟. Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.

Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta; ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me.

Quia tu es, Deus, fortitudo mea: quare me repulisti? et quare tristis incedo, dum affligit me inimicus?

Emitte lucem tuam et veritatem tuam: ipsa me deduxerunt et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum, et in tabernacula tua.

Et introibo ad altare Dei: ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.

Confitebor tibi in cithara, Deus, Deus meus: quare tristis es anima mea? et quare conturbas me?

Spera in Deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi: salutare vultus mei, et Deus meus.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

℣. Introibo ad altare Dei.
℟. Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.

℣. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
℟. Qui fecit cælum et terram.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

I unite myself, O my God, with thy holy Church, who thrills with joy at the approach of Jesus Christ thy Son, who is the true altar.

Like her, I beseech thee to defend me against the malice of the enemies of my salvation.

It is in thee I have put my hope; yet do I feel sad and troubled at being in the midst of the snares which are set for me.

Send me, then, him who is the light and the truth; it is he will open the way to thy holy mount, to thy heavenly tabernacle.

He is the Mediator and the living altar; I will draw nigh to him and be filled with joy.

When he shall have come, I will sing in my gladness. Be not sad, O my soul! why wouldst thou be troubled?

Hope in him, who will soon show himself unto thee as thy Saviour and thy God.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

I am to go to the altar of God, and feel the presence of him who desires to give me a new life!

This my hope comes not from any merits of my own, but from the all-powerful help of my Creator.

The thought of being about to appear before his God, excites in the soul of the priest a lively sentiment of compunction. He cannot go further in the holy Sacrifice without confessing, and publicly, that he is a sinner, and deserves not the grace he is about to receive. Listen with respect to this confession of God's minister, and earnestly ask our Lord to show mercy to him; for the priest is your father; he is answerable for your salvation, for which he every day risks his own. When he has finished, unite with the servers, or the sacred ministers, in this prayer:

Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis tuis, perducat te ad vitam æternam.

May almighty God have mercy on thee, and, forgiving thy sins, bring thee to everlasting life.

The priest having answered *Amen*, make your confession, saying with a contrite spirit:

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus sanctis, et tibi, pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo et opere: mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelem archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes sanctos, et te, pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

I confess to almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints, and to thee, Father, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed; through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy apostles Peter and Paul, all the saints, and thee, Father, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

Receive with gratitude the paternal wish of the priest, who says to you:

Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis ve-

May almighty God be merciful to you, and, forgiving your

stris, perducat vos ad vitam æternam.

℟. Amen.

Indulgentiam, absolutionem, et remissionem peccatorum nostrorum tribuat nobis omnipotens et misericors Dominus.

℟. Amen.

sins, bring you to everlasting life.

℟. Amen.

May the almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins.

℟. Amen.

Invoke the divine assistance, that you may approach to Jesus Christ.

℣. Deus, tu conversus vivificabis nos.

℟. Et plebs tua lætabitur in te.

℣. Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam.

℟. Et salutare tuum da nobis.

℣. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

℟. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

℣. O God, it needs but one look of thine to give us life.

℟. And thy people shall rejoice in thee.

℣. Show us, O Lord, thy mercy.

℟. And give us to know and love the Saviour whom thou hast sent unto us.

℣. O Lord, hear my prayer.

℟. And let my cry come unto thee.

The priest here leaves you to ascend to the altar; but first he salutes you:

℣. Dominus vobiscum.

℣. The Lord be with you.

Answer him with reverence:

℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.

℟. And with thy spirit.

He ascends the steps, and comes to the Holy of holies. Ask, both for him and yourself, deliverance from sin:

OREMUS

Aufer a nobis, quæsumus Domine, iniquitates nostras; ut ad Sancta sanctorum puris mereamur mentibus introire. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

LET US PRAY

Take from our hearts, O Lord, all those sins which make us unworthy to appear in thy presence; we ask this of thee by thy divine Son, our Lord.

When the priest kisses the altar out of reverence for the relics of the martyrs which are there, say:

Oramus te, Domine, per merita sanctorum tuorum, quorum reliquiæ hic sunt, et omnium sanctorum: ut indulgere digneris omnia peccata mea. Amen.	Generous soldiers of Jesus Christ, who have mingled your own blood with his, intercede for us that our sins may be forgiven: that so we may, like you, approach unto God.

If it be a High Mass at which you are assisting, the priest here blesses the incense, saying:

Ab illo benedicaris, in cujus honore cremaberis. Amen.	Mayst thou be blessed by him, in whose honour thou art to be burned. Amen.

He then censes the altar in a most solemn manner. This white cloud, which you see ascending from every part of the altar, signifies the prayer of the Church, who addresses herself to Jesus Christ; while the divine Mediator causes that prayer to ascend, united with His own, to the throne of the majesty of His Father.

The priest then says the Introit. It is a solemn opening anthem, in which the Church, at the very commencement of the holy Sacrifice, gives expression to the sentiments which fill her heart.

It is followed by nine exclamations, which are even more earnest, for they ask for mercy. In addressing them to God, the Church unites herself with the nine choirs of angels, who are standing round the altar of heaven, one and the same as this before which you are kneeling.

To the Father:

Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us!
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us!
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us!

To the Son:

Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us!
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us!
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us!

To the Holy Ghost:

Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us!
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us!
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us!

Then, mingling his voice with that of the heavenly host, the priest intones the sublime canticle of Bethlehem, which announces *glory to God, and peace to men.* Instructed by the revelations of God, the Church continues in her own words the hymn of the angels.

THE ANGELIC HYMN

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.	Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will.
Laudamus te: benedicimus te: adoramus te: glorificamus te: gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.	We praise thee: we bless thee: we adore thee: we glorify thee: we give thee thanks for thy great glory.
Domine Deus, Rex cælestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.	O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father almighty.
Domine, Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.	O Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.	O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.	Who takest away the sins of the world, receive our humble prayer.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.	Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.	For thou alone art holy, thou alone art Lord, thou alone, O Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost, art most high, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The priest then turns towards the people and again salutes them, as it were to make sure of their pious attention to the sublime act for which all this is but the preparation.

Then follows the Collect or Prayer, in which the Church formally expresses to the divine Majesty the special intentions she has in the Mass which is being celebrated. You may unite in this prayer, by reciting with the priest the Collects which you will find in their proper places; but on no account omit to join with the server of the Mass in answering *Amen*.

After this comes the Epistle, which is, generally, a portion of one or other of the Epistles of the apostles, or a passage from some book of the Old Testament. While it is being read, give thanks to God, who, not satisfied with having spoken to us at sundry times by His messengers, deigned at last to speak to us by His well-beloved Son.[1]

The Gradual is an intermediate formula of prayer between the Epistle and the Gospel. Most frequently, it again brings before us the sentiments already expressed in the Introit. Read it devoutly, that so you may more and more enter into the spirit of the mystery proposed to you this day by the Church.

The song of praise, the *Alleluia*, is next heard. Let us, while it is being said, unite with the holy angels, who are, for all eternity, making heaven resound with that song, which we on earth are permitted to attempt.

It is now time for the Gospel to be read. The Gospel is the written word; our hearing it will prepare us for the Word, who is our Victim and our Food. If it be a High Mass, the deacon prepares to fulfil his noble office, that of announcing the good tidings of salvation. He prays God to cleanse his heart and lips. Then, kneeling before the priest, he asks a blessing; and, having received it, at once goes to the place where he is to sing the Gospel.

[1] Heb. i. 2.

As a preparation for hearing it worthily, you may thus pray, together with both priest and deacon:

Munda cor meum ac labia mea, omnipotens Deus, qui labia Isaiæ prophetæ calculo mundasti ignito; ita me tua grata miseratione dignare mundare, ut sanctum Evangelium tuum digne valeam nuntiare. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Alas! these ears of mine are but too often defiled with the world's vain words: cleanse them, O Lord, that so I may hear the words of eternal life, and treasure them in my heart. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Dominus sit in corde meo, et in labiis meis: ut digne et competenter annuntiem Evangelium suum: In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Grant to thy ministers thy grace that they may faithfully explain thy law; that so all, both pastors and flock, may be united to thee for ever. Amen.

You will stand during the Gospel, as though you were awaiting the orders of your Lord; at the commencement, make the sign of the cross on your forehead, lips, and breast; and then listen to every word of the priest or deacon. Let your heart be ready and obedient. 'While my Beloved was speaking,' says the bride in the Canticle, 'my soul melted within me.'[1] If you have not such love as this, have at least the humble submission of Samuel, and say: 'Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth.'[2]

After the Gospel, if the priest says the Symbol of faith, the *Credo*, you will say it with him. Faith is that gift of God, without which we cannot please Him. It is faith that makes us see 'the light which shineth in darkness,' and which the darkness of unbelief 'did not comprehend.' Let us then say with the Catholic Church, our mother:

THE NICENE CREED.

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem cæli et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium.

I believe in one God, the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

[1] Cant. v. 6.

[2] 1 Kings iii. 10.

Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum. Et ex Patre natum ante omnia sæcula, Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero. Genitum non factum, consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem, descendit de cælis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine; ET HOMO FACTUS EST. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato, passus et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas. Et ascendit in cælum; sedet ad dexteram Patris. Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos; cujus regni non erit finis.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God. And born of the Father before all ages; God of God; light of light; true God of true God. Begotten, not made; consubstantial with the Father; by whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven. And became incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary: AND WAS MADE MAN. He was crucified also for us, under Pontius Pilate, suffered, and was buried. And the third day he rose again, according to the Scriptures. And ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And he is to come again with glory, to judge the living and the dead; of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filioque procedit. Qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur; qui locutus est per prophetas. Et unam sanctam Catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi sæculi. Amen.

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son. Who together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified; who spoke by the prophets. And one holy Catholic and apostolic Church. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins. And I expect the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

The priest and the people should, by this time, have their hearts ready: it is time to prepare the offering itself. And here we come to the second part of the holy Mass, which is called the Oblation, and immediately follows that which was named the Mass of Catechumens, on account of its being formerly the only part at which the candidates for Baptism had a right to be present.

See, then, dear Christians! bread and wine are about

to be offered to God, as being the noblest of inanimate creatures, since they are made for the nourishment of man; and even that is only a poor material image of what they are destined to become in our Christian Sacrifice. Their substance will soon give place to God Himself, and of themselves nothing will remain but the appearances. Happy creatures, thus to yield up their own being, that God may take its place! We, too, are to undergo a like transformation, when, as the apostle expresses it, 'that which is mortal will be swallowed up by life.'[1] Until that happy change shall be realized, let us offer ourselves to God as often as we see the bread and wine presented to Him in the holy Sacrifice; and let us glorify Him, who, by assuming our human nature, has made us 'partakers of the divine nature.'[2]

The priest again turns to the people with the usual salutation, as though he would warn them to redouble their attention. Let us read the Offertory with him, and when he offers the Host to God, let us unite with him in saying:

Suscipe, sancte Pater, omnipotens, æterne Deus, hanc immaculatam hostiam, quam ego indignus famulus tuus offero tibi, Deo meo vivo et vero, pro innumerabilibus peccatis et offensionibus et negligentiis meis, et pro omnibus circumstantibus, sed et pro omnibus fidelibus christianis vivis atque defunctis; ut mihi et illis proficiat ad salutem in vitam æternam. Amen.

All that we have, O Lord, comes from thee, and belongs to thee; it is just, therefore, that we return it unto thee. But how wonderful art thou in the inventions of thy immense love! This bread which we are offering to thee is to give place, in a few moments, to the sacred Body of Jesus. We beseech thee, receive, together with this oblation, our hearts which long to live by thee, and to cease to live their own life of self.

When the priest puts the wine into the chalice, and then mingles with it a drop of water, let your thoughts

[1] 2 Cor. v. 4. [2] 2 St. Peter i. 4.

turn to the divine mystery of the Incarnation, which is the source of our hope and our salvation, and say:

Deus, qui humanæ substantiæ dignitatem mirabiliter condidisti, et mirabilius reformasti: da nobis per hujus aquæ et vini mysterium, ejus divinitatis esse consortes, qui humanitatis nostræ fieri dignatus est particeps, Jesus Christus, Filius tuus, Dominus noster: qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

O Lord Jesus, who art the true vine, and whose Blood, like a generous wine, has been poured forth under the pressure of the cross! thou hast deigned to unite thy divine nature to our weak humanity, which is signified by this drop of water. Oh, come and make us partakers of thy divinity, by showing thyself to us in thy sweet and wondrous visit.

The priest then offers the mixture of wine and water, beseeching God graciously to accept this oblation, which is so soon to be changed into the reality, of which it is now but the figure. Meanwhile, say, in union with the priest:

Offerimus tibi, Domine, calicem salutaris, tuam deprecantes clementiam: ut in conspectu divinæ Majestatis tuæ, pro nostra et totius mundi salute, cum odore suavitatis ascendat. Amen.

Graciously accept these gifts, O sovereign Creator of all things. Let them be fitted for the divine transformation, which will make them, from being mere offerings of created things, the instrument of the world's salvation.

After having thus held up the sacred gifts towards heaven, the priest bows down; let us, also, humble ourselves, and say:

In spiritu humilitatis, et in animo contrito, suscipiamur a te, Domine: et sic fiat sacrificium nostrum in conspectu tuo hodie, ut placeat tibi, Domine Deus.

Though daring, as we do, to approach thy altar, O Lord, we cannot forget that we are sinners. Have mercy on us, and delay not to send us thy Son, who is our saving Host.

Let us next invoke the Holy Ghost, whose operation is about to produce on the altar the presence of the Son of God, as it did in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the divine mystery of the Incarnation.

Veni, Sanctificator omnipotens æterne Deus, et benedic hoc sacrificium tuo sancto nomini præparatum.

Come, O divine Spirit, make fruitful the offering which is upon the altar, and produce in our hearts him whom they desire.

If it be a High Mass, the priest, before proceeding any further with the Sacrifice, takes the thurible a second time, after blessing the incense in these words:

Per intercessionem beati Michaelis archangeli, stantis a dextris altaris incensi, et omnium electorum suorum, incensum istud dignetur Dominus benedicere, et in odorem suavitatis accipere: Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Through the intercession of blessed Michael the archangel, standing at the right hand of the altar of incense, and of all his elect, may our Lord deign to bless this incense, and to receive it for an odour of sweetness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

He then censes first the bread and wine which have just been offered, and then the altar itself; hereby inviting the faithful to make their prayer, which is signified by the incense, more and more fervent, the nearer the solemn moment approaches. St. John tells us that the incense he beheld burning on the altar in heaven is made up of the 'prayers of the saints'; let us take a share in those prayers, and with all the ardour of holy desires let us say with the priest:

Incensum istud, a te benedictum, ascendat ad te, Domine, et descendat super nos misericordia tua.

Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea sicut incensum in conspectu tuo: elevatio manuum mearum sacrificium vespertinum. Pone, Domine, custodiam ori meo, et ostium circumstantiæ labiis meis; ut non declinet cor meum in verba malitiæ, ad excusandas excusationes in peccatis.

May this incense, blessed by thee, ascend to thee, O Lord, and may thy mercy descend upon us.

Let my prayer, O Lord, be directed like incense in thy sight: the lifting up of my hands as an evening sacrifice. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth and a door round about my lips; that my heart may not incline to evil words, to make excuses in sins.

Giving back the thurible to the deacon, the priest says:

Accendat in nobis Dominus ignem sui amoris, et flammam æternæ caritatis. Amen.

May the Lord enkindle in us the fire of his love, and the flame of eternal charity. Amen.

But the thought of his own unworthiness becomes more intense than ever in the heart of the priest. The public confession which he made at the foot of the altar is not enough; he would now at the altar itself express to the people, in the language of a solemn rite, how far he knows himself to be from that spotless sanctity wherewith he should approach to God. He washes his hands. Our hands signify our works; and the priest, though by his priesthood he bear the office of Jesus Christ, is, by his works, but man. Seeing your Father thus humble himself, do you also make an act of humility, and say with him these verses of the psalm:

PSALM 25

Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas: et circumdabo altare tuum, Domine.

Ut audiam vocem laudis; et enarrem universa mirabilia tua.

Domine, dilexi decorem domus tuæ, et locum habitationis gloriæ tuæ.

Ne perdas cum impiis, Deus, animam meam, et cum viris sanguinum vitam meam.

In quorum manibus iniquitates sunt: dextera eorum repleta est muneribus.

Ego autem in innocentia mea ingressus sum: redime me, et miserere mei.

Pes meus stetit in directo: in ecclesiis benedicam te, Domine.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

I, too, would wash my hands, O Lord, and become like unto those who are innocent, that so I may be worthy to come near thy altar, and hear thy sacred canticles, and then go and proclaim to the world the wonders of thy goodness. I love the beauty of thy house, which thou art about to make the dwelling-place of thy glory. Leave me not, O God, in the midst of them that are enemies both to thee and me. Thy mercy having separated me from them, I entered on the path of innocence and was restored to thy grace; but have pity on my weakness still; redeem me yet more, thou who hast so mercifully brought me back to the right path. In the midst of these thy faithful people, I give thee thanks. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The priest, taking encouragement from the act of humility he has just made, returns to the middle of the altar, and bows down full of respectful awe, begging of God to receive graciously the Sacrifice which is about to be offered to Him, and expresses the intentions for which it is offered. Let us do the same.

Suscipe, sancta Trinitas, hanc oblationem, quam tibi offerimus ob memoriam Passionis, Resurrectionis et Ascensionis Jesu Christi Domini nostri: et in honorem beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis, et beati Joannis Baptistæ, et sanctorum apostolorum Petri et Pauli, et istorum, et omnium sanctorum: ut illis proficiat ad honorem, nobis autem ad salutem: et illi pro nobis intercedere dignentur in cælis, quorum memoriam agimus in terris. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

O holy Trinity, graciously accept the sacrifice we have begun. We offer it in remembrance of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. Permit thy Church to join with this intention that of honouring the ever glorious Virgin Mary, the blessed Baptist John, the holy apostles Peter and Paul, the martyrs whose relics lie here under our altar awaiting their resurrection, and the saints whose memory we this day celebrate. Increase the glory they are enjoying, and receive the prayers they address to thee for us.

The priest again turns to the people; it is for the last time before the sacred mysteries are accomplished. He feels anxious to excite the fervour of the people. Neither does the thought of his own unworthiness leave him; and before entering the cloud with the Lord, he seeks support in the prayers of his brethren who are present. He says to them:

Orate fratres: ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Deum Patrem omnipotentem.

Brethren, pray that my Sacrifice, which is yours also, may be acceptable to God, our almighty Father.

This request made, he turns again to the altar, and you will see his face no more until our Lord Himself shall have come down from heaven upon that same altar.

Assure the priest that he has your prayers, and say to him:

Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis, ad laudem et gloriam nominis sui, ad utilitatem quoque nostram totiusque Ecclesiæ suæ sanctæ.	May our Lord accept this Sacrifice at thy hands, to the praise and glory of his name, and for our benefit and that of his holy Church throughout the world.

Here the priest recites the prayers called the Secrets, in which he presents the petition of the whole Church for God's acceptance of the Sacrifice, and then immediately begins to fulfil that great duty of religion—thanksgiving. So far he has adored God, and has sued for mercy; he has still to give thanks for the blessings bestowed on us by the bounty of our heavenly Father, the chief of which is His having sent us His own Son. The blessing of a new visit from this divine Word is just upon us; and in expectation of it, and in the name of the whole Church, the priest is about to give expression to the gratitude of all mankind. In order to excite the faithful to that intensity of gratitude which is due to God for all His gifts, he interrupts his own and their silent prayer by terminating it aloud, saying:

Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.	For ever and ever.

In the same feeling, answer your *Amen!* Then he continues:

℣. Dominus vobiscum.	℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.	℟. And with thy spirit.
℣. Sursum corda!	℣. Lift up your hearts!

Let your response be sincere:

℟. Habemus ad Dominum.	℟. We have them fixed on God.

And when he adds:

℣. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.	℣. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

Answer him with all the earnestness of your soul:

℟. Dignum et justum est. ℟. It is meet and just.

Then the priest:

THE PREFACE

Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere: Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus: per Christum Dominum nostrum. Per quem majestatem tuam laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt Potestates; Cæli cælorumque Virtutes ac beata Seraphim, socia exsultatione concelebrant. Cum quibus et nostras voces ut admitti jubeas deprecamur supplici confessione dicentes:

It is truly meet and just, right and available to salvation, that we should always and in all places give thanks to thee, O holy Lord, Father almighty, eternal God; through Christ our Lord; by whom the Angels praise thy majesty, the Dominations adore it, the Powers tremble before it; the Heavens and the heavenly Virtues, and the blessed Seraphim, with common jubilee, glorify it. Together with whom, we beseech thee that we may be admitted to join our humble voices, saying:

Here unite with the priest, who, on his part, unites himself with the blessed spirits, in giving thanks to God for the unspeakable gift; bow down and say:

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus sabaoth!

Pleni sunt cæli et terra gloria tua.

Hosanna in excelsis!

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Hosanna in excelsis!

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts!

Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest!

Blessed be the Saviour who is coming to us in the name of the Lord who sends him.

Hosanna be to him in the highest!

After these words commences the Canon, that mysterious prayer, in the midst of which heaven bows down to earth, and God descends unto us. The voice of the priest is no longer heard; yea, even at the altar all is silence. It was thus, says the Book of Wisdom, ' in the

quiet of silence, and while the night was in the midst of her course, that the almighty Word came down from His royal throne.'[1] Let a profound respect stay all distractions, and keep our senses in submission to the soul. Let us respectfully fix our eyes on what the priest does in the holy place.

THE CANON OF THE MASS

In this mysterious colloquy with the great God of heaven and earth, the first prayer of the sacrificing priest is for the Catholic Church, his and our mother.

Te igitur, clementissime Pater, per Jesum Christum Filium tuum Dominum nostrum, supplices rogamus ac petimus, uti accepta habeas et benedicas hæc dona, hæc munera, hæc sancta sacrificia illibata; in primis quæ tibi offerimus pro Ecclesia tua sancta Catholica; quam pacificare, custodire, adunare, et regere digneris toto orbe terrarum, una cum famulo tuo Papa nostro N. et Antistite nostro N. et omnibus orthodoxis atque Catholicæ et apostolicæ fidei cultoribus.

O God, who manifestest thyself unto us by means of the mysteries which thou hast entrusted to thy holy Church our mother, we beseech thee, by the merits of this sacrifice, that thou wouldst remove all those hindrances which oppose her during her pilgrimage in this world. Give her peace and unity. Do thou thyself guide our holy Father the Pope, thy Vicar on earth. Direct thou our Bishop, who is our sacred link of unity; and watch over all the orthodox children of the Catholic, apostolic, Roman Church.

Here pray, together with the priest, for those whose interests should be dearest to you.

Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque tuarum N. et N., et omnium circumstantium, quorum tibi fides cognita est, et nota devotio: pro quibus tibi offerimus, vel qui tibi offerunt hoc sacrificium laudis pro se suisque omnibus, pro redemptione animarum suarum, pro

Permit me, O God, to intercede with thee for special blessings upon those for whom thou knowest that I have a special obligation to pray: * * * Apply to them the fruits of this divine Sacrifice, which is offered unto thee in the name of all mankind. Visit them by thy grace, pardon

[1] Wisd. xviii. 14, 15.

spe salutis et incolumitatis suæ; tibique reddunt vota sua æterno Deo vivo et vero.

them their sins, grant them the blessings of this present life and of that which is eternal.

Here let us commemorate the saints; they are that portion of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ which is called the Church triumphant.

Communicantes, et memoriam venerantes, in primis gloriosæ semper Virginis Mariæ, Genitricis Dei et Domini nostri Jesu Christi: sed et beatorum apostolorum ac martyrum tuorum, Petri et Pauli, Andreæ, Jacobi, Joannis, Thomæ, Jacobi, Philippi, Bartholomæi, Matthæi, Simonis, et Thaddæi: Lini, Cleti, Clementis, Xysti, Cornelii, Cypriani, Laurentii, Chrysogoni, Joannis et Pauli, Cosmæ et Damiani, et omnium sanctorum tuorum: quorum meritis precibusque concedas, ut in omnibus protectionis tuæ muniamur auxilio. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

But the offering of this Sacrifice, O my God, does not unite us with those only of our brethren who are still in this transient life of trial: it brings us closer to those also who are already in possession of heaven. Therefore it is that we wish to honour by it the memory of the glorious and ever Virgin Mary, of whom Jesus was born to us; of the apostles, confessors, virgins, and of all the saints; that they may assist us by their powerful intercession to be worthy of this thy visit, and of contemplating thee, as they themselves now do, in the mansion of thy glory.

The priest, who up to this time has been praying with his hands extended, now joins them, and holds them over the bread and wine, as the high priest of the old Law was wont to do over the figurative victim; he thus expresses his intention of bringing these gifts more closely under the notice of the divine Majesty, and of marking them as the material offering whereby we express our dependence, and which, in a few instants, is to yield its place to the living Host, upon whom are laid all our iniquities.

Hanc igitur oblationem servitutis nostræ, sed et cunctæ familiæ tuæ, quæsumus, Domine, ut placatus accipias: dies-

Vouchsafe, O God, to accept the offering which this thine assembled family presents to thee as the homage of its most

que nostros in tua pace disponas, atque ab æterna damnatione nos eripi, et in electorum tuorum jubeas grege numerari. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Quam oblationem tu, Deus, in omnibus, quæsumus, benedictam, adscriptam, ratam, rationabilem, acceptabilemque facere digneris: ut nobis Corpus et Sanguis fiat dilectissimi Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi.

happy servitude. In return, give us peace, save us from thy wrath, and number us among thy elect, through him who is coming to us—thy Son, our Saviour.

Yea, Lord, this is the moment when this bread is to become his sacred Body, which is our food; and this wine is to be changed into his Blood, which is our drink. Ah! delay no longer, but bring us into the presence of this divine Son, our Saviour!

And here the priest ceases to act as man; he now becomes more than a mere minister of the Church. His word becomes that of Jesus Christ, with its power and efficacy. Prostrate yourself in profound adoration, for the Emmanuel—that is, 'God with us'—is coming upon our altar.

Qui pridie quam pateretur accepit panem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas: et elevatis oculis in cælum, ad te Deum Patrem suum omnipotentem, tibi gratias agens, benedixit, fregit, deditque discipulis suis, dicens: Accipite, et manducate ex hoc omnes. HOC EST ENIM CORPUS MEUM.

What, O God of heaven and earth, my Jesus, the long-expected Messias, what else can I do at this solemn moment, but adore thee in silence, as my sovereign Master, and open to thee my whole heart, as to its dearest King? Come, then, O Lord Jesus, come!

The divine Lamb is now lying on our altar! Glory and love be to Him for ever! But he has come that He may be immolated. Hence the priest, who is the minister of the designs of the Most High, immediately pronounces over the chalice the sacred words which follow, that will produce the great mystical immolation, by the separation of the Victim's Body and Blood. After those words, the substances of both bread and wine have ceased to exist; the species alone are left, veiling, as it were, the Body and Blood of our Redeemer, lest fear

should keep us from a mystery, which God gives us for the very purpose of infusing confidence into our hearts. While the priest is pronouncing those words, let us associate ourselves to the angels, who tremblingly gaze upon this deepest of wonders.

Simili modo postquam cenatum est, accipiens et hunc præclarum Calicem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas, item tibi gratias agens, benedixit, deditque discipulis suis dicens: Accipite et bibite ex eo omnes. HIC EST ENIM CALIX SANGUINIS MEI NOVI ET ÆTERNI TESTAMENTI, MYSTERIUM FIDEI; QUI PRO VOBIS ET PRO MULTIS EFFUNDETUR IN REMISSIONEM PECCATORUM. Hæc quotiescumque feceritis, in mei memoriam facietis.

O precious Blood! thou price of my salvation! I adore thee! Wash away my sins and make me whiter than snow. O Lamb ever slain, yet ever living, thou comest to take away the sins of the world! Come, also, and reign in me by thy power and by thy love.

The priest is now face to face with God. He again raises his hands towards heaven, and tells our heavenly Father that the oblation now on the altar is no longer an earthly material offering, but the Body and Blood, the whole Person, of His divine Son.

Unde et memores, Domine, nos servi tui, sed et plebs tua sancta, ejusdem Christi Filii tui Domini nostri tam beatæ Passionis, nec non et ab inferis Resurrectionis, sed et in cælos gloriosæ Ascensionis: offerimus præclaræ Majestati tuæ de tuis donis ac datis, Hostiam puram, Hostiam sanctam, Hostiam immaculatam: Panem sanctum vitæ æternæ, et Calicem salutis perpetuæ.

Father of infinite holiness, the Host so long expected is here before thee! Behold this thy eternal Son, who suffered a bitter Passion, rose again with glory from the grave, and ascended triumphantly into heaven. He is thy Son; but he is also our Host, Host pure and spotless, our meat and drink of everlasting life.

Supra quæ propitio ac sereno vultu respicere digneris: et accepta habere, sicuti accepta habere dignatus es munera pueri tui justi Abel, et sacrificium Pa-

Heretofore thou acceptedst the sacrifice of the innocent lambs offered unto thee by Abel; and the sacrifice which Abraham made thee of his son

triarchæ nostri Abrahæ, et quod tibi obtulit summus sacerdos tuus Melchisedech, sanctum sacrificium, immaculatam Hostiam.

Isaac, who, though immolated, yet lived; and lastly the sacrifice, which Melchisedech presented to thee, of bread and wine. Receive our Sacrifice, which surpasses all those others. It is the Lamb of whom all others could be but figures; it is the undying Victim; it is the Body of thy Son, who is the Bread of life, and his Blood, which, whilst a drink of immortality for us, is a tribute adequate to thy glory.

The priest bows down to the altar, and kisses it as the throne of love on which is seated the Saviour of men.

Supplices te rogamus, omnipotens Deus, jube hæc perferri per manus sancti angeli tui in sublime altare tuum, in conspectu divinæ Majestatis tuæ: ut quotquot ex hac altaris participatione, sacrosanctum Filii tui Corpus et Sanguinem sumpserimus, omni benedictione cælesti et gratia repleamur. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

But, O God of infinite power! these sacred gifts are not only on this altar here below: they are also on that sublime altar in heaven, which is before the throne of thy divine Majesty. These two altars are one and the same, on which is accomplished the great mystery of thy glory and our salvation. Vouchsafe to make us partakers of the Body and Blood of the august Victim from whom flow every grace and blessing.

Nor is the moment less favourable for our making supplication for the Church suffering. Let us, therefore, ask the divine Liberator, who has come down among us, that He mercifully visit, by a ray of His consoling light, the dark abode of purgatory; and permit His Blood to flow, as a stream of mercy's dew, from this our altar, and refresh the panting captives there. Let us pray expressly for those among them who have a claim upon our suffrages.

Memento etiam, Domine, famulorum famularumque tuarum N. et N., qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in somno pacis. Ipsis, Do-

Dear Jesus! let the happiness of this thy visit extend to every portion of thy Church. Thy face gladdens the elect in the holy city; even our mortal eyes

mine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii, lucis, et pacis, ut indulgeas, deprecamur. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

can see thee beneath the veil of our delighted faith; ah! hide not thyself from those brethren of ours, who are imprisoned in the abode of expiation. Be thou refreshment to them in their flames, light in their darkness, and peace in their agonies of torment.

This duty of charity fulfilled, let us pray for ourselves, sinners, alas! and who profit so little by the visit which our Saviour pays us. Let us, together with the priest, strike our breast, saying:

Nobis quoque peccatoribus famulis tuis, de multitudine miserationum tuarum sperantibus, partem aliquam et societatem donare digneris cum tuis sanctis apostolis et martyribus; cum Joanne, Stephano, Mathia, Barnaba, Ignatio, Alexandro, Marcellino, Petro, Felicitate, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucia, Agnete, Cæcilia, Anastasia, et omnibus sanctis tuis: intra quorum nos consortium, non æstimator meriti, sed veniæ, quæsumus, largitor admitte; per Christum Dominum nostrum. Per quem hæc omnia, Domine, semper bona creas, sanctificas, vivificas, benedicis et præstas nobis; per ipsum et cum ipso, et in ipso, est tibi Deo Patri omnipotenti, in unitate Spiritus Sancti, omnis honor et gloria.

Alas! we are poor sinners, O God of all sanctity! yet do we hope that thine infinite mercy will grant us to share thy kingdom; not indeed by reason of our works, which deserve little else than punishment, but because of the merits of this Sacrifice, which we are offering unto thee. Remember, too, the merits of thy holy apostles, of thy holy martyrs, of thy holy virgins, and of all thy saints. Grant us, by their intercession, grace in this world, and glory eternal in the next: which we ask of thee, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son. It is by him thou bestowest upon us thy blessings of life and sanctification: and by him also, with him, and in him, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, may honour and glory be to thee!

While saying the last of these words the priest has taken up the sacred Host, which was upon the altar; he has held it over the chalice, thus reuniting the Body and Blood of the divine Victim, in order to show that He is now immortal. Then raising up both chalice and Host,

he offers to God the noblest and most perfect homage which the divine Majesty could receive.

This sublime and mysterious rite ends the Canon. The silence of the mysteries is interrupted. The priest concludes his long prayers by saying aloud, and so giving the faithful the opportunity of expressing their desire that his supplications be granted:

Per omnia sæcula sæculorum. For ever and ever.

Answer him with faith, and in a sentiment of union with your holy mother the Church:

Amen. Amen! I believe the mystery which has just been accomplished. I unite myself to the offering which has been made, and to the petitions of the Church.

It is now time to recite the prayer taught us by our Saviour Himself. Let it ascend to heaven together with the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. How could it be otherwise than heard, when He Himself who drew it up for us is in our very hands now while we say it? As this prayer belongs in common to all God's children, the priest recites it aloud, and begins by inviting us all to join in it; he says:

OREMUS

Præceptis salutaribus moniti, et divina institutione formati, audemus dicere:

LET US PRAY

Having been taught by a saving precept, and following the form given us by divine instruction, we thus presume to speak:

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Pater noster qui es in cælis, sanctificetur nomen tuum: adveniat regnum tuum: fiat voluntas tua sicut in cælo et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread:

da nobis hodie: et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris: et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation.

Let us answer with a deep feeling of our misery:

Sed libera nos a malo.

But deliver us from evil.

The priest falls once more into the silence of the holy mysteries. His first word is an affectionate *Amen* to your last petition—*deliver us from evil*—on which he forms his own next prayer: and could he pray for anything more needed? Evil surrounds us everywhere; and the Lamb on our altar has been sent to expiate it and to deliver us from it.

Libera nos, quæsumus, Domine, ab omnibus malis, præteritis, præsentibus et futuris: et intercedente beata et gloriosa semper Virgine Dei Genitrice Maria, cum beatis apostolis tuis Petro et Paulo, atque Andrea, et omnibus sanctis, da propitius pacem in diebus nostris: ut ope misericordiæ tuæ adjuti, et a peccato simus semper liberi, et ab omni perturbatione securi. Per eumdem Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus.

How many, O Lord, are the evils which beset us! Evils past, which are the wounds left on the soul by her sins, which strengthen her wicked propensities. Evils present—that is, the sins now, at this very time, upon our soul; the weakness of this poor soul, and the temptations which molest her. There are, also, future evils—that is, the chastisement which our sins deserve from the hand of thy justice. In presence of this Host of our salvation, we beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from all these evils, and to accept in our favour the intercession of Mary the Mother of Jesus, of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul and Andrew: liberate us, break our chains, give us peace: through Jesus Christ, thy Son, who with thee liveth and reigneth God.

The priest is anxious to announce the peace, which he has asked and obtained; he therefore finishes his prayer aloud, saying:

Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
℟. Amen.

World without end.
℟. Amen.

Then he says:

Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.	May the peace of our Lord be ever with you.

To this paternal wish reply:

℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.	℟. And with thy spirit.

The mystery is drawing to a close; God is about to be united with man, and man with God, by means of Communion. But first, an imposing and sublime rite takes place at the altar. So far, the priest has announced the death of Jesus; it is time to proclaim His resurrection. To this end, he reverently breaks the sacred Host; and having divided it into three parts, he puts one into the chalice, thus reuniting the Body and Blood of the immortal Victim. Do you adore, and say:

Hæc commixtio et consecratio Corporis et Sanguinis Domini nostri Jesu Christi, fiat accipientibus nobis in vitam æternam. Amen.	Glory be to thee, O Saviour of the world, who didst in thy Passion permit thy precious Blood to be separated from thy sacred Body, afterwards uniting them again together by thy divine power.

Offer now your prayers to the ever-living Lamb, whom St. John saw on the altar of heaven, 'standing though slain':[1] say to this your Lord and King, who has taken upon Himself all our iniquities in order to wash them away by His Blood:

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, give us peace.

Peace is the grand object of our Saviour's coming into the world: He is the Prince of peace.[2] The divine Sacra-

[1] Apoc. v. 6. [2] Is. ix. 6.

ment of the Eucharist ought, therefore, to be the mystery of peace and the bond of Catholic unity; for, as the apostle says, ' all we who partake of one Bread are all one bread and one body.'[1] It is on this account that the priest, now that he is on the point of receiving, in Communion, the sacred Host, prays that fraternal peace may be preserved in the Church, and more especially in this portion of it, which is assembled around the altar. Pray with him, and for the same blessing :

Domine Jesu Christe, qui dixisti apostolis tuis: Pacem relinquo vobis, pacem meam do vobis: ne respicias peccata mea, sed fidem Ecclesiæ tuæ: eamque secundum voluntatem tuam pacificare et coadunare digneris. Qui vivis et regnas Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst to thine apostles, ' My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ': regard not my sins, but the faith of thy Church, and grant her that peace and unity which is according to thy will. Who livest and reignest God, for ever and ever. Amen.

If it be a High Mass, the priest here gives the kiss of peace to the deacon, who gives it to the subdeacon, and he to the choir. During this ceremony, you should excite within yourself feelings of Christian charity, and pardon your enemies, if you have any. Then continue to pray with the priest:

Domine Jesu Christe, Fili Dei vivi, qui ex voluntate Patris, co-operante Spiritu sancto, per mortem tuam mundum vivificasti: libera me per hoc sacrosanctum Corpus et Sanguinem tuum, ab omnibus iniquitatibus meis, et universis malis: et fac me tuis semper inhærere mandatis, et a te nunquam separari permittas: Qui cum eodem Deo Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who according to the will of the Father, through the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, hast, by thy death, given life to the world; deliver me by this thy most sacred Body and Blood from all mine iniquities, and from all evils; and make me always adhere to thy commandments, and never suffer me to be separated from thee, who with the same God the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest God for ever and ever. Amen.

[1] 1 Cor. x. 17.

If you are going to Communion at this Mass, say the following prayer; otherwise, prepare yourself for a spiritual Communion :

Perceptio Corporis tui, Domine Jesu Christe, quod ego indignus sumere præsumo, non mihi proveniat in judicium et condemnationem: sed pro tua pietate prosit mihi ad tutamentum mentis et corporis, et ad medelam percipiendam. Qui vivis et regnas cum Deo Patre, in unitate Spiritus Sancti, Deus per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Let not the participation of thy Body, O Lord Jesus Christ, which I, though unworthy, presume to receive, turn to my judgment and condemnation; but, through thy mercy, may it be a safeguard and remedy both to my soul and body. Who with God the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest God, for ever and ever. Amen.

When the priest takes the Host into his hands, in order to receive it in Communion, say:

Panem cælestem accipiam, et nomen Domini invocabo.

Come, my dear Jesus, come !

When he strikes his breast, confessing his unworthiness, say thrice with him these words, and in the same dispositions as the centurion of the Gospel, who first used them:

Domine, non sum dignus ut intres sub tectum meum: sed tantum dic verbo, et sanabitur anima mea.

Lord ! I am not worthy that thou enter under my roof; say it only with one word of thine, and my soul shall be healed.

While the priest is receiving the sacred Host, if you also are to communicate, profoundly adore your God, who is ready to take up His abode within you; and again say to Him with the bride: ' Come, Lord Jesus, come !'[1]

But should you not intend to receive sacramentally, make here a spiritual Communion. Adore Jesus Christ who thus visits your soul by His grace, and say to Him :

[1] Apoc. xxii. 20.

Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam meam in vitam æternam. Amen.

I give thee, O Jesus, this heart of mine, that thou mayst dwell in it, and do with me what thou wilt.

Then the priest takes the chalice, in thanksgiving, and says:

Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi? Calicem salutaris accipiam, et nomen Domini invocabo. Laudans invocabo Dominum, et ab inimicis meis salvus ero.

What return shall I make to the Lord for all he hath given to me? I will take the chalice of salvation and will call upon the name of the Lord. Praising I will call upon the Lord, and I shall be delivered from mine enemies.

But if you are to make a sacramental Communion, you should, at this moment of the priest's receiving the precious Blood, again adore the God who is coming to you, and keep to your prayer: 'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'

If you are going to communicate only spiritually, again adore your divine Master, and say to Him:

Sanguis Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam meam in vitam æternam. Amen.

I unite myself to thee, my beloved Jesus! do thou unite thyself to me, and never let us be separated.

It is here that you must approach to the altar, if you are going to Communion.

The Communion being finished, while the priest is purifying the chalice the first time, say:

Quod ore sumpsimus, Domine, pura mente capiamus; et de munere temporali fiat nobis remedium sempiternum.

Thou hast visited me, O God, in these days of my pilgrimage: give me grace to treasure up the fruits of this visit, for my future eternity.

While the priest is purifying the chalice the second time, say:

Corpus tuum, Domine, quod sumpsi, et Sanguis quem potavi, adhæreat visceribus meis: et

Be thou for ever blessed, O my Saviour, for having admitted me to the sacred mystery

præsta ut in me non remaneat scelerum macula, quem pura et sancta refecerunt Sacramenta. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

of thy Body and Blood. May my heart and senses preserve, by thy grace, the purity thou hast imparted to them, and may I be thus rendered less unworthy of thy divine visit.

The priest having read the anthem called the Communion, which is the first part of his thanksgiving for the favour just received from God, whereby He has renewed His divine presence among us, turns to the people, greeting them with the usual salutation; and then recites the prayer, called the Postcommunion, which is the continuation of the thanksgiving. You will join him here also, and thank God for the unspeakable gift He has just lavished upon you, of admitting you to the celebration and participation of mysteries so divine.

As soon as these prayers have been recited, the priest again turns to the people; and, full of joy at the immense favour he and they have been receiving, he says:

Dominus vobiscum. — The Lord be with you.

Answer him.

Et cum spiritu tuo. — And with thy spirit.

The deacon, or (if it be not a High Mass) the priest himself, then says:

Ite, missa est. — Go, the Mass is finished.
℟. Deo gratias. — ℟. Thanks be to God.

The priest makes a last prayer, before giving you his blessing; pray with him:

Placeat tibi, sancta Trinitas, obsequium servitutis meæ; et præsta ut sacrificium, quod oculis tuæ Majestatis indignus obtuli, tibi sit acceptabile, mihique et omnibus pro quibus illud obtuli sit, te miserante, propitia-

Eternal thanks be to thee, O adorable Trinity, for the mercy thou hast shown to me, in permitting me to assist at this divine Sacrifice. Pardon me the negligence and coldness wherewith I have received so

bile. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

great a favour; and deign to confirm the blessing, which thy minister is about to give me in thy name.

The priest raises his hand, and blesses you thus:

Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.
℟. Amen.

May the almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you!
℟. Amen.

He then concludes the Mass, by reading the first fourteen verses of the Gospel according to St. John, which tell us of the eternity of the Word, and of the mercy which led Him to take upon Himself our *flesh* and to *dwell among us*. Pray that you may be of the number of those who *received Him* when He *came unto His own* people, and who, thereby, were made *sons of God*.

℣. Dominus vobiscum.
℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.

℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. And with thy spirit.

THE LAST GOSPEL

Initium sancti Evangelii secundum Joannem.

The beginning of the holy Gospel according to John.

Cap. I.

In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat Verbum. Hoc erat in principio apud Deum. Omnia per ipsum facta sunt: et sine ipso factum est nihil; quod factum est, in ipso vita erat, et vita erat lux hominum; et lux in tenebris lucet, et tenebræ eam non comprehenderunt. Fuit homo missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Joannes. Hic venit in testimonium, ut testimonium perhiberet de lumine, ut omnes crederent per illum. Non erat ille lux, sed ut testimonium perhiberet de lumine. Erat lux

Ch. I.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was made nothing that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness, to give testimony of the light, that all men might believe through him. He was not the light,

vera, quæ illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum. In mundo erat, et mundus per ipsum factus est, et mundus eum non cognovit. In propria venit, et sui eum non receperunt. Quotquot autem receperunt eum, dedit eis potestatem filios Dei fieri; his qui credunt in nomine ejus: qui non ex sanguinibus, neque ex voluntate carnis, neque ex voluntate viri, sed ex Deo, nati sunt. ET VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST, et habitavit in nobis: et vidimus gloriam ejus, gloriam quasi Unigeniti a Patre, plenum gratiæ et veritatis.

but was to give testimony of the light. That was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them he gave power to be made the sons of God; to them that believe in his name, who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, and dwelt among us; and we saw his glory, as it were the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

℟. Deo gratias.

℟. Thanks be to God.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

ON THE OFFICE OF VESPERS, FOR SUNDAYS AND FEASTS, DURING THE TIME AFTER PENTECOST

THE Office of Vespers, or Evensong, consists firstly of the five following psalms. For certain feasts some of these psalms are changed for others appropriate to the day; we here give those for Sunday.

After the *Pater* and *Ave* have been said in secret, the Church commences this Hour with her favourite supplication:

℣. Deus, in adjutorium meum intende.
℟. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen. Alleluia.
ANT. Dixit Dominus.

℣. Incline unto my aid, O God.
℟. O Lord, make haste to help me.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Alleluia.
ANT. The Lord said.

The first psalm is a prophecy of the future glory of the Messias. The Son of David shall *sit* on the *right hand* of the heavenly Father. He is King; He is priest; He is Son of Man, and Son of God. His enemies will attack Him, but He will *crush* them. He will be humbled; but this voluntary humiliation will lead Him to the highest glory.

PSALM 109

Dixit Dominus Domino meo: Sede a dextris meis.

The Lord said to my Lord, *his Son:* Sit thou at my right hand, *and reign with me.*

Donec ponam inimicos tuos: scabellum pedum tuorum.

Until, *on the day of thy last coming*, I make thy enemies thy footstool.

Virgam virtutis tuæ emittet Dominus ex Sion: dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.

O Christ! the Lord *thy Father* will send forth the sceptre of thy power out of Sion: *from thence* rule thou in the midst of thy enemies.

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ in splendoribus sanctorum: ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

With thee is the principality in the day of thy strength, in the brightness of the saints: *For the Father hath said to thee:* From the womb before the day-star I begot thee.

Juravit Dominus, et non pœnitebit eum: Tu es Sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech.

The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent: *he hath said, speaking to thee, the God-Man:* Thou art a Priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech.

Dominus a dextris tuis: confregit in die iræ suæ reges.

Therefore, O Father, the Lord, *thy Son*, is at thy right hand: he hath broken kings in the day of his wrath.

Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas: conquassabit capita in terra multorum.

He shall *also* judge among nations: *in that terrible coming*, he shall fill the ruins *of the world:* he shall crush the heads in the land of many.

De torrente in via bibet: propterea exaltabit caput.

He cometh now in humility: he shall drink in the way of the torrent *of sufferings:* therefore, shall he lift up the head.

Ant. Dixit Dominus Domino meo: Sede a dextris meis.

Ant. The Lord said to my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand.

Ant. Magna opera Domini.

Ant. Great are the works of the Lord.

The following psalm commemorates the mercies of God to His *people*, the promised *Covenant*, the *Redemption*, His *fidelity* to His word. But it also tells us that the *name* of the Lord is *terrible* because it is *holy;* and concludes by admonishing us that *the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*

PSALM 110

Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo: in consilio justorum et congregatione.

Magna opera Domini: exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.

Confessio et magnificentia opus ejus: et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, misericors et miserator Dominus: escam dedit timentibus se.

Memor erit in sæculum testamenti sui: virtutem operum suorum annuntiabit populo suo.

Ut det illis hæreditatem Gentium: opera manuum ejus veritas et judicium.

Fidelia omnia mandata ejus, confirmata in sæculum sæculi: facta in veritate et æquitate.

Redemptionem misit populo suo: mandavit in æternum testamentum suum.

Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus: initium sapientiæ timor Domini.

Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum: laudatio ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

ANT. Magna opera Domini: exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.

ANT. Qui timet Dominum.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart: in the council of the just, and in the congregation.

Great are the works of the Lord: sought out according to all his wills.

His work is praise and magnificence: and his justice continueth for ever and ever.

He hath made a remembrance of his wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord: he hath given food to them that fear him.

He will be mindful for ever of his covenant *with men:* he will show forth to his people the power of his works.

That he may give them *his Church*, the inheritance of the Gentiles: the works of his hands are truth and judgment.

All his commandments are faithful, confirmed for ever and ever: made in truth and equity.

He hath sent redemption to his people: he hath *thereby* commanded his covenant for ever.

Holy and terrible is his name: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

A good understanding to all that do it: his praise continueth for ever and ever.

ANT. Great are the works of the Lord: sought out according to all his wills.

ANT. He that feareth the Lord.

The next psalm sings the happiness of the *just man*, and his hopes on the day of his Lord's coming. It tells us, likewise, of the confusion of the sinner who shall have despised the mysteries of God's love towards mankind.

PSALM III

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum: in mandatis ejus volet nimis.

Potens in terra erit semen ejus: generatio rectorum benedicetur.

Gloria et divitiæ in domo ejus: et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis: misericors et miserator et justus.

Jucundus homo, qui miseretur et commodat, disponet sermones suos in judicio: quia in æternum non commovebitur.

In memoria æterna erit justus: ab auditione mala non timebit.

Paratum cor ejus sperare in Domino, confirmatum est cor ejus: non commovebitur donec despiciat inimicos suos.

Dispersit, dedit pauperibus; justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi: cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria.

Peccator videbit et irascetur, dentibus suis fremet et tabescet: desiderium peccatorum peribit.

ANT. Qui timet Dominum, in mandatis ejus cupit nimis.

ANT. Sit nomen Domini.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord; he shall delight exceedingly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the righteous shall be blessed.

Glory and wealth shall be in his house; and his justice remaineth for ever and ever.

To the righteous a light is risen up in darkness; he is merciful, and compassionate, and just.

Acceptable is the man that showeth mercy and lendeth; he shall order his very words with judgment: because he shall not be moved for ever.

The just shall be in everlasting remembrance: he shall not fear the evil hearing.

His heart is ready to hope in the Lord; his heart is strengthened: he shall not be moved until he look over his enemies.

He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor; his justice remaineth for ever and ever: his horn shall be exalted in glory.

The wicked shall see, and shall be angry; he shall gnash with his teeth and pine away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

ANT. He that feareth the Lord shall delight exceedingly in his commandments.

ANT. May the name of the Lord.

The psalm *Laudate pueri* is a canticle of praise to the Lord, who from His high heaven has taken pity on the human race, and has vouchsafed to honour it by the Incarnation of His own Son.

PSALM 112

Laudate, pueri, Dominum: laudate nomen Domini.

Sit nomen Domini benedictum: ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.

A solis ortu usque ad occasum: laudabile nomen Domini.

Praise the Lord, ye children; praise ye the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord; from henceforth now and for ever.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise.

Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus: et super cælos gloria ejus.

Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster qui in altis habitat: et humilia respicit in cælo et in terra?

The Lord is high above all nations: and his glory above the heavens.

Who is as the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high: and looketh down on the low things in heaven and in earth?

Suscitans a terra inopem: et de stercore erigens pauperem:

Raising up the needy from the earth: and lifting up the poor out of the dunghill;

Ut collocet eum cum principibus: cum principibus populi sui.

That he may place him with princes: with the princes of his people.

Qui habitare facit sterilem in domo: matrem filiorum lætantem.

Who maketh a barren woman to dwell in a house, the joyful mother of children.

ANT. Sit nomen Domini benedictum in sæcula.

ANT. May the name of the Lord be for ever blessed.

ANT. Deus autem noster.

ANT. But our God.

The fifth psalm, *In exitu*, recounts the prodigies witnessed under the ancient Covenant: they were figures, whose realities were to be accomplished in the mission of the Son of God, who came to deliver *Israel* from Egypt, emancipate the *Gentiles* from their idolatry, and pour out a *blessing* on every man who will consent to fear and love the Lord.

PSALM 113

In exitu Israel de Ægypto: domus Jacob de populo barbaro.

Facta est Judæa sanctificatio ejus: Israel potestas ejus.

When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a barbarous people.

Judea was made his sanctuary, Israel his dominion.

Mare vidit et fugit: Jordanis conversus est retrorsum.

Montes exsultaverunt ut arietes: et colles sicut agni ovium.

Quid est tibi mare quod fugisti: et tu, Jordanis, quia conversus es retrorsum?

Montes exsultastis sicut arietes: et colles sicut agni ovium?

A facie Domini mota est terra: a facie Dei Jacob.

Qui convertit petram in stagna aquarum: et rupem in fontes aquarum.

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis: sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

Super misericordia tua, et veritate tua: nequando dicant gentes: Ubi est Deus eorum?

Deus autem noster in cælo: omnia quæcumque voluit fecit.

Simulacra gentium argentum et aurum: opera manuum hominum.

Os habent, et non loquentur: oculos habent, et non videbunt.

Aures habent, et non audient: nares habent, et non odorabunt.

Manus habent, et non palpabunt: pedes habent, et non ambulabunt: non clamabunt in gutture suo.

Similes illis fiant qui faciunt ea: et omnes qui confidunt in eis.

Domus Israel speravit in Domino: adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

Domus Aaron speravit in Domino: adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

Qui timent Dominum, speraverunt in Domino: adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

The sea saw and fled: Jordan was turned back.

The mountains skipped like rams: and the hills like the lambs of the flock.

What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou didst flee: and thou, O Jordan, that thou wast turned back?

Ye mountains that ye skipped like rams: and ye hills like lambs of the flock?

At the presence of the Lord the earth was moved, at the presence of the God of Jacob.

Who turned the rock into pools of water, and the stony hills into fountains of waters.

Not to us, O Lord, not to us: but to thy name give glory.

For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake: lest the Gentiles should say: Where is their God?

But our God is in heaven: he hath done all things whatsoever he would.

The idols of the Gentiles are silver and gold: the works of the hands of men.

They have mouths, and speak not: they have eyes, and see not.

They have ears and hear not: they have noses, and smell not.

They have hands, and feel not: they have feet, and walk not: neither shall they cry out through their throat.

Let them that make them become like unto them: and all such as trust in them.

The house of Israel hath hoped in the Lord: he is their helper and their protector.

The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord: he is their helper and their protector.

They that feared the Lord have hoped in the Lord: he is their helper and their protector.

Dominus memor fuit nostri: et benedixit nobis.
Benedixit domui Israel: benedixit domui Aaron.

Benedixit omnibus qui timent Dominum: pusillis cum majoribus.
Adjiciat Dominus super vos: super vos, et super filios vestros.

Benedicti vos a Domino: qui fecit cælum et terram.
Cælum cæli Domino: terram autem dedit filiis hominum.

Non mortui laudabunt te, Domine: neque omnes qui descendunt in infernum.
Sed nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino: ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.

ANT. Deus autem noster in cælo: omnia quæcumque voluit fecit.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, and hath blessed us.
He hath blessed the house of Israel: he hath blessed the house of Aaron.
He hath blessed all that fear the Lord, both little and great.

May the Lord add blessings upon you: upon you, and upon your children.
Blessed be you of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.
The heaven of heaven is the Lord's: but the earth he has given to the children of men.
The dead shall not praise thee, O Lord: nor any of them that go down to hell.
But we that live bless the Lord: from this time now and for ever.

ANT. But our God is in heaven: he hath done all things whatsoever he would.

After these five psalms, a short lesson from the holy Scriptures is read. It is called *Capitulum*, because it is always very short.

CAPITULUM

(*2 Cor. i.*)

Benedictus Deus et Pater Domini nostri Jesu Christi, Pater misericordiarum et Deus totius consolationis, qui consolatur nos in omni tribulatione nostra.
℟. Deo gratias.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, who comforteth us in all our tribulations.
℟. Thanks be to God.

Then follows the hymn. We here give the one for Sundays, which was composed by St. Gregory the Great. It sings of creation, and celebrates the praises of that portion of it which was called forth on this first day, the *light*.

HYMN[1]

Lucis Creator optime,
Lucem dierum proferens:
Primordiis lucis novæ,
Mundi parans originem.

Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis:
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Ne mens gravata crimine
Vitæ sit exsul munere:
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cæleste pulset ostium,
Vitale tollat præmium:
Vitemus omne noxium,
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne sæculum.
Amen.

O infinitely good Creator of the light! by thee was produced the light of day, providing thus the world's beginning with the beginning of the new-made light.

Thou biddest us call the time, from morn till eve, day; this day is over; dark night comes on—oh! hear our tearful prayers.

Let not our soul, weighed down by crime, misspend thy gift of life, and, forgetting what is eternal, be earth-tied by her sins.

Oh! may we strive to enter our heavenly home, and bear away the prize of life: may we shun what would injure us, and cleanse our soul from her defilements.

Most merciful Father! and thou his Only-Begotten Son, co-equal with him, reigning for ever with the holy Paraclete! grant this our prayer. Amen.

The versicle which follows the hymn, and which we here give, is that of the Sunday: those for the feasts are given in their proper places.

℣. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea.
℟. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

℣. May my prayer, O Lord, ascend.
℟. Like incense in thy sight.

[1] According to the monastic rite, it is as follows:

℟ *breve.* Quam magnificata sunt.
* Opera tua, Domine. Quam.
℣. Omnia in Sapientia fecisti. * Opera.
Gloria Patri, etc. Quam.

Lucis Creator optime,
Lucem dierum proferens;
Primordiis lucis novæ
Mundi parans originem.

Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis,
Tetrum chaos illabitur,
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Ne mens gravata crimine
Vitæ sit exsul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cælorum pulset intimum,
Vitale tollat præmium;
Vitemus omne noxium,
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta Pater piissime
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne sæculum. Amen

Then is said the *Magnificat* antiphon, which is to be found in the proper. After this, the Church sings the canticle of Mary, the *Magnificat*, in which are celebrated the divine maternity and all its consequent blessings. This exquisite canticle is an essential part of the Office of Vespers. It is the evening incense, just as the canticle *Benedictus*, at Lauds, is that of the morning.

OUR LADY'S CANTICLE

(*St. Luke 1.*)

Magnificat: anima mea Dominum.

Et exsultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies: timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede: et exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis: et divites dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum: recordatus misericordiæ suæ.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros: Abraham et semini ejus in sæcula.

My soul doth magnify the Lord.

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Because he that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is his name.

And his mercy is from generation unto generation: to them that fear him.

He hath shown might in his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful of his mercy.

As he spoke to our fathers: to Abraham and to his seed for ever.

The *Magnificat* antiphon is then repeated. The Prayer, or Collect, is given in the proper of each feast.

℣. Benedicamus Domino.
℟. Deo gratias.
℣. Fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace.
℟. Amen.

℣. Let us bless the Lord.
℟. Thanks be to God.
℣. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
℟. Amen.

CHAPTER THE THIRD

ON THE OFFICE OF COMPLINE, DURING THE TIME AFTER PENTECOST

THIS Office, which concludes the day, commences by a warning of the dangers of the night: then immediately follows the public confession of our sins, as a powerful means of propitiating the divine justice, and obtaining God's help, now that we are going to spend so many hours in the unconscious, and therefore dangerous, state of sleep, which is also such an image of death.

The lector, addressing the priest, says to him:

Jube, domne, benedicere.

Pray, father, give me thy blessing.

The priest answers:

Noctem quietam et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus omnipotens.
℟. Amen.

May the almighty Lord grant us a quiet night and a perfect end.
℟. Amen.

The lector then reads these words, from the first Epistle of St. Peter:

Fratres: Sobrii estote, et vigilate; quia adversarius vester diabolus, tamquam leo rugiens, circuit quærens quem devoret: cui resistite fortes in fide. Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis.

Brethren, be sober and watch; for your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist ye, strong in faith. But thou, O Lord, have mercy on us.

The choir answers:

℟. Deo gratias. ℟. Thanks be to God.

Then the priest:

℣. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini. ℣. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

The choir:

℟. Qui fecit cælum et terram. ℟. Who hath made heaven and earth.

Then the Lord's Prayer is recited, in secret; after which the priest says the *Confiteor*, and, when he has finished, the choir repeats it.

The priest, having pronounced the general form of absolution, says:

℣. Converte nos, Deus, salutaris noster.
℟. Et averte iram tuam a nobis.
℣. Deus, in adjutorium meum intende.
℟. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.
Gloria Patri, etc.
Ant. Miserere.

℣. Convert us, O God, our Saviour.
℟. And turn away thine anger from us.
℣. Incline unto my aid, O God.
℟. O Lord, make haste to help me.
Glory, etc.
Ant. Have mercy.

The first psalm expresses the confidence with which the just man *sleeps in peace*. but the wicked know not what calm rest is.

PSALM 4

Cum invocarem exaudivit me Deus justitiæ meæ: in tribulatione dilatasti mihi.

Miserere mei: et exaudi orationem meam.
Filii hominum, usquequo gravi corde: ut quid diligitis

When I called upon him, the God of my justice heard me: when I was in distress, thou hast enlarged me.
Have mercy on me: and hear my prayer.
O ye sons of men how long will ye be dull of heart? why do

vanitatem et quæritis mendacium ?

Et scitote quoniam mirificavit Dominus sanctum suum: Dominus exaudiet me cum clamavero ad eum.

Irascimini et nolite peccare: quæ dicitis in cordibus vestris, in cubilibus vestris compungimini.

Sacrificate sacrificium justitiæ, et sperate in Domino: multi dicunt: Quis ostendit nobis bona ?

Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui Domine: dedisti lætitiam in corde meo.

A fructu frumenti, vini et olei sui: multiplicati sunt.

In pace in idipsum: dormiam et requiescam.

Quoniam tu, Domine, singulariter in spe: constituisti me.

you love vanity, and seek after lying ?

Know ye also that the Lord hath made his holy One wonderful: the Lord will hear me, when I shall cry unto him.

Be ye angry, and sin not: the things you say in your hearts, be sorry for them upon your beds.

Offer up the sacrifice of justice, and trust in the Lord: many say, Who showeth us good things ?

The light of thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us: thou hast given gladness in my heart.

By the fruit of their corn, their wine, and oil, they are multiplied.

In peace, in the self-same I will sleep, and I will rest.

For thou, O Lord, singularly hast settled me in hope.

The second psalm gives the motives of the just man's confidence, even during the dangers of the night. There is no *snare* neglected by the demons; but the good angels watch over us with brotherly solicitude. Then, we have God Himself speaking and promising to send us a *Saviour.*

PSALM 90

Qui habitat in adjutorio altissimi: in protectione Dei cæli commorabitur.

Dicet Domino, Susceptor meus es tu et refugium meum: Deus meus, sperabo in eum.

Quoniam ipse liberavit me de laqueo venantium: et a verbo aspero.

He that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High, shall abide under the protection of the God of heaven.

He shall say unto the Lord: Thou art my protector, and my refuge: my God, in him will I trust.

For he hath delivered me from the snare of the hunters: and from the sharp word.

Scapulis suis obumbrabit tibi: et sub pennis ejus sperabis.

Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus: non timebis a timore nocturno.

A sagitta volante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris: ab incursu, et dæmonio meridiano.

Cadent a latere tuo mille, et decem millia a dextris tuis: ad te autem non appropinquabit.

Verumtamen oculis tuis considerabis: et retributionem peccatorum videbis.

Quoniam tu es, Domine, spes mea: Altissimum posuisti refugium tuum.

Non accedet ad te malum: et flagellum non appropinquabit tabernaculo tuo.

Quoniam angelis suis mandavit de te: ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.

In manibus portabunt te: ne forte offendas ad lapidem pedem tuum.

Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis: et conculcabis leonem et draconem.

Quoniam in me speravit, liberabo eum: protegam eum, quoniam cognovit nomen meum.

Clamabit ad me, et ego exaudiam eum: cum ipso sum in tribulatione; eripiam eum, et glorificabo eum.

Longitudine dierum replebo eum: et ostendam illi salutare meum.

He will overshadow thee with his shoulders: and under his wings thou shalt trust.

His truth shall compass thee with a shield: thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night.

Of the arrow that flieth in the day: of the business that walketh about in the dark: of invasion, or of the noonday devil.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

But thou shalt consider with thine eyes: and shalt see the reward of the wicked.

Because *thou hast said:* Thou, O Lord, art my hope: thou hast made the Most High thy refuge.

There shall no evil come unto thee, nor shall the scourge come near thy dwelling.

For he hath given his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.

In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt walk upon the asp and basilisk: and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon.

God will say of thee: Because he hoped in me, I will deliver him: I will protect him, because he hath known my name.

He will cry unto me, and I will hear him: I am with him in tribulation, I will deliver him, and I will glorify him.

I will fill him with length of days: and I will show him my salvation.

The third psalm invites the *servants* of God to persevere with fervour in the prayers they offer during the *night.* The faithful should say this psalm in a spirit of gratitude to God, for raising up in the Church adorers of His holy name, whose grand vocation is to *lift up their hands*, day and night, for the safety of Israel. On such prayers depend the happiness and the destinies of the world.

PSALM 133

Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum: omnes servi Domini.

Qui statis in domo Domini: in atriis domus Dei nostri.

In noctibus extollite manus vestras in sancta: et benedicite Dominum.

Benedicat te Dominus ex Sion: qui fecit cælum et terram.

ANT. Miserere mihi, Domine, et exaudi orationem meam.

Behold! now bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord.

Who stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God.

In the nights lift up your hands to the holy places, and bless ye the Lord.

Say to Israel: May the Lord out of Sion bless thee, he that made heaven and earth.

ANT. Have mercy on me, O Lord, and hear my prayer.

HYMN[1]

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus,
Ut pro tua clementia
Sis præsul et custodia.

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

Before the closing of the light, we beseech thee, Creator of all things! that in thy clemency, thou be our protector and our guard.

May the dreams and phantoms of night depart far from us: and do thou repress our enemy, lest our bodies be profaned.

[1] According to the monastic rite, as follows:

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus,
Ut solita clementia
Sis præsul ad custodiam.
Procul recedant somnia
Et noctium phantasmata;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.
Præsta, Pater omnipotens,
Per Jesum Christum Dominum,
Qui tecum in perpetuum
Regnat cum Sancto Spiritu. Amen.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum.
Amen.

Most merciful Father, and thou his only-begotten Son, coequal with him, reigning for ever, with the holy Paraclete, grant this our prayer! Amen.

CAPITULUM

(*Jeremias xiv.*)

Tu autem in nobis es, Domine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocatum est super nos: ne derelinquas nos, Domine Deus noster.

℟. In manus tuas, Domine:* Commendo spiritum meum. In manus tuas.

℣. Redemisti nos, Domine Deus veritatis. * Commendo.

Gloria. In manus tuas.

℣. Custodi nos, Domine, ut pupillam oculi.

℟. Sub umbra alarum tuarum protege nos.

ANT. Salva nos.

But thou art in us, O Lord, and thy holy name hath been invoked upon us: forsake us not, O Lord our God.

℟. Into thy hands, O Lord:* I commend my spirit. Into thy hands.

℣. Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth. * I commend.

Glory. Into thy hands.

℣. Preserve us, O Lord, as the apple of thine eye.

℟. Protect us under the shadow of thy wings.

ANT. Save us.

The canticle of the venerable Simeon, who, while holding the divine Infant in his arms, proclaimed Him to be the *Light of the Gentiles*, and then slept the sleep of the just, is admirably appropriate to the Office of Compline. Holy Church blesses God for having dispelled the darkness of night by the rising of the Sun of justice; it is for love of Him that she toils the whole day through, and rests during the night, saying: 'I sleep, but my heart watcheth.'[1]

[1] Cant. v. 2.

CANTICLE OF SIMEON

(*St. Luke ii.*)

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine: secundum verbum tuum in pace.

Quia viderunt oculi mei: salutare tuum.

Quod parasti: ante faciem omnium populorum.

Lumen ad revelationem gentium: et gloriam plebis tuæ Israel.

Gloria.

ANT. Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes: custodi nos dormientes, ut vigilemus cum Christo, et requiescamus in pace.

Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace.

Because mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all peoples.

A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory, etc.

ANT. Save us, O Lord, while awake, and watch us as we sleep, that we may watch with Christ and rest in peace.

OREMUS.

Visita, quæsumus, Domine, habitationem istam, et omnes insidias inimici ab ea longe repelle; angeli tui sancti habitent in ea, qui nos in pace custodiant: et benedictio tua sit super nos semper. Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum.

℟. Amen.

℣. Dominus vobiscum.

℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.

℣. Benedicamus Domino.

℟. Deo gratias.

Benedicat et custodiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.

℟. Amen.

LET US PRAY.

Visit, we beseech thee, O Lord, this house and family, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy: let thy holy angels dwell herein, who may keep us in peace, and may thy blessing be always upon us. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end.

℟. Amen.

℣. The Lord be with you.

℟. And with thy spirit.

℣. Let us bless the Lord.

℟. Thanks be to God.

May the almighty and merciful Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless and preserve us.

℟. Amen.

ANTHEM TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ.

Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.

Ad te clamamus, exsules filii Evæ.

Ad suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrimarum valle.

Eia, ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte;

Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exsilium ostende;

O clemens,

O pia,

O dulcis Virgo Maria.

℣. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

℟. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy.

Hail, our life, our sweetness, and our hope.

To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve.

To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning, and weeping, in this vale of tears.

Turn, then, most gracious advocate! thine eyes of mercy towards us;

And after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus;

O clement,

O loving,

O sweet Virgin Mary!

℣. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

℟. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui gloriosæ Virginis Matris Mariæ corpus et animam, ut dignum Filii tui habitaculum effici mereretur, Spiritu Sancto cooperante præparasti: da ut cujus commemoratione lætamur, ejus pia intercessione ab instantibus malis et a morte perpetua liberemur. Per eumdum Christum Dominum nostrum.

℟. Amen.

LET US PRAY.

O almighty and everlasting God, who by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost didst prepare the body and soul of Mary, glorious Virgin and Mother, to become the worthy habitation of thy Son: grant that we may be delivered from present evils and from everlasting death, by her gracious intercession, in whose commemoration we rejoice. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℟. Amen.

℣. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

℟. Amen.

℣. May the divine assistance remain always with us.

℟. Amen.[1]

Then, in secret, *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Credo*.

[1] In the monastic rite this response is as follows:

℟. Et cum fratribus nostris absentibus. Amen.

℟. And with our absent brethren. Amen.

Proper of the Saints

Proper of the Saints

July 8

SAINT ELIZABETH

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL

IN the footsteps of Margaret of Scotland and of Clotilde of France, a third queen comes to shed her brightness on the sacred cycle. Born at the southern extremity of Christendom, where it borders on Muslim lands, she was destined by the Holy Ghost to seal with peace the victories of Christ, and prepare the way for fresh conquests. The blessed name of Elizabeth, which for half a century had been rejoicing the world with its sweet perfume, was given to her, foretelling that this new-born child, as though attracted by the roses which fell from the mantle of her Thuringian aunt, was to cause these same heavenly flowers to blossom in Iberia.

There is a mysterious heirship among the saints of God. The same year in which one niece of Elizabeth of Thuringia was born in Spain, another, Blessed Margaret of Hungary, took her flight to heaven. She had been consecrated to God from her mother's womb, as a pledge for the salvation of her people, in the midst of terrible disasters; and the hopes so early centred in her were not frustrated. A short life of twenty-eight years, spent in innocence and prayer, earned for her country the blessings of peace and civilization; and then Margaret bequeathed to our saint of to-day the mission of continuing in another land the work of her holy predecessors.

The time had come for our Lord to shed a ray of His

grace upon Spain. The thirteenth century was closing, leaving the world in a state of dismemberment and ruin. Weary of fighting for Christ, kings dismissed the Church from their councils, and selfishly kept aloof, preferring their own ambitious strifes to the common aspiration of the once great body of Christendom. Such a state of things was disastrous for the entire West; much more, then, for that noble country where the crusade had multiplied kingdoms as so many outposts against the common enemy, the Moors. Unity of views, and the sacrifice of all things to the great work of deliverance, could alone maintain in the successors of Pelayo the spirit of the grand memories of yore. Unfortunately these princes, though heroes on the battlefield, had not sufficient strength of mind to lay aside their petty quarrels and take up the sacred duty entrusted to them by Providence. In vain did the Roman Pontiff strive to awaken them to the interests of their country and of the Christian name; these hearts, generous in other respects, were too stifled by miserable passions to heed his voice; and the Muslim looked on delightedly at these intestine strifes, which retarded his own defeat. Navarre, Castile, Aragon, and Portugal were not only at war with each other; but even within each of these kingdoms father and son were at enmity, and brother disputed with brother, inch by inch, the heritage of his ancestors.

Who was to restore to Spain the still recent traditions of Ferdinand III ? Who was to gather again these dissentient wills into one, so as to make them a terror to the Saracen and a glory to Christ ? James I of Aragon, who rivalled St. Ferdinand both in bravery and in conquests, had married Yolande, daughter of Andrew of Hungary; whereupon the cultus of the holy Duchess of Thuringia, whose brother-in-law he had thus become, was introduced beyond the Pyrenees; and the name of Elizabeth, changed in most cases into Isabel, became, as it were, a family jewel, with which the Spanish princesses have loved to be adorned. The first to bear it was the daughter of James and Yolande, who married

Philip III of France, successor of St. Louis; the second was the granddaughter of the same James I, the saint whom the Church honours to-day, of whom the old king, with prophetic insight, loved to say that she would surpass all the women of the race of Aragon.

Inheriting not only the name, but also the virtues of the ' dear St. Elizabeth,' she would one day deserve to be called ' the mother of peace and of her country.' By means of her heroic self-renunciation and all-powerful prayer, she repressed the lamentable quarrels of princes. One day, unable to prevent peace being broken, she cast herself between two contending armies under a very hailstorm of arrows, and so forced the soldiers to lay down their fratricidal arms. Thus she paved the way for the happy event, which she herself was not to have the consolation of seeing: the reorganization of that great enterprise for the expulsion of the Moors, which was not to close till the following century under the auspices of another Isabel, her worthy descendant, who would add to her name the beautiful title of ' the Catholic.' Four years after Elizabeth's death the victory of Salado was gained by the united armies of all Spain over 600,000 infidels, showing how a woman could, under most adverse circumstances, inaugurate a brilliant crusade, to the immortal fame of her country.

Elisabeth Aragoniæ regibus ortam, Christi anno millesimo ducentesimo septuagesimo primo, in præsagium futuræ sanctimoniæ parentes, præter morem, relicto matris aviæque nomine, a magna ejus matertera, Thuringiæ domina, sancta Elisabeth, in baptismo nominatam voluere. Ubi nata est, statim patuit, quam felix regum regnorumque esset futura pacatrix: natalitia enim ejus lætitia perniciosas avi patrisque dissensiones in concordiam convertit. Pater vero crescen-

Elizabeth, of the royal race of Aragon, was born in the year of our Lord 1271. As a presage of her future sanctity, her parents, contrary to custom, passing over the mother and grandmother, gave her in baptism the name of her maternal great-aunt, St. Elizabeth, Duchess of Thuringia. No sooner was she born, than it became evident what a blessed peacemaker she was to be between kings and kingdoms; for the joy of her birth put a happy period to the miserable

tis postea filiæ admiratus indolem, affirmabat fore, ut una Elisabeth reliquas Aragoniorum regum sanguine creatas feminas virtute longe superaret. Sic cœlestem ipsius vitam in contemnendo corporis ornatu, in fugiendis voluptatibus, in jejuniis frequentandis, in divinis precibus assidue recitandis, in caritatis operibus exercendis, veneratus, rerum suarum regnique felicitatem unius filiæ meritis referebat acceptam. Tandem ubique nota, et a multis principibus exoptata, Dionysio Lusitaniæ regi Christianis cæremoniis rite est in matrimonium collocata.

Juncta conjugio, non minorem excolendis virtutibus, quam liberis educandis operam dabat, viro placere studens, sed magis Deo. Mediam fere anni partem solo pane tolerabat et aqua: quæ in quodam ipsius morbo divinitus versa est in vinum, cum id a medicis præscriptum bibere recusasset. Pauperis feminæ ulcus horrendum exosculata, derepente sanavit. Pecunias pauperibus distribuendas, ut regem laterent, hiberno tempore in rosas convertit. Virginem cæcam a nativitate illuminavit: multos alios solo crucis signo a gravissimis morbis liberavit: plurima id genus miracula patravit. Monasteria, collegia, et templa non modo exstruxit, sed etiam magnifice dotavit. In regum

quarrels of her father and grandfather. As she grew up, her father, admiring the natural abilities of his daughter, was wont to assert that Elizabeth would far outstrip in virtue all the women descended of the royal blood of Aragon; and so great was his veneration for her heavenly manner of life, her contempt of worldly ornaments, her abhorrence of pleasure, her assiduity in fasting, prayer, and works of charity, that he attributed to her merits alone the prosperity of his kingdom and estate. On account of her widespread reputation, her hand was sought by many princes; at length she was, with all the ceremonies of Holy Church, united in matrimony with Dionysius, king of Portugal.

In the married state she gave herself up to the exercise of virtue and the education of her children, striving, indeed, to please her husband, but still more to please God. For nearly half the year she lived on bread and water alone; and on one occasion when in an illness she had refused to take the wine prescribed by the physician, her water was miraculously changed into wine. She instantaneously cured a poor woman of a loathsome ulcer by kissing it. In the depth of winter she changed the money she was going to distribute to the poor into roses, in order to conceal it from the king. She gave sight to a virgin born blind, healed many other persons of grievous distempers by the mere sign

discordiis componendis admirabilis fuit: in privatis publicisque mortalium sublevandis calamitatibus indefessa.

Defuncto rege Dionysio, sicut virginibus in prima ætate, in matrimonio conjugibus, ita viduis in solitudine fuit omnium virtutum exemplar. Illico enim religiosis sanctæ Claræ vestibus induta, regio funeri constanter interfuit, ac paulo post Compostellam proficiscens, multa ex holoserico, argento, auro, gemmisque donaria pro regis anima obtulit. Inde reversa domum, quidquid sibi carum aut pretiosum supererat, in sacros ac pios usus convertit: absolvendoque suo vere regio Conimbricensi virginum cœnobio, et alendis pauperibus, et protegendis viduis, defendendis pupillis, miseris omnibus juvandis intenta, non sibi, sed Deo, et mortalium omnium commodis vivebat. Reges duos filium et generum pacificatura, Stremotium nobile oppidum veniens, morbo ex itinere contracto, ibidem a Virgine Deipara visitata sanctissime obiit, anno millesimo trecentesimo trigesimo sexto, die quarta Julii. Post mortem multis miraculis claruit, præsertim suavissimo corporis jam per annos fere trecentos incorrupti odore; semper etiam reginæ sanctæ cognomento celebris. Tandem anno jubilæi, et nostræ salutis mil-

of the Cross, and performed a great number of other miracles of a like nature. She built and amply endowed monasteries, hospitals, and churches. She was admirable for her zeal in composing the differences of kings, and unwearied in her efforts to alleviate the public and private miseries of mankind.

After the death of King Dionysius, Elizabeth, who had been in her youth a model to virgins, and in her married life to wives, became in her solitude a pattern of all virtues to widows. She immediately put on the religious habit of St. Clare, assisted with the greatest fortitude at the king's funeral, and then, proceeding to Compostella, offered there for the repose of his soul a quantity of silk, silver, gold and precious stones. On her return home she consumed in holy and pious works all she had that was dear and precious to her; she completed the building of her truly royal monastery of virgins at Coimbra, and, wholly engaged in feeding the poor, protecting widows, sheltering orphans, and assisting the afflicted in every way, she lived not for herself, but for the glory of God and the well-being of men. On her way to the noble town of Estremoz, whither she was going in order to make peace between the two kings, her son and son-in-law, she was seized with illness; and in that town, after having been visited by the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, she died a most holy death, on the fourth day of July, in the year 1336.

lesimo sexcentesimo vigesimo quinto, totius Christiani orbis concursu et applausu, ab Urbano Octavo rite inter Sanctos adscripta est.

After death she was glorified by many miracles, especially by the sweet fragrance of her body, which has remained incorrupt for nearly three hundred years; and she is always distinguished by the name of the "holy queen." At length, in the year of jubilee, of our salvation 1625, with the unanimous applause of the assembled Christian world, she was solemnly enrolled among the saints by Pope Urban VIII.

O blessed Elizabeth! we praise God for thy holy works, as the Church this day invites all her sons to do.[1] More valiant than those princes in whose midst thou didst appear as the angel of thy fatherland, thou didst exhibit in thy private life a heroism which could equal theirs, when need was, even on the battlefield. God's grace was the motive-power of thy actions, and His glory their sole end. Often does God gain more glory by abnegations hidden from all eyes but His, than by great works justly admired by a whole people. It is because the power of His grace shines forth the more; and it is generally the way of His providence to cause the most remarkable blessings bestowed on nations to spring from these hidden sources. How many battles celebrated in history have first been fought and won in the sight of the Blessed Trinity, in some hidden spot of that supernatural world, where the elect are even at war with hell, nay, struggle at times even with God Himself; how many famous treaties of peace have first been concluded between heaven and earth in the secret of a single soul, as a reward for those giant struggles which men misunderstand and despise! Let the fashion of this world pass away; and those deep-thinking politicians, who are said to rule the course of events, the proud negotiators and warriors of renown, all, when judged by the light of eternity, will appear what they truly are: mere decep-

[1] Invitatory.

tions screening from the sight of men the only names truly worthy of immortality.

Glory then be to thee, through whom the Lord has deigned to lift a corner of the veil that hides from the world the true rulers of its destinies. In the golden book of the elect, thy nobility rests on better titles than those of birth. Daughter and mother of kings, thyself a queen, thou didst rule over a glorious land; but far more glorious is the family throne in heaven; where thou reignest with the first Elizabeth, with Margaret and with Hedwige, and where others will come to join thee, doing honour to the same noble blood which flowed in thy veins.

Remember, O mother of thy country, that the power given thee on earth is not diminished now that the God of armies has called thee to thy heavenly triumph. True, the land of Iberia, which owes its independence principally to thee, is no longer in the same troubled condition; but if at the present day there is no fear of the Moors, on the other hand, Spain and Portugal have fallen away from their noble traditions; lead them back to the right path, that they may attain the glorious destiny marked out for them by Providence. Thy power in heaven is not restrained within the borders of a kingdom; cast, then, a look of mercy on the rest of the world; see how nations, recognizing no right but might, waste their wealth and their vitality in wholesale bloodshed; has the time come for those terrible wars which are to be harbingers of the end, and wherein the world will work its own destruction? O mother of peace! hear how the Church, the mother of nations, implores thee to make full use of thy sublime prerogative; stop these furious strifes; and make our life on earth a path of peace, leading up to the joys of eternity.[1]

[1] Collect of the day.

JULY 10

THE SEVEN BROTHERS

MARTYRS

AND

SS. RUFINA AND SECUNDA

VIRGINS AND MARTYRS

THREE times within the next few days will the number seven appear in the holy liturgy, honouring the Blessed Trinity, and proclaiming the reign of the Holy Spirit with His sevenfold grace. Felicitas, Symphorosa, and the mother of the Machabees, each in turn will lead her seven sons to the feet of Eternal Wisdom. The Church, bereaved of her apostolic founders, pursues her course undaunted, for the teaching of Peter and Paul is defended by the testimony of martyrdom, and, when persecutions have ceased, by that of holy virginity. Moreover, 'the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians':[1] the heroes who in life were the strength of the Bride give her fecundity by their death; and the family of God's children continues to increase.

Great indeed was the faith of Abraham, when he hoped against all hope that he would become the father of nations through that same Isaac whom he was commanded to slay: but did Felicitas show less faith, when she recognized in the immolation of her seven children the triumph of life and the highest blessing that could be bestowed on her motherhood? Honour be to her, and to those who resemble her! The worldly-wise may scorn them; but they are like noble rivers transforming the desert into a paradise of God, and fertilizing the soil of the Gentile world after the ravages of the first age.

[1] TERTULLIAN, Apolog. 50.

Marcus Aurelius had just ascended the throne, to prove himself during a reign of nineteen years nothing but a second-rate pupil of the sectarian *rhetors* of the second century, whose narrow views and hatred of Christian simplicity he embraced alike in policy and in philosophy. These men, created by him prefects and proconsuls, raised the most cold-blooded persecution the Church has ever known. The scepticism of this imperial philosopher did not exempt him from the general rule that where dogma is rejected, superstition takes its place; and monarch and people were of one accord in seeking a remedy for public calamities in the rites newly brought from the East, and in the extermination of the Christians. The assertion that the massacres of those days were carried on without the prince's sanction not only does not excuse him, it is moreover false; it is now a proven truth that, foremost among the tyrants who destroyed the flower of the human race, stands Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, stained more than Domitian or even Nero with the blood of martyrs.

The seven sons of St. Felicitas were the first victims offered by the prince to satisfy the philosophy of his courtiers, the superstition of the people, and, be it said, his own convictions, unless we would have him to be the most cowardly of men. It was he himself who ordered the prefect Publius to entice to apostasy this noble family whose piety angered the gods; it was he again who, after hearing the report of the cause, pronounced the sentence and decreed that it should be executed by several judges in different places, the more publicly to make known the policy of the new reign. The arena opened at the same time in all parts not only of Rome, but of the empire; the personal interference of the sovereign intimated to the hesitating magistrates the line of conduct to pursue if they wished to court the imperial favour. Felicitas soon followed her sons; Justin the philosopher found out by experience what was the sincerity of Cæsar's love of truth; every class yielded its contingent of victims to the tortures which this would-be wise master of the world

deemed necessary for the safety of the empire. At length, that his reign might close as it had begun in blood, a rescript of the so-called mild emperor sanctioned wholesale massacres. Humanity, lowered by the unjust flattery heaped upon this wretched prince even up to our own day, was thus duly rehabilitated by the noble courage of a slave such as Blandina, or of a patrician such as Cæcilia.

Never before had the south wind swept so impetuously through the garden of the Spouse, scattering far and wide the perfume of myrrh and spices. Never before had the Church, like an army set in array, appeared, despite her weakness, so invincible as now, when she was sustaining the prolonged assault of Cæsarism and false science from without, in league with heresy within. Want of space forbids us to enter into the details of a question which is now beginning to be more carefully studied, yet is far from being thoroughly understood. Under cover of the pretended moderation of the Antonines, hell was exerting its most skilful endeavours against Christianity, at the very period which opened with the martyrdom of the Seven Brothers. If the Cæsars of the third century attacked the Church with a fury and a refinement of cruelty unknown to Marcus Aurelius, it was but as a wild beast taking a fresh spring upon the prey that had wellnigh escaped him.

Such being the case, no wonder that the Church has from the very beginning paid especial honour to these seven heroes, the pioneers of that decisive struggle which was to prove her impregnable to all the powers of hell. Was there ever a more sublime scene in that spectacle which the saints have to present to the world? If there was ever a combat which angels and men could equally applaud, it was surely this of July 10, 162; when in four different suburbs of the Eternal City, these seven patrician youths, led by their heroic mother, opened the campaign which was to rescue Rome from these upstart Cæsars and restore her to her immortal destinies. After

their triumph, four cemeteries shared the honour of gathering into their crypts the sacred remains of the martyrs; and the glorious tombs have in our own day furnished the Christian archæologist with matter for valuable research and learned writings. As far back as we can ascertain from the most authentic monuments, the sixth of the Ides of July was marked on the calendars of the Roman Church as a day of special solemnity, on account of the four stations where the faithful assembled round the tombs of ' the Martyrs.' This name, given by excellence to the seven brothers, was preserved to them even in time of peace—an honour by so much the greater as there had been torrents of bloodshed under Diocletian. Inscriptions of the fourth century found even in those cemeteries which never possessed their relics, designate July 11 as the ' day following the feast of the Martyrs.'

The honours of this day, whereon the Church sings the praises of *true fraternity*, are shared by two valiant sisters. A century had passed over the empire, and the Antonines were no more. Valerian, who at first seemed, like them, desirous of obtaining a character for moderation, soon began to follow them along the path of blood. In order to strike a decisive blow, he issued a decree whereby all the principal ecclesiastics were condemned to death without distinction, and every Christian of rank was bound under the heaviest penalties to abjure his faith. It is to this edict that Rufina and Secunda owed the honour of crossing their palms with those of Sixtus and Lawrence, Cyprian and Hippolytus. They belonged to the noble family of the Turcii Asterii, whose history has been brought to light by modern discovery. According to the prescriptions of Valerian, which condemned Christian women to no more than confiscation and exile, they ought to have escaped death; but to the crime of fidelity to God they added that of holy virginity, and so the roses of martyrdom were twined into their lily-wreaths. Their sacred relics lie in St. John Lateran's, close to the baptistery of Constantine; and the second Cardinalitial See, that of Porto, couples with this title

the name of St. Rufina, thus claiming the protection of the blessed martyrs.

Let us read the short account of their martyrdom given us in to-day's liturgy, beginning with that of the Seven Brothers.

Septem fratres, filii sanctæ Felicitatis, Romæ in persecutione Marci Aurelii Antonini a Publio præfecto primum blanditiis, deinde terroribus tentati, ut Christo renuntiantes, deos venerarentur: et sua virtute, et matre hortante, in fidei confessione perseverantes, varie necati sunt. Januarius plumbatis cæsus: Felix et Philippus fustibus contusi: Silvanus ex altissimo loco præceps dejectus est: Alexander, Vitalis, et Martialis capite plectuntur. Mater eorum quarto post mense eamdem martyrii palmam consecuta est: illi sexto Idus Julii spiritum Domino reddiderunt.

At Rome, in the persecution of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the prefect Publius tried first by fair speeches and then by threats to compel seven brothers, the sons of St. Felicitas, to renounce Christ and adore the gods. But, owing both to their own valour and to their mother's words of encouragement, they persevered in their confession of faith, and were all put to death in various ways. Januarius was scourged to death with leaded whips, Felix and Philip were beaten with clubs, Silvanus was thrown headlong from a great height, Alexander, Vitalis, and Martial were beheaded. Their mother also gained the palm of martyrdom four months later. The brothers gave up their souls to our Lord on the sixth of the Ides of July.

Rufina et Secunda, sorores virgines Romanæ, rejecto connubio Armentarii et Verini, quibus a parentibus desponsæ fuerant, quod Jesu Christo virginitatem vovissent, Valeriano et Gallieno imperatoribus comprehenduntur. Quas cum nec promissis, nec terrore Junius præfectus a proposito posset abducere, Rufinam primum virgis cædi jubet: in quibus verberibus Secunda judicem sic interpellat: Quid est, quod sororem meam honore, me afficis ignominia? Jube

Rufina and Secunda were sisters and virgins of Rome. Their parents had betrothed them to Armentarius and Verinus, but they refused to marry, saying that they had consecrated their virginity to Jesus Christ. They were, therefore, apprehended during the reign of the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus. When Junius, the prefect, saw he could not shake their resolution either by promises or by threats, he first ordered Rufina to be beaten with rods. While she was

ambas simul cædi, quæ simul Christum Deum confitemur. Quibus verbis incensus judex imperat utramque detrudi in tenebricosum et fœtidum carcerem. Quo loco statim clarissima luce et suavissimo odore completo, in ardente balnei solio includuntur. Et cum inde etiam integræ evasissent, mox saxo ad collum alligato in Tiberim projectæ sunt; unde ab angelo liberatæ, extra Urbem via Aurelia milliario decimo, capite plectuntur. Quarum corpora a Plautilla matrona in ejus prædio sepulta, ac postea in Urbem translata, in Basilica Constantiniana prope Baptisterium condita sunt.

being scourged, Secunda thus addressed the judge: 'Why do you treat my sister thus honourably, but me dishonourably? Order us both to be scourged, since we both confess Christ to be God.' Enraged by these words, the judge ordered them both to be cast into a dark and fetid dungeon; immediately a bright light and a most sweet odour filled the prison. They were then shut up in a bath, the floor of which was made red-hot; but from this also they emerged unhurt. Next they were thrown into the Tiber with stones laid to their necks, but an angel saved them from the water, and they were finally beheaded ten miles out of the city on the Aurelian Way. Their bodies were buried by a matron named Plautilla, on her estate, and were afterwards translated into Rome, where they now repose in the Basilica of Constantine near the baptistery.

'Praise the Lord, ye children, praise the name of the Lord: who maketh the barren woman to dwell in a house, the joyful mother of children.' Such is the opening chant of this morning's Mass. But say, O blessed ones! was your admirable mother barren who gave seven martyrs to the earth? Fecundity, according to this world, counts for nothing before God; this is not the fruitfulness intended by that blessing which fell from the lips of the Lord when in the beginning he made man to his own image. 'Increase and multiply' was spoken to a holy one, a son of God, bidding him propagate a divine offspring. As the first creation, so was all future birth to be: man, in communicating his own existence to others, was to transmit to them at the same time the life of their Father in heaven; the natural and the super-

natural life were to be as inseparable as a building and its foundation; nature without grace would be but a frame without a picture. All too soon did sin destroy the harmony of the divine plan; nature violently separated from grace could produce only sons of wrath. Yet God was too rich in mercy to abandon the design of His immense love; and having, in the first instance, created us to be His children, He would now re-create us as such in His Word made Flesh. Reduced to a shadow of what it would have been, the union of Adam and Eve, unable to give birth straightway to sons of God, was dismantled of that glory beside which the sublime privileges of the angels would have paled; nevertheless it was still the figure of the great mystery of Christ and the Church. Sterile according to God and doomed to the death she had brought upon her race, it was only by participation in the merits of the second Eve, that the first could be called the mother of the living. Great honour indeed was still to be hers, and she would be able in part to repair her fall, but on condition of yielding to the rights of the Bride of the second Adam. Far better than Pharaoh's daughter rescuing Moses and confiding him to Jochebed, could the Church say to every mother on receiving her babe from the waters: ' Take this child and nurse him for me.' And every Christian mother, anxious to correspond to the Church's trust in her and proud of being able to realize God's primitive intentions, might well repeat with regard to this second childbirth, those words uttered by a superhuman love: *My little children, of whom I am in labour again, until Christ be formed in you.*[1] Shame upon her that would forget the sublime destiny of her child to be a son of God! A far less crime would it be were she, through negligence or by design, to stifle in him by an education exclusively directed to the senses that intelligence which distinguishes man from the animals subjected to his power. For the attainment of man's true end, the supernatural life is more necessary than the life of reason; for

[1] Gal. iv. 19.

a mother to make no account of it, and to suffer the divine germ to perish after being planted in the infant's soul at its new birth from the sacred font, would be to do unto death the frail being that owed its existence to her.

Far otherwise, O martyrs, did your illustrious mother understand her mission! Hence, though her memory is honoured on the day when four months after you she quitted this earth, yet this present feast is the chief monument of her glory. She, more than yourselves, is celebrated in the readings and chants of the holy Sacrifice, and in the lessons of the Night Office. And why is this? Because, says St. Gregory, being already the handmaid of Christ by faith, she has to-day become His mother, according to our Lord's own word, by giving him a new birth in each of her seven sons. After having made such a complete holocaust of you to your heavenly Father, what will her own matryrdom be, but the long-desired close of her widowhood, the happy hour which will reunite her in glory to you who are doubly her sons? Henceforward, then, on this day which was to her the day of suffering, but not of reward; when after passing seven times over through tortures and death, she had yet to remain in banishment, it is but just that her children should rise and make over to her, as of right, the honours of the triumph. Henceforth, though still an exile, she is clothed with purple, dyed not twice, but seven times; the richest daughters of Eve own that she has surpassed them all in the fruitfulness of martyrdom; her own works praise her in the assembly of the saints. On this day, O sons and mother, and ye two noble sisters who share in their glory, listen to our prayers, protect the Church, and make the whole world heedful of the teaching conveyed by your beautiful example!

JULY 11

SAINT PIUS I

POPE AND MARTYR

A HOLY Pope of the second century, the first of the eleven hitherto graced with the name of Pius, rejoices us to-day with his mild and gentle light. Although Christian society was in a precarious condition under the edicts of persecution, which even the best of the pagan emperors never abrogated, our saint profited by the comparative peace enjoyed by the Church under Antoninus Pius to strengthen the foundations of the mysterious tower raised by the divine Shepherd to the honour of the Lord God.[1] He ordained by his supreme authority that, notwithstanding the contrary custom observed in certain places, the feast of Easter should be celebrated on a Sunday throughout the entire Church. The importance of this measure and its effects upon the whole Church will be brought before us on the feast of St. Victor, who succeeded Pius at the close of the century.

The ancient legend of St. Pius I, which has lately been altered, made mention of the decree, attributed in the *Corpus juris* to our Pontiff,[2] concerning those who should carelessly let fall any portion of the Precious Blood of our Lord. The prescriptions are such as evince the profound reverence the Pope would have to be shown towards the Mystery of the Altar. The penance enjoined is to be of forty days if the Precious Blood have fallen to the ground; and wheresoever it fell, it must, if possible, be taken up with the lips, the dust must be burned, and the ashes thereof thrown into a consecrated place.

[1] HERMAS. Pastor.
[2] *Cap.* Si per negligentiam, 27, *Dist.* II. de Consecratione.

Pius, hujus nominis primus, Aquileiensis, Ruffini filius, ex presbytero sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Summus Pontifex creatus est, Antonino Pio et Marco Aurelio imperatoribus augustis. Quinque ordinationibus mense decembri, episcopos duodecim, octodecim presbyteros creavit. Exstant nonnulla ab eo præclare instituta, præsertim ut Resurrectio Domini nonnisi die Dominico celebraretur. Pudentis domum in ecclesiam mutavit, eamque ob præstantiam supra cæteros titulos, utpote Romani Pontificis mansionem, titulo Pastoris dicavit, et in qua sæpe rem sacram fecit, et multos ad fidem conversos baptizavit, ac in fidelium numerum adscripsit. Dum vero boni Pastoris munus obiret, fuso pro suis ovibus et Summo Pastore Christo sanguine, martyrio coronatus est quinto Idus Julii, ac sepultus in Vaticano.

Pius, the first of this name, a citizen of Aquileia, and son of Rufinus, was priest of the holy Roman Church. During the reign of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius he was chosen Sovereign Pontiff. In five ordinations which he held in the month of December, he ordained twelve bishops and eighteen priests. Several admirable decrees of his are still extant; in particular that which ordains that the Resurrection of our Lord is always to be celebrated on a Sunday. He changed the house of Pudens into a church, and because it surpassed the other titles in dignity, inasmuch as the Roman Pontiffs had made it their dwelling-place, he dedicated it under the title of Pastor. Here he often celebrated the holy mysteries, baptized many who had been converted to the faith, and enrolled them in the ranks of the faithful. While he was thus fulfilling the duties of a good shepherd, he shed his blood for his sheep and for Christ the Supreme Pastor, being crowned with martyrdom on the fifth of the Ides of July. He was buried in the Vatican.

We call to mind, O glorious Pontiff, those words written under thine eye, which seem to be a commentary on thy decree concerning the Sacred Mysteries: 'We receive not,' cried Justin the Philosopher to the world of that second century: 'We receive not as common bread, nor as common drink, the food which we call the Eucharist; but just as Jesus Christ our Saviour, being made flesh by the word of God, had both flesh and blood for our salvation, so have we been taught that the food made Eucharist by the prayer formed of His own word,

is both the Flesh and the Blood of this Jesus who is made flesh.'[1] This doctrine, and the measures it so fully justifies, found, towards the close of the same century, other authentic witnesses who, in their turn, would almost seem to be quoting from the prescriptions attributed to thee. 'We are in the greatest distress,' said Tertullian, 'if the least drop from our chalice, or the least crumb of our Bread fall to the ground.'[2] And Origen appealed to the initiated to bear witness to 'the care and veneration with which the sacred gifts were surrounded, for fear the smallest particle should fall; which, if it happened through negligence, would be considered a crime.'[3] And yet in our days heresy, as destitute of knowledge as of faith, pretends that the Church has departed from her ancient traditions by paying exaggerated homage to the divine Sacrament. Obtain for us, O Pius, the grace to return to the spirit of our fathers; not, indeed, with regard to their faith, for that we have kept inviolate, but as to the veneration and love with which that faith inspired them for the Chalice of Inebriation, that richest treasure of earth. May the Pasch of the Lamb unite, as thou didst desire, in one uniform celebration, all who have the honour to bear the name of Christian!

[1] Apolog. I. 66. [2] De Corona, iii. [3] In Ex. Homil, xiii.

JULY 12

SAINT JOHN GUALBERT

ABBOT

NEVER, from the day when Simon Magus was baptized at Samaria, had hell seemed so near to conquering the Church as at the period brought before us by to-day's feast. Rejected and anathematized by Peter, the new Simon had said to the princes, as the former had said to the apostles: 'Sell me this power, that upon whomsoever I shall lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost.' And the princes, ready enough to supplant Peter and fill their coffers at the same time, had taken upon themselves to invest men of their own choice with the government of the churches; the bishops in their turn had sold to the highest bidders the various orders of the hierarchy; and sensuality, ever in the wake of covetousness, had filled the sanctuary with defilement.

The tenth century had witnessed the humiliation of the supreme pontificate itself; early in the eleventh, simony was rife among the clergy. The work of salvation was going on in the silence of the cloister; but Peter Damian had not yet come forth from the desert; nor had Hugh of Cluny, Leo IX, and Hildebrand brought their united efforts to bear upon the evil. A single voice was heard to utter the cry of alarm and rouse the people from their lethargy; it was the voice of a monk, who had once been a valiant soldier, and to whom the crucifix had bowed its head in recognition of his generous forgiveness of an enemy. John Gualbert, seeing simony introduced into his own monastery of San Miniato, left it and entered Florence, only to find the pastoral staff in the hands of a hireling. The zeal of God's House was devouring his heart; and going into the public squares,

he denounced the bishop and his own abbot, that thus he might, at least, deliver his own soul.

At the sight of this monk confronting single-handed the universal corruption, the multitude was for a moment seized with stupefaction; but soon surprise was turned into rage, and John with difficulty escaped death. From this day his special vocation was determined: the just, who had never despaired, hailed him as the avenger of Israel, and their hope was not to be confounded. But like all who are chosen for a divine work, he was to spend a long time under the training of the Holy Spirit. The athlete had challenged the powers of this world; the holy war was declared: one would naturally have expected it to wage without ceasing until the enemy was entirely defeated. And yet, the chosen soldier of Christ hastened into solitude to 'amend his life,' according to the truly Christian expression used in the foundation-charter of Vallombrosa.[1] The promoters of the disorder, startled at the suddenness of the attack, and then seeing the aggressor as suddenly disappear, would laugh at the false alarm; but, cost what it might to the once brilliant soldier, he knew how to abide, in humility and submission, the hour of God's good pleasure.

Little by little other souls, disgusted with the state of society, came to join him; and soon the army of prayer and penance spread throughout Tuscany. It was destined to extend over all Italy, and even to cross the mountains. Settimo, seven miles from Florence, and San Salvi, at the gates of the city, were the strongholds whence the holy war was to recommence in 1063. Another simoniac, Peter of Pavia, had purchased the succession to the episcopal see. John, with all his monks, was resolved rather to die than to witness in silence this new insult offered to the Church of God. His reception this time was to be very different from the former, for the fame of his sanctity and miracles had caused him to be looked upon by the people as an oracle.

[1] *Meliorandæ vitæ gratia;* Litteræ donationis Ittæ Abbatissæ; Ughelli, III., 299 *vel* 231.

No sooner was his voice heard once more in Florence than the whole flock was so stirred that the unworthy pastor, seeing he could no longer dissemble, cast off his disguise and showed what he really was: a thief who had come only to rob and kill and destroy. By his orders a body of armed men descended upon San Salvi, set fire to the monastery, fell upon the brethren in the midst of the Night Office, and put them all to the sword; each monk continuing to chant till he received the fatal stroke. John Gualbert, hearing at Vallombrosa of the martyrdom of his sons, intoned a canticle of triumph. Florence was seized with horror, and refused to communicate with the assassin bishop. Nevertheless, four years had yet to elapse before deliverance could come; and the trials of St. John had scarcely begun.

St. Peter Damian, invested with full authority by the Sovereign Pontiff, had just arrived from the Eternal City. All expected that no quarter would be given to simony by its sworn enemy, and that peace would be restored to the afflicted Church. The very contrary took place. The greatest saints may be mistaken, and so become to one another the cause of sufferings by so much the more bitter as their will, being less subject to caprice than that of other men, remains more firmly set upon the course they have adopted for the interests of God and His Church. Perhaps the great bishop of Ostia did not sufficiently take into consideration the exceptional position in which the Florentines were placed by the notorious simony of Peter of Pavia, and the violent manner in which he put to death, without form of trial, all who dared to withstand him. Starting from the indisputable principle that inferiors have no right to depose their superiors, the legate reprehended the conduct of the monks, and of all who had separated themselves from the bishop. There was but one refuge for them, the Apostolic See, to which they fearlessly appealed, a proceeding which no one could call uncanonical. But there, says the historian, many who feared for themselves, rose up against them, declaring that these monks were

worthy of death for having dared to attack the prelates of the Church; while Peter Damian severely reproached them before the whole Roman Council. The holy and glorious Pope Alexander II took the monks under his own protection, and praised the uprightness of their intention. Yet he dared not comply with their request and proceed further, because the greater number of the bishops sided with Peter of Pavia; the archdeacon Hildebrand alone was entirely in favour of the Abbot of Vallombrosa.[1]

Nevertheless, the hour was at hand when God Himself would pronounce the judgment refused them by men. While overwhelmed with threats and treated as lambs amongst wolves, John Gualbert and his sons cried to heaven with the Psalmist: 'Arise, O Lord, and help us; arise, why dost Thou sleep, O Lord? Arise, O God, and judge our cause.' At Florence the storm continued to rage. St. Saviour's at Settimo had become the refuge of such of the clergy as were banished from the town by the persecution; the holy founder, who was then residing in that monastery, multiplied in their behalf the resources of his charity. At length the situation became so critical that one day in Lent of the year 1067 the rest of the clergy and the whole population left the simoniac alone in his deserted palace and fled to Settimo. Neither the length of the road, deep in mud from the rain, nor the rigorous fast observed by all, says the narrative written at that very time to the Sovereign Pontiff by the clergy and people of Florence, could stay the most delicate matrons, women about to become mothers, or even children. Evidently the Holy Ghost was actuating the crowd; they called for the judgment of God. John Gualbert, under the inspiration of the same Holy Spirit, gave his consent to the trial; and in testimony of the truth of the accusation brought by him against the Bishop of Florence, Peter, one of his monks, since known as Peter Igneus, walked slowly before the eyes of the multitude through an immense fire, without receiving

[1] Vita S. J. Gualb. ap. BARON, ad an. 1063.

the smallest injury. Heaven had spoken: the bishop was deposed by Rome, and ended his days, a happy penitent, in that very monastery of Settimo.

In 1073, the year in which his friend Hildebrand was raised to the Apostolic See, John was called to God. His influence against simony had reached far beyond Tuscany. The Republic of Florence ordered his feast to be kept as a holiday, and the following words were engraved upon his tombstone:

TO JOHN GUALBERT,
CITIZEN OF FLORENCE, DELIVERER OF ITALY.

Let us read the notice which the Church consecrates to his blessed memory, though with a few differences of detail.

Joannes Gualbertus, Florentiæ nobili genere ortus, dum patri obsequens rem militarem sequitur, Ugo, unicus ejus frater, occiditur a consanguineo: quem cum solum et inermem sancto Parasceves die Joannes armis ac militibus stipatus obvium haberet, ubi neuter alterum poterat declinare, ob sanctæ Crucis reverentiam, quam homicida supplex, mortem jamjam subiturus, brachiis signabat, vitam ei clementer indulget. Hoste in fratrem recepto, proximum sancti Miniatis templum oraturus ingreditur, ubi adoratam Crucifixi imaginem caput sibi flectere conspicit. Quo mirabili facto permotus Joannes, Deo exinde, etiam invito patre, militare decernit, atque ibidem propriis sibi manibus comam totondit, ac monasticum habitum induit; adeoque piis ac religiosis virtu-

John Gualbert was born at Florence of a noble family. While, in compliance with his father's wishes, he was following the career of arms, it happened that his only brother Hugh was slain by a kinsman. On Good Friday, John, at the head of an armed band, met the murderer alone and unarmed, in a spot where they could not avoid each other. Seeing death imminent, the murderer, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, begged for mercy, and John, through reverence for the sacred sign, graciously spared him. Having thus changed his enemy into a brother, he went to pray in the church of San Miniato, which was near at hand; and as he was adoring the image of Christ crucified, he saw it bend its head towards him. John was deeply touched by this miracle, and

tibus brevi coruscat, ut multis se perfectionis specimen ac normam præberet; ita ut, ejusdem loci Abbate defuncto, communi omnium voto in superiorem eligeretur. At Dei famulus cupiens subesse potius quam præesse, ad majora divina voluntate servatus, ad Camaldulensis eremi incolam Romualdum proficiscitur: a quo cœlicum sui instituti vaticinium accipit: tum suum Ordinem sub regula sancti Benedicti apud Umbrosam vallem instituit.

determined thenceforward to fight for God alone, even against his father's wish; so on the spot he cut off his own hair and put on the monastic habit. Very soon his pious and religious manner of life shed abroad so great a lustre that he became to many a living rule and pattern of perfection. Hence on the death of the Abbot of the place he was unanimously chosen superior. But the servant of God, preferring obedience to superiority, and moreover being reserved by the divine will for greater things, betook himself to Romuald, who was then living in the desert of Camaldoli, and who, inspired by heaven, announced to him the institute he was to form; whereupon he laid the foundations of his Order under the Rule of St. Benedict at Vallombrosa.

Deinde, plurimis ad eum ob ejus sanctitatis famam undique convolantibus, una cum iis in socios adscitis, ad hæreticam et simoniacam pravitatem exstirpandam et apostolicam fidem propagandam sedulo incumbit, innumera propterea in se et suis incommoda expertus. Nam ut eum ejusque socios adversarii perdant, noctu sancti Salvii cœnobium repente aggrediuntur, templum incendunt, ædes demoliuntur, et monachos omnes lethali vulnere sauciant: quos vir Dei unico crucis signo incolumes protinus reddit; et Petro ejus monacho per immensum ardentissimumque ignem illæso mirabiliter transeunte, optatam sibi et suis tranquillitatem obtinet. Inde si-

Soon afterwards many, attracted by the renown of his sanctity, flocked to him from all sides. He received them into his society, and together with them he zealously devoted himself to rooting out heresy and simony, and propagating the apostolic faith; on account of which devotedness both he and his disciples suffered innumerable injuries. Thus, his enemies in their eagerness to destroy him and his brethren, suddenly attacked the monastery of San Salvi by night, burned the church, demolished the buildings, and mortally wounded all the monks. The man of God, however, restored them all forthwith to health by a single sign of the cross. Peter,

moniacam labem ab Etruria expulit, ac in tota Italia fidem pristinæ integritati restituit.

Multa funditus erexit monasteria, eademque et alia ædificiis ac regulari observantia instaurata, sanctis legibus communivit. Ad egenos alendos sacram supellectilem vendidit: ad improbos coercendos elementa sibi famulari conspexit: ad dæmones comprimendos crucem quasi ensem adhibuit. Demum abstinentiis, vigiliis, jejuniis, orationibus, carnis macerationibus, ac senio confectus, dum infirma valetudine gravaretur, Davidica illa verba persæpe repetebat: Sitivit anima mea ad Deum fortem, vivum: quando veniam, et apparebo ante faciem Dei? Jamque morti proximus, convocatos discipulos ad fraternam concordiam cohortatur, et in breviculo, cui consepeliri voluit, jussit hæc scribi: Ego Joannes credo, et confiteor fidem, quam sancti Apostoli prædicaverunt, et sancti Patres in quatuor conciliis confirmaverunt. Tandem triduano angelorum obsequio dignatus, septuagesimum octavum annum agens, apud Passinianum, ubi summa veneratione colitur, migravit ad Dominum, anno salutis millesimo septuagesimo tertio, quarto Idus Julii. Quem Cœlestinus Tertius innumeris miraculis clarone of his monks, miraculously walked unhurt through a huge blazing fire, and thus John obtained for himself and his sons the peace they so much desired. From that time forward every stain of simony disappeared from Tuscany; and faith, throughout all Italy, was restored to its former purity.

John built many entirely new monasteries, and restored many others both as to their material buildings and as to regular observance, strengthening them all with the bulwark of holy regulations. In order to feed the poor he sold the sacred vessels of the altar. The elements were obedient to his will when he sought to check evil-doers; and the sign of the cross was the sword he used whereby to conquer the devils. At length, worn out by abstinence, watchings, fasting, prayer, maceration of the flesh, and finally old age, he fell into a grievous malady, during which he repeated unceasingly those words of David: 'My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God: when shall I come and appear before the face of God?' When death drew near, calling together his disciples, he exhorted them to preserve fraternal union. Then he caused these words to be written on a paper which he wished should be buried with him: 'I, John, believe and confess the faith which the holy apostles preached, and the holy Fathers in the four Councils have confirmed. At length, having been honoured during three days with the

um in Sanctorum numerum retulit.

gracious presence of angels, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, he departed to the Lord at Passignano, where he is honoured with the highest veneration. He died in the year of salvation 1073, on the fourth of the Ides of July; and having become celebrated by innumerable miracles, was enrolled by Celestine III in the number of the saints.

O true disciple of the New Law, who didst know how to spare an enemy for the love of the Holy Cross ! teach us to practise, as thou didst, the lessons conveyed by the instrument of our salvation, which will then become to us, as to thee, a weapon ever victorious over the powers of hell. Could we look upon the Cross, and then refuse to forgive our brother an injury, when God Himself not only forgets our heinous offences against His sovereign Majesty, but even died upon the Tree to expiate them ? The most generous pardon a creature can grant is but a feeble shadow of the pardon we daily obtain from our Father in heaven. Still, the Gospel which the Church sings in thy honour may well teach us that the love of our enemies is the nearest resemblance we can have to our heavenly Father, and the sign that we are truly His children.

Thou hadst, O John, this grand trait of resemblance. He, who in virtue of His eternal generation is the true Son of God by nature, recognized in thee the mark of nobility which made thee His brother. When He bowed His sacred Head to thee, He saluted in thee the character of a child of God, which thou hadst just so beautifully maintained: a title a thousand times more glorious than those of thy noble ancestry. What a powerful germ was the Holy Ghost planting at that moment in thy heart ! And how richly does God recompense a single generous act ! Thy sanctification, the glorious share thou didst take in the Church's victory,

the fecundity whereby thou livest still in the Order sprung from thee: all these choice graces for thy own soul and for so many others hung upon that critical moment. Fate, or the justice of God, as thy contemporaries would have said, had brought thy enemy within thy power: how wouldst thou treat him? He was deserving of death; and in those days every man was his own avenger. Hadst thou then inflicted due punishment upon him, thy reputation would have rather increased than diminished. Thou wouldst have obtained the esteem of thy comrades; but the only glory which is of any worth before God, indeed the only glory which lasts long even in the sight of men, would never have been thine. Who would have known thee at the present day? Who would have felt the admiration and gratitude with which thy very name now inspires the children of the Church?

The Son of God, seeing that thy dispositions were conformable to those of His Sacred Heart, filled thee with His own jealous love of the holy City for whose redemption He shed His blood. O thou that wert zealous for the beauty of the Bride, watch over her still; deliver her from hirelings who would fain receive from men the right of holding the place of the Bridegroom. In our days venality is less to be feared than compromise. Simony would take another form; there is not so much danger of bribery as of fawning, paying homage, making advances, entering into implicit contracts; all which proceedings are as contrary to the holy canons as are pecuniary transactions. And after all, is the evil any the less for taking a milder form, if it enables princes to bind the Church again in fetters such as thou didst labour to break? Suffer not, O John Gualbert, such a misfortune, which would be the forerunner of terrible disasters. Continue to support with thy powerful arm the common Mother of men. Save thy fatherland a second time, even in spite of itself. Protect, in these sad times, the Order of which thou art the glory and the father; give it strength to outlive the

confiscations and the cruelties it has suffered from that same Italy which once hailed thee as its deliverer. Obtain for Christians of every condition the courage required for the warfare in which all are bound to engage.

On this same day the whole Church unites in the solemn homage which Milan continues to pay, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, to two valiant witnesses of Christ. 'Our martyrs, Felix and Nabor,' says St. Ambrose, 'are the grain of mustard-seed mentioned in the Gospel. They possessed the good odour of faith, though it did not appear to men; persecution arose, they laid down their arms, and bowed their heads to the sword, and immediately the grace that was hidden within them was shed abroad even to the ends of the world; so that we can now in all truth say of them: *Their sound has gone forth into all the earth.*'

Let us honour them and ask their intercession by the prayer which the Church addresses to God in commemoration of their glorious combat.

COLLECT

Præsta, quæsumus, Domine: ut, sicut nos sanctorum Martyrum tuorum Naboris et Felicis natalitia celebranda non deserunt, ita jugiter suffragiis comitentur. Per Dominum.

Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord, that as the festival of thy holy martyrs, Nabor and Felix, returns for us to celebrate, it may always be accompanied by their intercession. Through our Lord, etc.

JULY 13

ST. ANACLETUS

POPE AND MARTYR

THE name of Anacletus sounds like a lingering echo of the solemnity of June 29. Linus, Clement, and Cletus, the immediate successors of St. Peter, received from his hands the pontifical consecration; Anacletus had a less but still inestimable glory of being ordained priest by the Vicar of the Man-God. Whereas the feasts of most of the martyr Pontiffs who came after him are only of simple rite, that of Anacletus is a semi-double, because of his privilege of being the last Pope honoured by the imposition of hands of the Prince of the Apostles. It was also during his pontificate that the Eternal City had the glory of receiving within its walls the beloved disciple, who had come to fulfil his promise and drink of his Master's chalice. 'O happy Church,' exclaims Tertullian, 'into whose bosom the Apostles poured not only all their teaching, but their very blood; where Peter imitated his Lord's Passion by dying on the cross; where Paul, like John the Baptist, received his crown by means of the sword; whence the Apostle John, after coming forth safe and sound from the boiling oil, was sent to the isle of his banishment.'[1]

By the almighty power of the Spirit of Pentecost the progress of the faith in Rome was proportionate to the bountiful graces of our Lord. Little by little the great Babylon, drunk with the blood of the martyrs, was being transformed into the Holy City. This new-born race, so full of promise for the future, could already reckon among its members representatives of every class of society. Beside the boiling cauldron where the prophet of Patmos did homage to the new Jerusalem

[1] De præscript, xxxvi.

by offering within her walls his glorious confession, two consuls, one representing the ancient patrician rank, the other the more modern nobility of the Cæsars, Acilius Glabrio and Flavius Clemens, together fell by the sword of martyrdom. Anacletus adorned the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, and provided a burial-place for the other Pontiffs. Following his example, the distinguished families of Rome opened galleries for subterranean cemeteries, all along the roads leading to the Imperial City. There rest innumerable soldiers of Christ, victorious by their blood; and there, too, sleep in peace, with the anchor of salvation beside them, the most illustrious names of earth.

Anacletus Atheniensis, Trajano imperatore, rexit Ecclesiam. Decrevit ut episcopus a tribus episcopis, neque a paucioribus consecraretur, et clerici sacris Ordinibus publice a proprio episcopo initiarentur: et ut in Missa, peracta consecratione, omnes communicarent. Beati Petri sepulcrum ornavit, Pontificumque sepulturæ locum attribuit. Fecit ordinationes duas mense Decembri, quibus creavit presbyteros quinque, diaconos tres, episcopos sex. Sedit annos novem, menses tres, dies decem. Martyrio coronatus, sepultus est in Vaticano.

Anacletus, an Athenian by birth, governed the Church in the days of the Emperor Trajan. He decreed that a bishop should be consecrated by no fewer than three bishops; that clerics should be publicly admitted to Holy Orders, by their own bishop; and that at Mass all should communicate after the Consecration. He adorned the tomb of blessed Peter, and set aside a place for the burial of the Pontiffs. He held two ordinations in the month of December, and made five priests, three deacons, and six bishops. He sat in St. Peter's Chair nine years, three months, and ten days, was crowned with martyrdom and buried in the Vatican.

Glorious Pontiff! thy memory is so closely linked with that of Peter that many reckon thee, under a somewhat different name, among the three august persons raised by the Prince of the Apostles to the highest rank in the hierarchy. Nevertheless, in distinguishing thee from Cletus, who appeared in the sacred cycle in the month of April, we are justified by the authority of the

holy liturgy, which appoints thee a separate feast, and by the constant testimony of Rome itself, which knows better than any the names and the history of its Pontiffs. Happy art thou in being thus, as it were, lost to sight among the foundations whereon rest for ever the strength and beauty of the Church ! Give us all a special love for the particular positions assigned to us in the sacred building. Receive the grateful homage of all the living stones who are chosen to form the eternal temple, and who will all lean upon thee for evermore.

JULY 14

SAINT BONAVENTURE

CARDINAL AND DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH

FOUR months after the Angel of the Schools, the Seraphic Doctor appears in the heavens. Bound by the ties of love when on earth, the two are now united for ever before the throne of God. Bonaventure's own words will show us how great a right they both had to the heavenly titles bestowed upon them by the admiring gratitude of men.

As there are three hierarchies of angels in heaven, so on earth there are three classes of the elect. The Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones, who form the first hierarchy, represent those who approach nearest to God by contemplation, and who differ among themselves according to the intensity of their love, the plenitude of their science, and the steadfastness of their justice; to the Dominations, Virtues, and Powers, correspond the prelates and princes; and lastly, the lowest choirs signify the various ranks of the faithful engaged in the active life. This is the triple division of men, which, according to St. Luke, will be made at the last day: *Two shall be in the bed, two in the field, two at the mill;* that is to say, in the repose of divine delights, in the field of government, at the mill of this life's toil. As regards the two mentioned in each place, we may remark that in Isaias the Seraphim, who are more closely united to God than the rest, perform two by two their ministry of sacrifice and praise; for it is with the angel as with man; the fulness of love, which belongs especially to the Seraphim, cannot be without the fulfilment of the double precept of charity towards God and one's neighbour. Again, our Lord sent His disciples two and two before His face; and in Genesis we find God sending two angels

where one would have sufficed.[1] *It is better, therefore,* says Ecclesiastes, *that two should be together than one; for they have the advantage of their society.*[2]

Such is the teaching of Bonaventure in his book on the Hierarchy,[3] wherein he shows us the secret workings of Eternal Wisdom for the salvation of the world and the sanctification of the elect. It would be impossible to understand aright the history of the thirteenth century were we to forget the prophetic vision, wherein our Lady was seen presenting to her offended Son His two servants, Dominic and Francis, that they might by their powerful union, bring back to Him the wandering human race. What a spectacle for angels when, on the morrow of the apparition, the two saints met and embraced: 'Thou art my companion, we will run side by side,' said the descendant of the Guzmans to the poor man of Assisi; 'let us keep together, and no man will be able to prevail against us.' These words might well have been the motto of their noble sons, Thomas and Bonaventure. The star which shone over the head of St. Dominic shed its bright rays on Thomas; the Seraph who imprinted the stigmata in the flesh of St. Francis touched with his fiery wing the soul of Bonaventure; yet both, like their incomparable fathers, had but one end in view: to draw men by science and love to that eternal life which consists in knowing the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

Both were burning and shining lamps, blending their flames in the heavens, in proportions which no mortal eye could distinguish here below; nevertheless, Eternal Wisdom has willed that the Church on earth should borrow more especially light from Thomas and fire from Bonaventure. Would that we might here show in each of them the workings of Wisdom, the one bond even on earth of their union of thoughts—that Wisdom who, ever unchangeable in her adorable unity, never repeats herself in the souls she chooses from among the nations to

[1] *Cf.* Gen. xix. 1. [2] Eccles. iv. 9.
[3] De Ecclesiastica Hierarchia, pars I., caps. i., ii.

become the prophets and the friends of God. But to-day we must speak only of Bonaventure.

When quite a child, he was saved by St. Francis from imminent death; whereupon his pious mother offered him by vow to the saint, promising that he should enter the Order of Friars Minor. Thus, in the likeness of holy poverty, that beloved companion of the Seraphic Patriarch, did Eternal Wisdom prevent our saint from his very cradle, showing herself first unto him. At the earliest awakening of his faculties he found her seated at the entrance of his soul, awaiting the opening of its gates, which are, he tells us, intelligence and love. Having received a good soul in an undefiled body, he preferred Wisdom before kingdoms and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison with the august friend, who offered herself to him in the glory of her nobility and beauty. From that first moment, without ever waning, she was his light. Peacefully as a sunbeam glancing through a hitherto closed window, Wisdom filled this dwelling, now become her own, as the bride on the nuptial day takes possession of the bridegroom's house, filling it with joy, in community of goods, and above all of love.

For her contribution to the nuptial banquet, she brought the substantial brightness of heaven; Bonaventure on his part offered her the lilies of purity, so desired by her as her choicest food. Henceforth the feast in his soul was to be continual; and the light and the perfumes, breaking forth, were shed around, attracting, enlightening, and nourishing all. While still very young, he was, according to custom, sent, after the first years of his religious life, to the celebrated University of Paris, where he soon won all hearts by his angelic manners; and the great Alexander of Hales, struck with admiration at the union of so many qualities, said of him that it seemed as if in him Adam had not sinned. As a lofty mountain whose head is lost in the clouds, and from whose foot run fertilizing waters far and wide, Brother Alexander himself, according to the expression of the

Sovereign Pontiff, seemed at that time to contain within himself the living fountain of Paradise, whence the river of science and salvation flowed over the earth.[1] Nevertheless, not only would he, the irrefragable Doctor, and the Doctor of doctors, give up his chair in a short time to the newcomer, but he would hereafter derive his greatest glory from being called father and master by that illustrious disciple.[2] Placed in such a position at so early an age, Bonaventure could say of Divine Wisdom, even more truly than of the great master who had had little to do but admire the prodigious development of his soul: ' It is she that has taught me all things; she taught me the knowledge of God and of His works, justice and virtues, the subtleties of speeches and the solutions of arguments.'[3]

Such, indeed, is the object of those Commentaries on the four Books of Sentences, first delivered as lectures from the chair of Paris, where he held the noblest intellects spellbound by his graceful and inspired language. This masterpiece, while it is an inexhaustible mine of treasures to the Franciscan family, bears so great testimony to the science of this doctor of twenty-seven years of age that, though so soon called from his chair to the government of a great Order, he was worthy on account of this single work to share with his friend Thomas Aquinas, who was fortunately freer to pursue his studies, the honourable title of prince of Sacred Theology.[4]

The young master already merited his name of Seraphic Doctor, by regarding science as merely a means to love, and declaring that the light which illuminates the mind is barren and useless unless it penetrates to the heart, where alone wisdom rests and feasts.[5] St. Antoninus tells us also that in him every truth grasped by the intellect passed through the affections, and thus

[1] Litt. Alexandri IV.: De fontibus paradisi flumen egrediens.
[2] Bonavent. in II. Sent., dist. xxiii., art. 2, qu. 3, ad 7.
[3] *Cf.* Wisd. vii. and viii.
[4] Litt. Sixti IV. Superna cœlestis patriæ civitas; Sixti V. Triumphantis Hierusalem; Leonis XIII. Æterni Patris.
[5] Exp. in Lib. Sap. viii. 9, 16.

became prayer and divine praise.[1] 'His aim,' says another historian, 'was to burn with love, to kindle himself first at the divine fire, and afterwards to inflame others. Careless of praise or renown, anxious only to regulate his life and actions, he would fain burn and not only shine; he would be fire, in order to approach nearer to God by becoming more like to Him who is fire. Albeit, as fire is not without light, so was he also at the same time a shining torch in the House of God; but his special claim to our praise is that all the light at his command he gathered to feed the flame of divine love.'[2]

The bent of his mind was clearly indicated when, at the beginning of his public teaching, he was called upon to give his decision on the question then dividing the Schools: to some theology was a speculative, to others a practical, science, according as they were more struck by the theoretical or the moral side of its teaching. Bonaventure, uniting the two opinions in the principle which he considered the one universal law, concluded that 'Theology is an affective science, the knowledge of which proceeds by speculative contemplation, but aims principally at making us good.' *For the wisdom of doctrine,* he said, must be *according to her name,*[3] something that can be relished by the soul; and he added, not without that gentle touch of irony which the saints know how to use: 'There is a difference, I suppose, in the impressions produced by the proposition, *Christ died for us,* or the like, and by such as this: *The diagonal and the side of a square cannot be equal to one another.*'[4] The graceful speech and profound science of our saint were enhanced by a beautiful modesty. He would conclude a difficult question thus: 'This is said without prejudice to the opinions of others. If anyone think otherwise, or better, as he may well do on this point as on all others, I bear him no ill-will; but if, in this little work, he find anything deserving approval, let him give

[1] Antonini, Chronic., p. III., tit. xxiv., cap. 8.
[2] H. Sedulius, Histor. seraph.
[3] Eccli. vi. 23.
[4] Bonavent. Prœmium in I. Sent., qu. 3.

thanks to God, the Author of all good. Whatever, in any part, be found false, doubtful or obscure, let the kind reader forgive the incompetence of the writer, whose conscience bears him unimpeachable testimony that he has wished to say nothing but what is true, clear, and commonly received.'[1] On one occasion, however, Bonaventure's unswerving devotion to the Queen of Virgins modified with a gentle force his expression of humility: 'If anyone,' he says, 'prefers otherwise, I will not contend with him, provided he say nothing to the detriment of the Venerable Virgin, for we must take the very greatest care, even should it cost us our life, that no one lessen in any way the honour of our Lady.'[2] Lastly, at the end of the third book of this admirable Exposition of the Sentences, he declares that 'charity is worth more than all science. It is enough, in doubtful questions, to know what the wise have taught; disputation is to little purpose. We talk much, and our words fail us. Infinite thanks be to the perfecter of all discourse, our Lord Jesus Christ, who, taking pity on my poverty of knowledge and of genius, has enabled me to complete this moderate work. I beg of Him that it may procure me the merit of obedience, and may be of profit to my brethren: the twofold purpose for which the task was undertaken.'[3]

But the time had come when obedience was to give place to another kind of merit, less pleasing to himself, but not less profitable to the brethren. At thirty-five years of age, he was elected Minister-General. Obliged thus to quit the field of scholastic teaching, he entrusted it to his friend, Thomas Aquinas, who, younger by several years, was to cultivate it longer and more completely than he himself had been suffered. The Church would lose nothing by the change; for Eternal Wisdom, who ordereth all things with strength and sweetness, thus disposed that these two incomparable geniuses, completing one another, should give us the fulness of that

[1] II. Sent., dist. xliv., art. 3, qu. 2, ad 6. [2] IV. Sent., dist. xxviii., qu. 6, ad 5.
[3] III. Sent., dist. xl., qu. 3, ad 6.

true science which not only reveals God, but leads to Him.

Give an occasion to the wise man, and wisdom shall be added to him.[1] This sentence was placed by Bonaventure at the head of his treatise on 'The Six Wings of the Seraphim,' wherein he sets forth the qualifications necessary for one called to the cure of souls; and well did he fulfil it himself in the government of his immense Order, scattered by its missions throughout the whole Church. The treatise itself, which Father Claude Acquaviva held in such high estimation as to oblige the Superiors of the Society of Jesus to use it as a guide, furnishes us with a portrait of our saint at this period. He had reached the summit of the spiritual life, where the inward peace of the soul is undisturbed by the most violent agitations from without; where the closeness of their union with God produces in the saints a mysterious fecundity, displayed to the world, when God wills, by a multiplicity of perfect works incomprehensible to the profane. Let us listen to Bonaventure's own words: 'The Seraphim exercise an influence over the lower orders, to draw them upwards; so the love of the spiritual man tends both to his neighbour and to God: to God that he may rest in Him; to his neighbour to draw him thither with himself. Not only then do they burn; they also give the form of perfect love, driving away darkness and showing how to rise by degrees, and to go to God by the highest paths.'[2]

Such is the secret of that admirable series of opuscula, composed, as he owned to St. Thomas, without the aid of any book but his crucifix, without any preconceived plan, but simply as occasion required at the request, or to satisfy the needs of the brethren and sisters of his large family, or again, when he felt a desire of pouring out his soul. In these works Bonaventure has treated alike of the first elements of asceticism and of the sublimest subjects of the mystic life, with such fulness, certainty, clearness, and persuasive force, that Sixtus IV declared

[1] Prov. ix. 9. [2] Bonavent. De Eccles. hier., p. II., c. ii.

the Holy Spirit seemed to speak in him.[1] On reading the *Itinerary of the Soul to God*, which was written on the height of Alverna, as it were under the immediate influence of the Seraphim, the Chancellor Gerson exclaimed: 'This opusculum, or rather this immense work, is beyond the praise of a mortal mouth.'[2] And he wished it, together with that wonderful compendium of sacred science, the Breviloquium, to be imposed upon theologians as a necessary manual.[3] 'By his words,' says the great Abbot Trithemius in the name of the Benedictine Order, 'the author of all these learned and devout works inflames the will of the reader no less than he enlightens his mind. Note the spirit of divine love and Christian devotion in his writings, and you will easily see that he surpasses all the doctors of his time in the usefulness of his works. Many expound doctrine, many preach devotion, few teach the two together; Bonaventure surpasses both the many and the few, because he trains to devotion by science, and to science by devotion. If, then, you would be both learned and devout, you must put his teaching into practice.'[4]

But Bonaventure himself will tell us best the proper dispositions for reading him with profit. At the beginning of his *Incendium amoris*, wherein he teaches the three ways, purgative, illuminative, and unitive, which lead to true wisdom, he says: 'I offer this book not to philosophers, not to the worldly-wise, not to great theologians perplexed with endless questions, but to the simple and ignorant who strive rather to love God than to know much. It is not by disputing, but by activity, that we learn to love. As to those men full of questions, superior in every science, but inferior in the love of Christ, I consider them incapable of understanding the contents of this book; unless putting away all vain show of learning, they strive, by humble self-renunciation, prayer, and meditation, to kindle within them the divine spark,

[1] Litt. Superna cœlestis.
[2] Gerson Epist. cuidam Fratri Minori. Lugd. an. 1426.
[3] Tract de exam. doctrinarum.
[4] Trithem. de Scriptor. eccle.

which, inflaming their hearts and dispelling all darkness, will lead them beyond the concerns of time even to the throne of peace. Indeed, by the very fact of their knowing more, they are better disposed to love, or, at least, they would be if they truly despised themselves and could rejoice to be despised by others.'[1]

Although these pages are already too long, we cannot resist quoting the last words left us by St. Bonaventure. As the Angel of the Schools was soon, at Fossa Nova, to close his labours and his life with the explanation of the Canticle of Canticles, so his seraphic rival and brother tuned his last notes to these words of the sacred Nuptial Song: '*King Solomon has made him a litter of the wood of Libanus : The pillars thereof he made of silver, the seat of gold, the going-up of purple.*'[2] 'The seat of gold,' added our saint, 'is contemplative wisdom; it belongs to those alone who possess the column of silver —*i.e.*, the virtues which strengthen the soul; the going-up of purple is the charity whereby we ascend to the heights and descend to the valleys.'[3]

It is a conclusion worthy of Bonaventure, the close of a sublime but incomplete work, which he had not even time to put together himself. 'Alas! alas! alas!' cries out with tears the loving disciple to whom we owe this last treasure, 'a higher dignity, and then the death of our lord and master prevented the continuation of this work.' And then showing us, in a touching manner, the precautions taken by the sons lest they should lose anything of their father's conferences: 'What I here give,' he says, 'is what I could snatch by writing rapidly while he was speaking. Two others took notes at the same time, but their papers are scarcely legible; whereas several of the audience were able to read my copy, and the master himself and many others made use of it; a fact for which I deserve some gratitude. And now at length, permission and time having been given to me, I have revised these notes, with the voice and gestures

[1] Incend. amoris, Prologus. [2] Cant. iii. 9, 10.
[3] Illuminationes Ecclesiæ in Hexæmeron, Sermo xxiii.

of the master ever in my ear and before my eyes; I have arranged them in order, without adding anything to what he said, except the indication of certain authorities.'[1]

The dignity mentioned by the faithful secretary is that of Cardinal Bishop of Albano. After the death of Clement IV, and the succeeding three years of widowhood for the Church, our saint, by his influence with the Sacred College, had obtained the election of Gregory X, who now imposed upon him in virtue of obedience the honour of the cardinalate. Having been entrusted with the work of preparation for the Council of Lyons, convened for the spring of 1274, Bonaventure had the joy of assisting at the reunion of the Latin and Greek Churches, which he, more than anyone else, had been instrumental in obtaining. But God spared him the bitterness of seeing how short-lived the reunion was to be: a union which would have been the salvation of that East which he loved, and where his name, translated into Eutychius, was still in veneration two centuries later at the time of the Council of Florence. On July 15 of that year, 1274, in the midst of the Council, and presided at by the Sovereign Pontiff himself, took place the most solemn funeral the world has ever witnessed. 'I grieve for thee, my brother Jonathan,' cried out before that mourning assembly, gathered from East and West, the Dominican Cardinal Peter of Tarentaise. After fifty-three years spent in this world, the Seraph had cast off his robe of flesh, and spreading his wings had gone to join Thomas Aquinas, who had by a very short time preceded him to heaven.

The following are the proper lessons appointed for St. Bonaventure in the Breviary:

Bonaventura, Balneoregii in Etruria natus, a lethali morbo adhuc puer, beati Francisci precibus, cujus religioni, si convaluisset, voto matris dicatus fuerat, evasit incolumis. Itaque adolescens, fratrum Mino-

Bonaventure was born at Bagnorea, in Tuscany. While still a child, he was smitten by a mortal sickness, and his mother vowed that he should be consecrated to the order of blessed Francis if he recovered.

[1] Illuminat. Eccles., Additiones.

rum institutum amplecti voluit, in quo ad eam doctrinæ præstantiam Alexandro de Ales magistro pervenit, ut septimo post anno Parisiis magisterii lauream adeptus, libros Sententiarum publice summa cum laude sit interpretatus, quos etiam præclaris postea commentariis illustravit. Nec scientiæ solum eruditione, sed et morum integritate, vitæque innocentia, humilitate, mansuetudine, terrenarum rerum contemptu et cælestium desiderio mirifice excelluit: dignus plane, qui tamquam perfectionis exemplar haberetur, et a beato Thoma Aquinate, cui summa caritate conjunctus erat, sanctus appellaretur. Is enim, cum sancti Francisci vitam illum scribentem comperisset: Sinamus, ait, Sanctum pro Sancto laborare.

He came safely through the sickness at the Saint's prayer; and consequently, when a young man, he determined to enter the institute of the Friars Minor. He was put under the instruction of Alexander of Hales, and became so eminent for learning that at the end of seven years he obtained the Master's degree at Paris, and lectured publicly with great applause on the books of the Sentences, which later in life he explained by lucid commentaries. He attained great eminence, not only in knowledge and learning, but also in purity of life, innocence, humility, meekness, contempt for earthly things and desire for those of heaven; and he was manifestly worthy of being held as an example of perfection. By blessed Thomas Aquinas, to whom he was bound by close friendship, he was called a saint, and when St. Thomas found him one day writing the Life of St. Francis, he said: 'Let us allow one saint to labour for another.'

Divini amoris flamma succensus, erga Christi Domini passionem, quam jugiter meditabatur, ac Deiparam Virginem, cui se totum devoverat, singulari ferebatur pietatis affectu: quem in aliis etiam verbo et exemplo excitare, scriptisque opusculis augere summopere studuit. Hinc illa morum suavitas, gratia sermonis, et caritas in omnes effusa, qua singulorum animos sibi arctissime devinciebat. Quam ob rem vix quinque et triginta annos natus, Romæ summo omnium consensu Generalis Or-

He was enkindled with a great flame of divine love, and was moved with particular affection for the Passion of Christ our Lord, which was his constant matter of meditation, and for the Virgin Mother of God, to whom he wholly vowed himself. He sought, moreover, with all his power to excite a like ardour in others both by word and example, and to increase it by his books and other writings. Hence arose that sweetness of disposition, unction in speech and open-hearted charity to all

dinis Minister electus est: susceptumque munus per duodeviginti annos admirabili prudentia gessit ac laude sanctitatis. Plura constituit regulari disciplinæ et amplificando Ordini utilia; quem una cum aliis Ordinibus mendicantibus adversus obtrectatorum calumnias feliciter propugnavit.

men, by which he succeeded in binding the hearts of all so closely to himself. For these reasons, when scarcely thirty-five years old, he was elected at Rome, by acclamation, Minister-General of his Order; and he held the office which he had taken up for twenty years, with remarkable prudence and praiseworthy holiness. He made a number of regulations suited to the maintenance of regular discipline and the extension of the Order: and he defended it, as well as the other mendicant orders, with great success against the charges of calumniators.

Ad Lugdunense Concilium a beato Gregorio decimo accersitus, et Cardinalis Episcopus Albanensis creatus, arduis Concilii rebus egregiam navavit operam: qua et schismatis dissidia composita sunt, et ecclesiastica dogmata vindicata. Quibus in laboribus, anno ætatis suæ quinquagesimo tertio, salutis vero millesimo ducentesimo septuagesimo quarto, summo omnium mærore decessit, ab universo Concilio, ipso præsente Romano Pontifice, funere honestatus. Eum Xystus quartus plurimis maximisque clarum miraculis in Sanctorum numerum retulit. Multa scripsit, in quibus summam eruditionem cum pietatis ardore conjungens, lectorem docendo movet; quare a Xysto quinto Doctoris Seraphici nomine merito est insignitus.

By Blessed Gregory X he was summoned to the Council of Lyons, and created Cardinal Bishop of Albano. He steered the Council successfully through the arduous tasks it had undertaken: as a result of which the disputes excited by schismatics were brought to an end, and the dogmas of the Church vindicated. In the midst of these labours, to the great sorrow of all who knew him, he died in 1274, in the fifty-third year of his age, and his funeral was adorned by the presence of the whole Council, and of the Roman Pontiff himself. He became renowned for many great miracles, and Xystus IV enrolled him among the saints. He composed a number of writings, in which he exhibited great learning and ardent piety, moving the reader's heart by his instruction: and for this reason Xystus V deservedly bestowed on him the title of the Seraphic Doctor.

Thou hast entered, O Bonaventure, into the joy of thy Lord, and what must thy happiness be now, since, as thou thyself didst say: 'By how much a man loves God on earth, by so much does he rejoice in him in heaven'?[1] If the great St. Anselm, from whom thou didst borrow that word, added that love is proportioned to knowledge,[2] O thou, who wast at the same time a prince of sacred science and the doctor of love, show us how all light, in the order of grace and of nature, is intended to lead us to love. God is hidden in everything;[3] Christ is the centre of every science;[4] and the fruit of each of them is to build up faith, to honour God, to regulate our life, and to lead to divine union by charity, without which all knowledge is vain.[5] For, as thou didst say,[6] all the sciences have their fixed and infallible rules, which come down to our soul as so many reflections of the eternal law; and our soul, surrounded and penetrated with such brightness, is led, of her own accord, unless she is blind, to contemplate that eternal light. Wonderful light, reflected from the mountains of our fatherland into the furthermost valleys of our exile! In the eyes of the Seraphic Father Francis the world was truly noble, so that he called, as thou tellest us, even the lowest creatures by the name of brothers and sisters;[7] in every beauty he discerned the Sovereign Beauty; by the traces left in creation by its Author he found his Beloved everywhere, and he made of them a ladder whereby to ascend to him.[8]

Do thou, too, O my soul, open thine eyes, bend thine ear, unlock thy lips, and prepare thy heart, that in every creature thou mayest see thy God, hear Him, praise Him, love Him, and honour Him, lest the whole universe rise up against thee for not rejoicing in the works of His hands. Then from the world beneath thee, which has but the shadow of God and His presence, inasmuch as He is everywhere, pass on to thyself, His image by nature,

[1] Bonav. De perfectione vitæ ad Sorores, viii.
[2] Bonav. De reductione artium ad theologiam.
[3] De reduct. artium ad theolog.
[4] Legenda Sti. Francisci viii.
[5] Anselm. Proslogion, xxvi.
[6] Illuminationes Eccl., i.
[7] Itinerarium mentis in Deum, iii.
[8] *Ibid.* ix.

reformed in Christ the Bridegroom. From the image rise to the truth of the first beginning, in unity of Essence and trinity of Persons, that thou mayest attain the repose of that sacred night where both the shadow and the image are forgotten in an all-absorbing love. But first of all thou must know that the mirror of the external world will avail thee little, unless the interior mirror of thy soul be purified and bright, unless thy desire be aided by prayer and contemplation in order to kindle love. Know that here, reading without unction, speculation without devotion, labour without piety, knowledge without charity, intelligence without humility, study without grace, are nothing; and when at length, rising gradually by prayer, holiness of life, and the contemplation of truth, thou shalt have reached the mountain where the God of gods reveals Himself,[1] taught by the powerlessness of thy sight here on earth to endure splendours of which nature was too feeble to give thee an indication, let thy blind intelligence remain asleep, pass beyond it in Christ, who is the gate and the way, question no longer the master but the Bridegroom, not man but God, not the light but the all-consuming fire; pass from this world with Christ to the Father, who will be shown to thee, and then say with Philip: ' It is enough for us.'[2]

O Seraphic Doctor, lead us by this sublime ascent, of which every line of thy works discloses the secrets, the toils, the beauties, and the dangers. In the pursuit of that Divine Wisdom, which even in its feeblest reflections no one can behold without ecstasy, guard us against mistaking for an end the satisfaction felt from the scanty rays sent down to us to draw us from the confusion of nothingness even to Itself. If these rays which proceed from the eternal Beauty be withdrawn from their focus and perverted from their object, there will be nothing but delusion, deception, vain knowledge, or false pleasures. Indeed, the more lofty the knowledge and the nearer it approaches to God as the object of

[1] Bonav. Itinerar. mentis in Deum, i. [2] *Ibid.* vii.

speculative theory, the more in a certain sense is error to be feared. If a man in his progress towards true wisdom, which is possessed and relished for its own sake, is drawn aside by the charms of knowledge, and rests therein, thou, O Bonaventure, hesitatest not to compare such knowledge to a vile deceiver, who would withdraw the affections of the king's son from his noble betrothed to fix them upon herself.[1] Such an insult to an august queen would be equally grievous whether offered by a servant or by a lady of honour. Hence thou didst declare that 'the passage from science to wisdom is dangerous, unless holiness intervene.'[2] Help us to cross the perilous pass; let science ever be to us a means of attaining sanctity and acquiring greater love.

Thou hast still, O Bonaventure, the same thoughts in the light of God. Witness the predilection thou hast more than once shown in our time for those centres where, in spite of the fever of activity which must needs keep in motion every force of nature, divine contemplation is still appreciated as the better part, as the only end and aim of all knowledge. Deign to continue thy protection of thy devout and grateful clients. Defend, as heretofore, the life and prerogatives of all religious Orders which are now so persecuted. To thy own Franciscan family be still a cause of increase both in numbers and in sanctity; bless the labours undertaken by it, to the joy of all the world, to bring to light as they deserve thy history and thy works. Bring back the East a third time to unity and life, and that for ever. May the whole Church be warmed by thy rays; may the divine fire thou didst so effectually nurture enkindle the earth anew!

[1] Illuminationes Eccl., ii. [2] *Ibid.* xix.

July 15

SAINT HENRY

EMPEROR

HENRY of Germany, the second king, but the first emperor of that name, was the last crowned representative of that branch of the house of Saxony descended from Henry the Fowler, to which God, in the tenth century, entrusted the mission of restoring the work of Charlemagne and Leo III. This noble stock was rendered more glorious in the flowers of sanctity adorning its branches than in the deep and powerful roots it struck in the German soil by great and long-enduring institutions.

The Holy Spirit, who divideth His gifts according as He will, was then calling to the loftiest destinies that land which, more than any other, had witnessed the energy of His divine action in the transformation of nations. Won to Christ by St. Boniface and the continuators of his work, the vast country which extends beyond the Rhine and the Danube had become the bulwark of the West, and for many years had been the scene of devastation and ruin. Far from attempting to subjugate to her own rule the formidable tribes that inhabited it, pagan Rome, at the very zenith of her power, had had no higher ambition than to raise a wall of separation between them and the Empire: Christian Rome, more truly mistress of the world, set up in their very midst the seat of the Holy Roman Empire re-established by her Pontiffs. The new Empire was to defend the rights of the common Mother, to protect Christendom from new inroads of barbarians, to win over to the Gospel or else to crush the successive hordes that would come down on her frontiers—Hungarians,

Slavs, Mongols, Tartars, and Ottomans. Happy had it been for Germany if she had always understood her true glory, if the fidelity of her princes to the Vicar of the Man-God had been equal to her people's faith.

God, on His part, had not closed His hand. To-day's feast shows us the crowning-point of the period of fruitful labour, when the Holy Ghost, having created Germany anew in the waters of the sacred font, would lead her up to the full development of a people's perfect age. The historian, who would know what Providence requires of nations, must study them at such a period of truly creative formation. Indeed, when God creates, whether in the order of nature or of the supernatural vocation of men and societies, He first deposits in His work the principle of that grade of life for which it is destined: it is a precious germ, the development of which, unless thwarted, must lead that being to attain its end; and the knowledge of which, could we observe it before any alteration has taken place, would clearly indicate the divine intention with regard to that being. Now, many times already, since the coming of the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier, we have shown that the principle of life for Christian nations is the holiness of their beginnings: a holiness as manifold as is the Wisdom of God, whose instrument these nations are to be, and as peculiar to each as are their several destinies. This holiness, beginning as it does for the most part from the throne, possesses a social character. The crimes also of princes will but too often bear this same mark, from the very fact of the princes being the representatives of their people before God. Then, too, we have seen[1] how, in the name of Mary, who through her divine Maternity is the channel of life to the whole world, a mission has been intrusted to women: the mission of bringing forth to God the families of nations (*familiæ gentium*),[2] which are to be the objects of His tenderest love. Whereas the princes, the apparent founders of empires, stand with their mighty deeds in

[1] Time after Pentecost, Vol. III., *St. Clotilde.* [2] Ps. xxi. 28.

the foreground of history, it is she that, by her secret tears and prayers, gives fruitfulness, a loftier aim, and stability to their undertakings.

The Holy Ghost leads many souls to imitate the Mother of God; like Clotilde, Radegond, and Bathildis, who gave the Franks to the Church in troublous times—three chosen souls—Matilda, Adelaide, and Cunigund—and added the aureole of sanctity to the imperial diadem of Germany. Over the chaos of the tenth century, whence Germany was to spring, they shone out like three bright stars, shedding their peaceful light over the Church and the world in that dark night, and thus doing more to suppress anarchy than could even the sword of an Otho. The eleventh century opened: Hildebrand had not yet arisen, and the angels of the sanctuary were weeping over many a desecrated altar, when the royal succession was brought to a beautiful close by a virginal union, as though, weary of producing heroes for the world, it would now bear fruit for heaven alone. Was such a step against the interests of Germany? No; for it drew down the mercy of God upon the country, which, in the midst of universal corruption, could offer Him the perfume of such a holocaust.

Let earth and heaven this day unite in celebrating the man who carried out to the full the designs of Eternal Wisdom at this period of history. In his single person he discovered all the heroism and sanctity of the illustrious race, whose chief glory it is to have been for a century a worthy preparation for so great a man. Great before men, who knew not whether to admire more his bravery or the energetic activity which made him seem to be everywhere at once throughout his vast empire, he was ever successful, putting down internal revolts, conquering the Slavs on his northern frontier, chastising the insolence of the Greeks in southern Italy, assisting Hungary to rise from barbarism to Christianity, concluding with Robert the Pious a lasting peace between the Empire and the eldest daughter of the Church.

But the virgin spouse of the virgin Cunigund was greater still before God, who never had a more faithful lieutenant upon earth. God in His Christ was in Henry's eyes the only King; the interest of Christ and the Church, the one principle of his administration; the most perfect service of the Man-God, his highest ambition. He understood how the truest nobility was hidden in the cloister, where chosen souls, fleeing from the universal degradation, were averting the ruin and obtaining the salvation of the world. It was this thought that led him, on the morrow of his imperial coronation, to confide to the famous Abbey of Cluny the golden globe representing the world, which he, as soldier of the Vicar of Christ, was commissioned to defend. It was with the desire of imitating those noble souls that he threw himself at the feet of the Abbot of St. Vannes at Verdun, begging admission into his community, and then, constrained by obedience, returned with a heavy heart to resume the burden of government.

The following is the notice, necessarily incomplete, which the Church gives us concerning St. Henry:

Henricus, cognomento Pius, e duce Bavariæ rex Germaniæ, ac postmodum Romanorum imperator, temporalis regni non contentus angustiis, pro adipiscenda immortalitatis corona sedulam æterno Regi exhibuit servitutem. Adepto enim imperio, religioni amplificandæ studiose incumbens, ecclesias ab infidelibus destructas magnificentius reparavit, plurimisque largitionibus et prædiis locupletavit. Monasteria, aliaque loca pia vel ipse ædificavit, vel assignatis redditibus auxit. Episcopatum Bambergensem, hæreditariis opibus fundatum, beato Petro, Romanoque Pontifici vectigalem fecit. Benedictum Octavum, a quo imperii

Henry, surnamed the Pious, Duke of Bavaria, became successively King of Germany and Emperor of the Romans; but not satisfied with a mere temporal principality, he strove to gain an immortal crown, by paying zealous service to the eternal King. As emperor, he devoted himself earnestly to spreading religion, and rebuilt with great magnificence the churches which had been destroyed by the infidels, endowing them generously both with money and lands. He built monasteries and other pious establishments, and increased the income of others; the bishopric of Bamberg, which he had founded

coronam acceperat, profugum excepit, suæque sedi restituit.

In Cassinensi monasterio gravi detentus infirmitate, a Sancto Benedicto, insigni miraculo, sanatus est. Romanam Ecclesiam amplissimo diplomate muneratus, eidem tuendæ bellum adversus Græcos suscepit, et Apuliam, diu ab illis possessam, recuperavit. Nihil sine precibus aggredi solitus, angelum Domini sanctosque martyres tutelares pro se pugnantes ante aciem interdum vidit. Divina autem protectus ope, barbaras nationes precibus magis quam armis expugnavit. Pannoniam adhuc infidelem, tradita Stephano regi sorore sua in uxorem, eoque baptizato, ad Christi fidem perduxit. Virginitatem, raro exemplo, matrimonio junxit, sanctamque Cunegundam, conjugem suam, propinquis ejus, morti proximus, illibatam restituit.

Denique rebus omnibus, quæ ad imperii honorem et utilitatem pertinebant, summa prudentia dispositis, et illustribus per Galliam, Italiam et Germaniam, religiosæ munificentiæ vestigiis passim relictis, postquam heroicæ virtutis suavissimum odorem longe lateque diffuderat, sanctitate quam

out of his family possessions, he made tributary to St. Peter and the Roman Pontiff. When Benedict VIII, who had crowned him emperor, was obliged to seek safety in flight, Henry received him and restored him to his see.

Once when he was suffering from a severe illness in the monastery of Monte Cassino, St. Benedict cured him by a wonderful miracle. He endowed the Roman Church with a most copious grant, undertook in her defence a war against the Greeks, and gained possession of Apulia, which they had held for some time. It was his custom to undertake nothing without prayer, and at times he saw the angel of the Lord, or the holy martyrs, his patrons, fighting for him at the head of his army. Aided thus by the divine protection, he overcame barbarous nations more by prayer than by arms. Hungary was still pagan; but Henry having given his sister in marriage to its King Stephen, the latter was baptized, and thus the whole nation was brought to the faith of Christ. He set the rare example of preserving virginity in the married state, and at his death restored his wife, St. Cunigund, a virgin to her family.

He arranged everything relating to the glory or advantage of his empire with the greatest prudence, and left scattered throughout Gaul, Italy, and Germany, traces of his munificence towards religion. The sweet odour of his heroic virtue spread far and wide, till he was more

sceptro clarior, ad regni cœlestis præmia, consummatis vitæ laboribus, a Domino vocatus est, anno salutis millesimo vigesimo quarto. Cujus corpus in ecclesia beatorum apostolorum Petri et Pauli Bambergæ conditum fuit; statimque ad ejus tumulum multa miracula, Deo ipsum glorificante, patrata sunt: quibus postea rite probatis, Eugenius Tertius sanctorum numero illum adscripsit.

celebrated for his holiness than for his imperial dignity. At length his life's work was accomplished, and he was called by our Lord to the rewards of the heavenly kingdom, in the year of salvation 1024. His body was buried in the church of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul at Bamberg. God wished to glorify His servant, and many miracles were worked at his tomb. These being afterwards proved and certified, Eugenius III inscribed his name upon the catalogue of the saints.

By me kings reign, by me princes rule.[1] Thou, O Henry, didst well understand this language of heaven. In an age of wickedness, thou knewest where to find counsel and strength. Like Solomon thou didst desire Wisdom alone, and like him thou didst experience that with her *are riches and glory, glorious riches and justice;*[2] but more blessed than David's son, thou didst not suffer thyself to be drawn away from Wisdom herself by those lower gifts, which were rather a test of thy love of God than an expression of His love for thee. The test, O Henry, was decisive; thou didst walk to the very end in the right path, following up loyally every consequence of our Lord's teaching; not content to mount with many even of the best, by the gentler slopes, thou didst run with the perfect, following closely the footsteps of adorable Wisdom, *in the midst of the paths of judgment.*[3]

Who can gainsay what God approves, what Christ counsels, what the Church has canonized in thee and thy noble spouse? Surely kings are not placed in so pitiable a condition that the call of the Man-God cannot reach them on their thrones? Christian equality requires that princes should not be less free than their subjects to have higher ambitions than those of earth. Thou didst prove to mankind that even for the world

[1] Prov. viii. 15, 16. [2] *Ibid.* 18. [3] *Ibid.* 20.

the knowledge of the holy is true prudence.[1] By claiming the right to aspire to the highest mansions in our Heavenly Father's house (the baptismal birthright of every child of God), thou didst shine like a beacon-light under the darkest sky that ever overspread the Church; and thou didst rescue souls whom the salt of the earth, having lost its savour and being trodden under foot, could no longer preserve from corruption. It was not for thee in person to reform the sanctuary; but as chief servant of Mother Church, thou didst not fear to respect both her ancient laws and recent decrees, which are ever worthy of the Spouse, and holy as the Spirit who in every age dictates them. Thy reign was a period of sunshine before the satanic fury which was all too soon to break as a storm over the Church. While seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice, thou didst not abandon thy fatherland, nor the nation that had placed thee at its head. To thee above all others Germany owes the establishment in her midst of that Empire which was her glory until in our times it fell, never to rise again. Long after thy departure from this earth thy holy works were of sufficient weight in the scales of divine justice to overbalance the crimes of a Henry IV or a Frederick II, which would have compromised for ever the future of Germany. From thy throne in heaven, cast down a look of pity on the extensive domain of the Holy Empire, which owed so much to thee, and which heresy has for ever dismembered. Put to confusion those principles, unknown to Germany in happier days, which would reconstruct, for the benefit of earthly prosperity, the grandeurs of the past without the cement of the ancient faith. Return, O emperor of glorious days! return and fight for the Church; gather together the remains of Christendom upon the traditional ground of the interests common to all Catholic nations: then will the alliance, which thy able policy concluded, give to the world a security, a peace, a prosperity, which it can never enjoy so long as it remains on such a slippery footing, and exposed to the violence of every hostile agency.

[1] Prov. ix. 10.

July 16

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

TOWERING over the waves on the shore of the Holy Land, Mount Carmel, together with the short range of the same name, forms a connecting link to two other chains, abounding with glorious memories, namely: the mountains of Galilee on the north, and those of Judea on the south.

'In the day of My love, I brought thee out of Egypt into the land of Carmel,'[1] said the Lord to the daughter of Sion, taking the name of Carmel to represent all the blessings of the Promised Land; and when the crimes of the chosen people were about to bring Judea to ruin, the prophet cried out: '*I looked, and behold Carmel was a wilderness: and all its cities were destroyed at the presence of the Lord, and at the presence of the wrath of His indignation.*'[2] But from the midst of the Gentile world a new Sion arose, more loved than the first; eight centuries beforehand Isaias recognized her by the glory of Libanus, and the beauty of Carmel and Saron which were given her. In the sacred Canticle, also, the attendants of the Bride sing to the Spouse concerning His well-beloved, that her head is like Carmel, and her hair like the precious threads of royal purple carefully woven and dyed.[3]

There was, in fact, around Cape Carmel, an abundant fishery of the little shell-fish which furnished the regal colour. Not far from there, smoothing away the slopes of the noble mountain, flowed the torrent of Cison, that *dragged the carcasses*[4] of the Chanaanites, when Debbora won her famous victory. Here lies the plain where the Madianites were overthrown, and Sisara felt the power of her that was called the *Mother in Israel.*[5] Here

[1] *Cf.* Jerem. ii. 2, 7. [2] *Ibid.* iv. 26. [3] Cant. vii. 5.
[4] Judg. v. 21. [5] *Ibid.* 7.

Gedeon, too, marched against Madian in the name of the Woman *terrible as an army set in array*,[1] whose sign he had received in the dew-covered fleece. Indeed, this glorious plain of Esdrelon, which stretches away from the foot of Carmel, seems to be surrounded with prophetic indications of her who was destined from the beginning to crush the serpent's head: not far from Esdrelon, a few defiles lead to Bethulia, the city of Judith, type of Mary, who was the true *joy of Israel and the honour of her people*;[2] while nestling among the northern hills lies Nazareth, the white city, the flower of Galilee.[3]

When Eternal Wisdom was playing in the world, forming the hills and establishing the mountains, she destined Carmel to be the special inheritance of Eve's victorious daughter. And when the last thousand years of expectation were opening, and the desire of all nations was developing into the spirit of prophecy, the father of prophets ascended the privileged mount, thence to scan the horizon. The triumphs of David and the glories of Solomon were at an end: the sceptre of Juda, broken by the schism of the ten tribes, threatened to fall from his hand; the worship of Baal prevailed in Israel. A long-continued drought, figure of the aridity of men's souls, had parched up every spring, and men and beasts were dying beside the empty cisterns, when Elias the Thesbite gathered the people, representing the whole human race, on Mount Carmel, and slew the lying prophets of Baal. Then, as the Scripture relates, prostrating with his face to the earth, *he said to his servant: Go up, look towards the sea. And he went up, and looked and said: There is nothing. And again he said to him: Return seven times. And at the seventh time: Behold, a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot.*[4]

Blessed cloud! unlike the bitter waves from which it sprang, it was all sweetness. Docile to the least breath of heaven, it rose light and humble, above the

[1] Cant. vi. 3, 9. [2] Judith xv. 10.
[3] HIERON. Epist. xlvi. Paulæ et Eustochii ad Marcellam. [4] 3 Reg. xviii.

immense heavy ocean; and screening the sun, it tempered the heat that was scorching the earth and restored to the stricken world life and grace and fruitfulness. The promised Messias, the Son of Man, set His impress upon it, showing to the wicked serpent the form of the heel that was to crush Him. The prophet, personifying the human race, felt his youth renewed; and while the welcome rain was already refreshing the valleys, he ran before the chariot of the king of Israel. Thus did he traverse the great plain of Esdrelon, even to the mysteriously-named town of Jezrahel, where, according to Osee, the children of Juda and Israel were again to have but one head in the great day of Jezrahel (*i.e.*, of the seed of God), when the Lord would seal His eternal nuptials with a new people.[1] Later on, from Sunam, near Jezrahel, the mother whose son was dead crossed the same plain of Esdrelon, in the opposite direction, and ascended Mount Carmel, to obtain from Eliseus the resurrection of her child, who was a type of us all.[2] Elias had already departed in the chariot of fire, to await the end of the world, when he is to give testimony, together with Henoch, to the son of her that was signified by the cloud;[3] and the disciple, clothed with the mantle and the spirit of his father, had taken possession, in the name of the sons of the prophets, of the august mountain honoured by the manifestation of the Queen of prophets. Henceforward Carmel was sacred in the eyes of all who looked beyond this world. Gentiles as well as Jews, philosophers and princes, came here on pilgrimage to adore the true God; while the chosen souls of the Church of the expectation, many of whom were already *wandering in deserts and in mountains*,[4] loved to take up their abode in its thousand grottos; for the ancient traditions seemed to linger more lovingly in its silent forests, and the perfume of its flowers foretokened the Virgin Mother. The cultus of the Queen of heaven was already established; and to the family of her devout

[1] Osee i. 11, and ii. 14-24. [2] 4 Reg. iv. 8-37. [3] Apoc. xi. 3, 7.
[4] Heb. xi. 38.

clients, the ascetics of Carmel, might be applied the words spoken later by God to the pious descendants of Rechab: *There shall not be wanting a man of this race, standing before Me for ever.*[1]

At length figures gave place to the reality; the heavens dropped down their dew, and the Just One came forth from the cloud. When His work was done and He returned to His Father, leaving His blessed Mother in the world, and sending His Holy Spirit to the Church, not the least triumph of that Spirit of love was the making known of Mary to the new-born Christians of Pentecost. 'What a happiness,' we then remarked, 'for those neophytes who were privileged above the rest in being brought to the Queen of heaven, the Virgin Mother of Him who was the hope of Israel! They saw this second Eve, they conversed with her, they felt for her that filial affection wherewith she inspired all the disciples of Jesus. The liturgy will speak to us at another season of these favoured ones.'[2] The promise is fulfilled to-day. In the lessons of the feast the Church tells us how the disciples of Elias and Eliseus became Christians at the first preaching of the apostles, and being permitted to hear the sweet words of the Blessed Virgin and enjoy an unspeakable intimacy with her, they felt their veneration for her immensely increased. Returning to the loved mountain, where their less fortunate fathers had lived but in hope, they built, on the very spot where Elias had seen the little cloud rise up out of the sea, an oratory to the purest of virgins; hence they obtained the name of Brothers of Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel.[3]

In the twelfth century, in consequence of the establishment of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, many pilgrims from Europe came to swell the ranks of the solitaries on the holy mountain; it therefore became expedient to give to their hitherto eremitical life a form more in accordance with the habits of Western nations.

[1] Jerem. xxxv. 19. [2] Paschal Time, Vol. III., p. 314.
[3] Lessons of 2nd Nocturn.

The legate Aimeric Malafaida, patriarch of Antioch, gathered them into a community under the authority of St. Berthold, who was thus the first to receive the title of Prior-General. At the commencement of the next century, Blessed Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem and also apostolic legate, completed the work of Aimeric by giving a fixed Rule to the Order, which was now, through the influence of princes and knights returned from the Holy Land, beginning to spread into Cyprus, Sicily, and the countries beyond the sea. Soon, indeed, the Christians of the East being abandoned by God to the just punishment of their sins, the vindictiveness of the conquering Saracens reached such a height in this age of trial for Palestine, that a full assembly, held on Mount Carmel under Alan the Breton, resolved upon a complete migration, leaving only a few friars eager for martyrdom to guard the cradle of the Order. The very year in which this took place (1245) Simon Stock was elected General in the first Chapter of the West, held at Aylesford in England.

Simon owed his election to the successful struggle he had maintained for the recognition of the Order which certain prelates, alleging the recent decrees of the Council of Lateran, rejected as having been newly introduced into Europe. Our Lady had then taken the cause of the friars into her own hands, and had obtained from Honorius III the decree of confirmation, which originated to-day's feast. This was neither the first nor the last favour bestowed by the sweet Virgin upon the family that had lived so long under the shadow, as it were, of her mysterious cloud, and shrouded like her in humility, with no other bond, no other pretension than the imitation of her hidden works and the contemplation of her glory. She herself had wished them to go forth from the midst of a faithless people; just as, before the close of that same thirteenth century, she would command her angels to carry into a Catholic land her blessed house of Nazareth. Whether or not the men of those days, or the short-sighted historians of our own time, ever

thought of it, the one translation called for the other, just as each completes and explains the other, and each was to be, for our own Europe, the signal for wonderful favours from heaven.

In the night between the 15th and 16th of July of the year 1251, the gracious Queen of Carmel confirmed to her sons by a mysterious sign the right of citizenship she had obtained for them in their newly adopted countries; as mistress and mother of the entire religious state she conferred upon them with her queenly hands the scapular, hitherto the distinctive garb of the greatest and most ancient religious family of the West. On giving St. Simon Stock this badge, ennobled by contact with her sacred fingers, the Mother of God said to him: 'Whosoever shall die in this habit shall not suffer eternal flames.' But not against hell fire alone was the all-powerful intercession of the Blessed Mother to be felt by those who should wear her scapular. In 1316, when every holy soul was imploring heaven to put a period to that long and disastrous widowhood of the Church which followed on the death of Clement V, the Queen of Saints appeared to James d'Euse, whom the world was soon to hail as John XXII; she foretold to him his approaching elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate, and at the same time recommended him to publish the privilege she had obtained from her Divine Son for her children of Carmel—viz., a speedy deliverance from purgatory. 'I, their Mother, will graciously go down to them on the Saturday after their death, and all whom I find in purgatory I will deliver and will bring to the mountain of life eternal.' These are the words of our Lady herself, quoted by John XXII in the Bull which he published for the purpose of making known the privilege, and which was called the Sabbatine Bull on account of the day chosen by the glorious benefactress for the exercise of her mercy.

We are aware of the attempts made to nullify the authenticity of these heavenly concessions; but our extremely limited time will not allow us to follow up

these worthless struggles in all their endless details. The attack of the chief assailant, the too famous Launoy, was condemned by the Apostolic See; and after, as well as before, these contradictions, the Roman Pontiffs confirmed, as much as need be, by their supreme authority, the substance and even the letter of the precious promises. The reader may find in special works the enumeration of the many indulgences with which the Popes have, time after time, enriched the Carmelite family, as if earth would vie with heaven in favouring it. The munificence of Mary, the pious gratitude of her sons for the hospitality given them by the West, and lastly, the authority of St. Peter's successors, soon made these spiritual riches accessible to all Christians, by the institution of the Confraternity of the holy Scapular, the members whereof participate in the merits and privileges of the whole Carmelite Order. Who shall tell the graces, often miraculous, obtained through this humble garb? Who could count the faithful now enrolled in the holy militia? When Benedict XIII, in the eighteenth century, extended the feast of July 16 to the whole Church, he did but give an official sanction to the universality already gained by the cultus of the Queen of Carmel.

The holy liturgy gives the following account of the history and object of the feast:

Cum sacra Pentecostes die apostoli, cœlitus afflati, variis linguis loquerentur, et invocato augustissimo Jesu nomine, mira multa patrarent: viri plurimi (ut fertur), qui vestigiis sanctorum prophetarum Eliæ ac Elisei insiterant, et Johannis Baptistæ præconio ad Christi adventum comparati fuerant, rerum veritate perspecta atque probata, Evangelicam fidem confestim amplexati sunt ac peculiari quodam affectu beatissimam Virginem (cujus

When on the holy day of Pentecost the apostles, through heavenly inspiration, spoke divers tongues and worked many miracles by the invocation of the most holy name of Jesus, it is said that many men who were walking in the footsteps of the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus, and had been prepared for the coming of Christ by the preaching of John the Baptist, saw and acknowledged the truth, and at once embraced the faith of

colloquiis ac familiaritate feliciter frui potuere) adeo venerari cœperunt, ut primi omnium in eo montis Carmeli loco, ubi Elias olim ascendentem nebulam, Virginis typo insignem, conspexerat, eidem purissimæ Virgini sacellum construxerint.

Ad novum ergo sacellum sæpe quotidie convenientes, ritibus piis, precationibus ac laudibus beatissimam Virginem, velut singularem Ordinis tutelam colebant. Quamobrem fratres beatæ Mariæ de Monte Carmelo passim ab omnibus appellari cœperunt, eumque titulum Summi Pontifices non modo confirmarunt, sed et indulgentias peculiares iis, qui eo titulo vel Ordinem, vel fratres singulos nuncuparent, concessere. Nec vero nomenclaturam tantum magnificentissima Virgo tribuit et tutelam; verum et insigne sacri scapularis, quod beato Simoni Anglico præbuit, ut cœlesti hac veste Ordo ille sacer dignosceretur, et a malis ingruentibus protegeretur. Ac demum cum olim in Europa Ordo esset ignotus, et ob id apud Honorium Tertium non pauci pro illius exstinctione instarent, adstitit Honorio noctu piissima Virgo Maria, planeque jussit, ut institutum et homines benigne complecteretur.

Non in hoc tantum sæculo

the Gospel. These new Christians were so happy as to be able to enjoy familiar intercourse with the Blessed Virgin, and venerated her with so special an affection, that they, before all others, built a chapel to the purest of Virgins on that very spot of Mount Carmel where Elias of old had seen the cloud, a remarkable type of the Virgin ascending.

Many times each day they came together to the new oratory, and with pious ceremonies, prayers, and praises honoured the most Blessed Virgin as the special protectress of their Order. For this reason, people from all parts began to call them the Brethren of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel; and the Sovereign Pontiffs not only confirmed this title, but also granted special indulgences to whoever called either the whole Order or individual Brothers by that name. But the most noble Virgin not only gave them her name and protection, she also bestowed upon blessed Simon the Englishman the holy scapular as a token, wishing the holy Order to be distinguished by that heavenly garment and to be protected by it from the evils that were assailing it. Moreover, as formerly the Order was unknown in Europe, and on this account many were importuning Honorius III for its abolition, the loving Virgin Mary appeared by night to Honorius and clearly bade him receive both the Order and its members with kindness.

The Blessed Virgin has en-

Ordinem sibi tam acceptum multis prærogativis beatissima Virgo insignivit; verum et in alio (cum ubique et potentia et misericordia plurimum valeat) filios in scapularis societatem relatos, qui abstinentiam modicam, precesque paucas eis præscriptas frequentarunt, ac pro sui status ratione castitatem coluerunt, materno plane affectu, dum igne purgatorii expiantur, solari, ac in cœlestem patriam obtentu suo quantocius pie creditur efferre. Tot ergo tantisque beneficiis Ordo cumulatus, solemnem beatissimæ Virginis Commemorationem ritu perpetuo ad ejusdem Virginis gloriam quotannis celebrandam instituit.

riched the Order so dear to her with many privileges, not only in this world, but also in the next (for everywhere she is most powerful and merciful). For it is piously believed that those of her children who, having been enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular, have fulfilled the small abstinence and said the few prayers prescribed, and have observed chastity as far as their state of life demands, will be consoled by our Lady while they are being purified in the fire of purgatory, and will through her intercession be taken thence as soon as possible to the heavenly country. The Order, thus laden with so many graces, has ordained that this solemn commemoration of the Blessed Virgin should be yearly observed for ever, to her greater glory.

Queen of Carmel, hear the voice of the Church as she sings to thee on this day. When the world was languishing in ceaseless expectation, thou wert already its hope. Unable as yet to understand thy greatness, it nevertheless, during the reign of types, loved to clothe thee with the noblest symbols. In admiration and in gratitude for benefits foreseen, it surrounded thee with all the notions of beauty, strength, and grace suggested by the loveliest landscapes, the flowery plains, the wooded heights, the fertile valleys, especially of Carmel, whose very name signifies ' the plantation of the Lord.' On its summit our fathers, knowing that Wisdom had set her throne in the cloud, hastened by their burning desires the coming of the saving sign: at length there was given to their prayers what the Scripture calls *perfect knowledge*, and *the knowledge of the great paths of the clouds*.[1] And when He who maketh His *chariot* and His

[1] Job xxxvii. 16.

dwelling in the obscurity of a *cloud* had herein shown Himself, in a nearer approach, to the practised eye of the father of prophets, then did a chosen band of holy persons gather in the solitudes of the blessed mountain, as heretofore Israel in the desert, to watch the least movements of the mysterious cloud, to receive from it their guidance in the paths of life, and their light in the long night of expectation.

O Mary, who from that hour didst preside over the watches of God's army, without ever failing for a single day: now that the Lord has truly come down through thee, it is no longer the land of Judea alone, but the whole earth that thou coverest as a cloud, shedding down blessings and abundance. Thine ancient clients, the sons of the prophets, experienced this truth when, the land of promise becoming unfaithful, they were forced to transplant into other climes their customs and traditions; they found that even into our far West the cloud of Carmel had poured its fertilizing dew, and that nowhere would its protection be wanting to them. This feast, O Mother of our God, is the authentic attestation of their gratitude, increased by the fresh benefits wherewith thy bounty accompanied the new exodus of the remnant of Israel. And we, the sons of ancient Europe, we too have a right to echo the expression of their loving joy; for since their tents have been pitched around the hills where the new Sion is built upon Peter, the cloud has shed all around showers of blessing more precious than ever, driving back into the abyss the flames of hell and extinguishing the fire of purgatory.

Whilst, then, we join with them in thanksgiving to thee, deign thyself, O Mother of divine grace, to pay our debt of gratitude to them. Protect them ever. Guard them in these unhappy times, when the hypocrisy of modern persecutors has more fatal results than the rage of the Saracens. Preserve the life in the deep roots of the old stock, and rejoice it by the accession of new branches, bearing, like the old ones, flowers and fruits that shall be pleasing to thee, O Mary. Keep up

in the hearts of the sons that spirit of retirement and contemplation which animated their fathers under the shadow of the cloud; may their sisters, too, wheresoever the Holy Spirit has established them, be ever faithful to the traditions of the glorious past, so that their holy lives may avert the tempest and draw down blessings from the mysterious cloud. May the perfume of penance that breathes from the holy mountain purify the now corrupted atmosphere around; and may Carmel ever present to the Spouse the type of the beauties He loves to behold in His Bride !

JULY 17

SAINT ALEXIUS

CONFESSOR

ALTHOUGH we are not commanded to follow the saints to the extremities where their heroic virtue leads them, nevertheless, from their inaccessible heights, they still guide us along the easier paths of the plain. As the eagle upon the orb of day, they fixed their unflinching gaze upon the Sun of Justice; and, irresistibly attracted by His divine splendour, they poised their flight far above the cloudy region where we are glad to screen our feeble eyes. But however varied be the degrees of brightness for them and for us, the light itself is unchangeable, provided that, like them, we draw it from the authentic source. When the weakness of our sight would lead us to mistake false glimmerings for the truth, let us think of these friends of God; if we have not courage enough to imitate them, where the commandments leave us free to do so or not, let us at least conform our judgments and appreciations to theirs: their view is more trustworthy, because farther reaching; their sanctity is nothing but the rectitude wherewith they follow up unflinchingly, even to its central focus, the heavenly ray, whereof we can scarcely bear a tempered reflection. Above all, let us not be led so far astray by the will-o'-the-wisps of this world of darkness as to wish to direct, by their false light, the actions of the saints: can the owl judge better of the light than the eagle ?

Descending from the pure firmament of the holy liturgy even to the humblest conditions of Christian life, the light which led Alexius to the highest point of detachment is thus subdued by the apostle to the capacity of all: ' If any man take a wife, he hath not

sinned, nor the virgin whom he marrieth; nevertheless, such shall have tribulation of the flesh, which I would fain spare you. This, therefore, I say, brethren: the time is short; it remaineth, therefore, that they also who have wives, be as if they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as if they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as if they used it not; for the fashion of this world passeth away."[1]

Yet it passes not too quickly for our Lord to show that His words never pass away. Five centuries after the glorious death of Alexius, the eternal God, to whom distance and time are as nothing, gave him a hundredfold the posterity he had renounced for the love of Him. The monastery on the Aventine, which still bears his name together with that of the martyr Boniface, had become the common patrimony of East and West in the Eternal City; the two great monastic families of Basil and Benedict united under the roof of Alexius, and the seed taken from the tomb by the monk-bishop St. Adalbert brought forth the fruit of faith among the Northern nations. The Church gives us the following very short notice of our hero:

Alexius Romanorum nobilissimus, propter eximium Jesu Christi amorem prima nocte nuptiarum peculiari Dei monitu relinquens intactam sponsam, illustrium orbis terræ ecclesiarum peregrinationem suscepit. Quibus in itineribus cum ignotus septemdecim annos fuisset, aliquando apud Edessam, Syriæ urbem, per imaginem sanctissimæ Mariæ Virginis, ejus nomine divulgato, inde navi discessit. Ad portum Romanum appulsus, a patre suo tamquam alienus pauper hospitio accipitur: apud quem omnibus incognitus, cum decem

Alexius was the son of one of Rome's noblest families. Through his exceeding love for Jesus Christ, he, by a special inspiration from God, left his wife still a virgin on the first night of the marriage, and undertook a pilgrimage to the most illustrious churches all over the world. For seventeen years he remained unknown, while performing these pilgrimages, and then his name was revealed at Edessa, a town of Syria, by an image of the most holy Virgin Mary. He therefore left Syria by sea and sailed to the port of Rome, where he

[1] *Cf.* 1 Cor. vii. 28-31.

et septem annos vixisset, relicto scripto sui nominis, sanguinis, ac totius vitæ cursu, migravit in cœlum, Innocentio Primo Summo Pontifice.

was received as a guest by his own father, who took him for a poor stranger. He lived in his father's house, unknown to all, for seventeen years, and then passed to heaven, leaving a written paper which revealed his name, his family, and the story of his whole life. His death occurred in the Pontificate of Innocent I.

Man of God! Such is the name given thee, O Alexius, by heaven; the name whereby thou art known in the East, and which Rome sanctions by her choice of the Epistle to be read in this day's Mass.[1] The apostle there applies this beautiful title to his disciple Timothy, while recommending to him the very virtues thou didst practise in so eminent a degree. This sublime designation, which shows us the dignity of heaven within the reach of men, thou didst prefer to the proudest titles earth could bestow. These latter were, indeed, offered thee, together with all the honours permitted by God to those who are satisfied with merely not offending Him; but thy great soul despised the transitory gifts of the world. In the midst of the splendours of thy marriage-feast, thou didst hear a music which charms the soul from earth—that music which, two centuries before, the noble Cecily, too, had heard in another palace of the queen city. The hidden God, who left the joys of the heavenly Jerusalem and on earth had not where to lay His head, discovered Himself to thy pure heart; and being filled with His love, thou hadst also the *mind which was in Christ Jesus*.[2] With the freedom, which yet remained to thee, of choosing between the perfect life, and the consummation of an earthly union, thou didst resolve to be a *pilgrim and a stranger on the earth*,[3] that thou mightest merit to possess eternal Wisdom in thy heavenly fatherland. O wonderful paths! O unsearchable ways whereby that Wisdom

[1] 1 Tim. vi. 11. [2] Phil. ii. 5. [3] Heb. xi. 13.

of the Father guides all those who are won by love! The Queen of heaven, as if applauding this spectacle worthy of angels, revealed to the East the illustrious name thou wouldst fain conceal under the garb of holy poverty. A second flight brought thee back, after seventeen years' absence, to the land of thy birth, and even there thou wert able, by thy valiant faith, to dwell as in a strangle land. Under that staircase of thy home, now held in loving veneration, thou wert exposed to the insults of thy own slaves, being but an unknown beggar in the eyes of thy father and mother, and of the bride who still mourned for thee. There didst thou spend, without ever betraying thyself, another seventeen years, awaiting thy happy passage to thy true home in heaven. God Himself made it an honour to be called thy God, when at the moment of thy precious death a mighty voice resounded through Rome, bidding all seek the 'man of God.' Remember, O Alexius, what the voice added concerning that man of God: 'He shall pray for Rome, and shall be heard.' Pray, then, for the illustrious city of thy birth, which owed to thee its safety under the assault of the barbarians, and which now surrounds thee with far greater honours than it would have done hadst thou but upheld within its walls the traditions of thy noble ancestors. Hell boasts of having snatched that city from the successors of Peter and of Innocent: pray, and may heaven hear thee once more, against the modern successors of Alaric. Guided by the light of thy sublime actions, may the Christian people rise more and more above the earth; lead us all safely by the narrow way to the home of our heavenly Father!

JULY 18

SAINT CAMILLUS OF LELLIS

CONFESSOR

THE Holy Spirit, who desires to raise our souls above this earth, does not therefore despise our bodies. The whole man is His creature and His temple, and it is the whole man He must lead to eternal happiness. The Body of the Man-God was His masterpiece in material creation; the divine delight He takes in that perfect Body He extends in a measure to ours; for that same Body, framed by Him in the womb of the most pure Virgin, was from the very beginning the model on which ours are formed. In the re-creation which followed the Fall, the Body of the Man-God was the means of the world's redemption; and the economy of our salvation requires that the virtue of His saving Blood should not reach the soul except through the body, the divine sacraments being all applied to the soul through the medium of the senses. Admirable is the harmony of nature and grace; the latter so honours the material part of our being that she will not draw the soul without it to the light and to heaven. For in the unfathomable mystery of sanctification, the senses do not merely serve as a passage; they themselves experience the power of the sacraments, like the higher faculties of which they are the channels; and the sanctified soul finds the humble companion of her pilgrimage already associated with her in the dignity of divine adoption, which will cause the glorification of our bodies after the resurrection. Hence the care given to the very body of our neighbour is raised to the nobleness of holy charity; for being inspired by this charity, such acts partake of the love wherewith our heavenly Father surrounds even the members of His beloved children.

I was sick, and ye visited Me,[1] our Lord will say on the last day, showing that even the infirmities of our fallen state in this land of exile, the bodies of those whom He deigns to call His brethren, share in the dignity belonging by right to the eternal, only-begotten Son of the Father. The Holy Spirit, too, whose office it is to recall to the Church all the words of our Saviour, has certainly not forgotten this one; the seed, falling into the good earth of chosen souls, has produced a hundredfold the fruits of grace and heroic self-devotion. Camillus of Lellis received it lovingly, and the mustard-seed became a great tree offering its shade to the birds of the air. The Order of Regular Clerks, Servants of the Sick, or of Happy Death, deserves the gratitude of mankind; as a sign of heaven's approbation, angels have more than once been seen assisting its members at the bedside of the dying.

The liturgical account of St. Camillus' life is so full that we need add nothing to it.

Camillus Bucclanici Theatinæ diœcesis oppido ex nobili Lelliorum familia natus est matre sexagenaria, cui gravidæ visum est per quietem, puerulum Crucis signo in pectore munitum, et agmini puerorum idem signum gestantium præeuntem, se peperisse. Adolescens rem militarem secutus, sæculi vitiis aliquamdiu indulsit, donec vigesimum quintum agens ætatis annum, tanto supernæ gratiæ lumine, divinæque offensæ dolore correptus fuit, ut uberrimo lacrymarum imbre illico perfusus, anteactæ vitæ sordes indesinenter abstergere, novumque induere hominem firmiter decreverit. Quare ipso, quo id contigit. Purificationis beatissimæ Virginis festo die, ad Fratres Mi-

Camillus was born at Bacchianico, a town of the diocese of Chieti. He was descended from the noble family of the Lelli, and his mother was sixty years old at the time of his birth. While she was with child with him, she dreamt that she gave birth to a little boy, who was signed on the breast with the cross, and was the leader of a band of children, wearing the same sign. As a young man he followed the career of arms, and gave himself up for a time to worldly vices, but in his twenty-sixth year he was so enlightened by heavenly grace, and seized with so great a sorrow for having offended God, that on the spot, shedding a flood of tears, he firmly resolved un-

[1] St. Matt. xxv. 36.

nores, quos Capuccinos vocant, convolans, ut eorum numero adscriberetur, summis precibus exoravit. Voti compos semel atque iterum factus est; sed fœdo ulcere, quo aliquando laboraverat, in ejus tibia iterato recrudescente, divinæ providentiæ majora de eo disponentis consilio humiliter se subjecit, suique victor, illius religionis bis expetitum, et susceptum habitum bis dimisit.

ceasingly to wash away the stains of his past life, and to put on the new man. Therefore on the very day of his conversion, which happened to be the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, he hastened to the Friars Minor, who are called Capuchins, and begged most earnestly to be admitted into their number. His request was granted on this and on a subsequent occasion, but each time a horrible ulcer, from which he had suffered before, broke out again upon his leg; wherefore he humbly submitted himself to the designs of Divine Providence, which was preparing him for greater things, and conquering himself he twice laid aside the Franciscan habit, which he had twice asked for and obtained.

Romam profectus, in nosocomium, quod Insanabilium dicitur, receptus est: cujus etiam administrationem, ob perspectas ejus virtutes sibi demandatam, summa integritate ac sollicitudine vere paterna peregit. Omnium ægrorum servum se reputans, eorum sternere lectulos, sordes tergere, ulceribus mederi, agonique extremo piis precibus et cohortationibus opem ferre solemne habuit; quibus in muneribus præclara præbuit admirabilis patientiæ, invictæ fortitudinis, et heroicæ charitatis exempla. Verum cum animarum in extremis periclitantium, quod unice intendebat, levamini subsidium litterarum plurimum conferre intelligeret, triginta duos annos natus, in primis grammaticæ elementis tiroci-

He set out for Rome and was received into the hospital called that of the Incurables. His virtues became so well known that the management of the institution was entrusted to him, and he discharged it with the greatest integrity and a truly paternal solicitude. He esteemed himself the servant of all the sick, and was accustomed to make their beds, to wash them, to heal their sores, and to aid them in their last agony with his prayers and pious exhortations. In discharging these offices he gave striking proofs of his wonderful patience, unconquered fortitude, and heroic charity. But when he perceived how great an advantage the knowledge of letters would be to him in assisting those

nium inter pueros iterum subire non erubuit. Sacerdotio postea rite initiatus, nonnullis sibi adjunctis sociis, prima jecit Congregationis Clericorum Regularium infirmis ministrantium fundamenta, irrito conatu obnitente humani generis hoste, nam Camillus cœlesti voce e Christi crucifixi, manus etiam de ligno avulsas admirando prodigio protendentis, simulacro emissa mirabiliter confirmatus, ordinem suum a Sede Apostolica approbari obtinuit; sodalibus quarto obstrictis maxime arduo voto, infirmis, quos etiam pestis infecerit, ministrandi. Quod institutum, quam foret Deo acceptum, et animarum saluti proficuum, sanctus Philippus Nerius, qui Camillo a sacris confessionibus erat, comprobavit, dum ejus alumnis decedentium agoni opem ferentibus angelos suggerentes verba sæpius se vidisse testatus est.

Arctioribus hisce vinculis ægrotantium ministerio mancipatus, mirum est qua alacritate, nullis fractus laboribus, nullis deterritus vitæ periculis, diu noctuque ad supremum usque spiritum, eorum commodis vigilaverit. Omnibus omnia factus, vilissima quæque

in danger of death, to whose service he had devoted his life, he was not ashamed at the age of thirty-two to return again to school and to learn the first elements of grammar among children. Being afterwards promoted in due order to the priesthood, he was joined by several companions, and in spite of the opposition attempted by the enemy of the human race, laid the foundations of the Congregation of Regular Clerks, Servants of the Sick. In this work Camillus was wonderfully strengthened by a heavenly voice coming from an image of Christ crucified, which, by an admirable miracle loosing the hands from the wood, stretched them out towards him. He obtained the approbation of his order from the Apostolic See. Its members bind themselves by a fourth and very arduous vow—namely, to minister to the sick, even those infected with the plague. St. Philip Neri, who was his confessor, attested how pleasing this institution was to God, and how greatly it contributed toward the salvation of souls; for he declared that he often saw angels suggesting words to disciples of Camillus, when they were assisting those in their agony.

When he had thus bound himself more strictly than before to the service of the sick, he devoted himself with marvellous ardour to watching over their interests, by night and by day, till his last breath. No labour could tire him, no peril of his life could affright

officia demississimo obsequio, flexisque plerumque genibus, veluti Christum ipsum cerneret in infirmis, hilari promptoque animo arripiebat; utque omnium indigentiis præsto esset, generalem ordinis præfecturam, cœlique delicias, quibus in contemplatione defixus affluebat, sponte dimisit. Paternus vero illius erga miseros amor tum maxime effulsit, dum et Urbs contagioso morbo primum, deinde extrema annonæ laboraret inopia et Nolæ in Campania dira pestis grassaretur. Tanta denique in Deum et proximum charitate exarsit ut angelus nuncupari, et angelorum opem in vario itinerum discrimine experiri promereretur. Prophetiæ dono, et gratia sanitatum præditus, arcana quoque cordium inspexit; ejusque precibus nunc cibaria multiplicata sunt, nunc aqua in vinum conversa. Tandem vigiliis, jejuniis, et assiduis attritus laboribus, cum pelle tantum et ossibus constare videretur, quinque molestis æque ac diutinis morbis, quos misericordias Domini appellabat, fortiter toleratis, sacramentis munitus, Romæ inter suavissima Jesu et Mariæ nomina, ad ea verba: Mitis atque festivus Christi Jesu tibi adspectus appareat: qua prædixerat hora, obdormivit in Domino, pridie Idus Julii, anno salutis millesimo sexcentesimo decimo quarto, ætatis suæ sexagesimo quinto: quem pluribus illustrem miraculis Benedictus decimusquartus solemni ritu sanctorum fastis adscripsit; et Leo decimus tertius, ex sacrorum Ca-

him. He became all to all, and claimed for himself the lowest offices, which he discharged promptly and joyfully, in the humblest manner, often on bended knees, as though he saw Christ Himself present in the sick. In order to be more at the command of all in need, he of his own accord laid aside the general government of the order, and deprived himself of the heavenly delights with which he was inundated during contemplation. His fatherly love for the unfortunate shone out with greatest brilliancy when Rome was suffering first from a contagious distemper, and then from a great scarcity of provisions; and also when a dreadful plague was ravaging Nola in Campania. In a word, he was consumed with so great a love of God and his neighbour that he was called an angel, and merited to be helped by the angels in different dangers which threatened him on his journeys. He was endowed with the gift of prophecy and the grace of healing, and he could read the secrets of hearts. By his prayers he at one time multiplied food, and at another changed water into wine. At length, worn out by watching, fasting, and ceaseless labour, he seemed to be nothing but skin and bone. He endured courageously five long and troublesome sicknesses, which he used to call the "Mercies of the Lord"; and, strengthened by the sacraments, with the sweet names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, he fell asleep

tholici orbis antistitum voto, ac Rituum Congregationis Consulto cœlestem omnium hospitalium et infirmorum ubique degentium patronum declaravit, ipsiusque nomen in agonizantium Litaniis invocari præcepit.

in our Lord, while these words were being said: "May Christ Jesus appear to thee with a sweet and gracious countenance." He died at Rome, at the hour he had foretold, on the day before the Ides of July, in the year of salvation 1614, the sixty-fifth of his age. He was made illustrious by many miracles, and Benedict XIV solemnly enrolled him upon the calendar of the saints. Leo XIII, at the desire of the bishops of the Catholic world, and with the advice of the Congregation of Rites, declared him the heavenly patron of all nurses and of the sick in all places, and ordered his name to be invoked in the Litanies for the Dying.

Angel of charity, by what wonderful paths did the Divine Spirit lead thee! The vision of thy pious mother remained long unrealized; before taking on thee the holy Cross and enlisting comrades under that sacred sign, thou didst serve the odious tyrant, who will have none but slaves under his standard, and the passion of gambling was wellnigh thy ruin. O Camillus, remembering the danger thou didst incur, have pity on the unhappy slaves of passion; free them from the madness wherewith they risk, to the caprice of chance, their goods, their honour, and their peace in this world and in the next. Thy history proves the power of grace to break the strongest ties and alter the most inveterate habits: may these men, like thee, turn their bent towards God, and change their rashness into love of the dangers to which holy charity may expose them! For charity, too, has its risks, even the peril of life, as the Lord of charity laid down His life for us: a heavenly game of chance, which thou didst play so well that the very angels applauded thee. But what is the hazarding of

earthly life compared with the prize reserved for the winner ?

According to the commandment of the Gospel read by the Church in thy honour, may we all, like thee, love our brethren as Christ has loved us ! Few, says St. Augustine, love one another to this end, that God may be all in all.[1] Thou, O Camillus, having this love, didst exercise it by preference towards those suffering members of Christ's mystic Body, in whom our Lord revealed Himself more clearly to thee, and in whom His kingdom was nearer at hand. Therefore has the Church in gratitude chosen thee, together with John of God, to be guardian of those homes for the suffering which she has founded with a mother's thoughtful care. Do honour to that Mother's confidence. Protect the hospitals against the attempts of an odious and incapable secularization, which, in its eagerness to lose the souls, sacrifices even the corporal well-being of the unhappy mortals committed to the care of its evil philanthropy. In order to meet our increasing miseries, multiply thy sons, and make them worthy to be assisted by angels. Wherever we may be in this valley of exile when the hour of our last struggle sounds, make use of thy precious prerogative which the holy liturgy honours to-day; help us, by the spirit of holy love, to vanquish the enemy and attain unto the heavenly crown !

[1] Homily on the Gospel of the day. In Joann. Tract. lxxxiii.

SAME DAY

ST. SYMPHOROSA AND HER SEVEN SONS

MARTYRS

FOR the second time in July a constellation of seven stars shines in the heavens. More fortunate than Felicitas, Symphorosa preceded in the arena the seven sons she was offering to God. From the throne where he was already reigning crowned with the martyr's diadem, Getulius the tribune, father of this illustrious family, applauded the combat whereby his race earned a far greater nobility than that of patrician blood, and gave to Rome a grander glory than was ever dreamed of by her heroes and poets. The Emperor Adrian, corrupt yet brilliant, sceptical yet superstitious, like the society around him, presided in person at the defeat of his gods. Threatening to burn the valiant woman in sacrifice to the idols, he received this courageous answer: 'Thy gods cannot receive me in sacrifice; but if thou burn me and my sons for the name of Christ, my God, I shall cause thy demons to burn with more cruel flames!' The execution of the mother and her sons was, indeed, the signal for a period of peace, during which the Kingdom of our Lord was considerably extended. Jerusalem, having under the leadership of a last false Messias revolted against Rome, was punished by being deprived of her very name; but the Church received the glory which the Synagogue once possessed when she produced the mother of the Machabees.

Another glory was reserved for this eighteenth day of July, in the year 1870: the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, presided over by the immortal Pius IX, defined in its constitution, *Pastor Æternus*, the full, supreme, and immediate power of the Roman Pontiff over all the

Churches, and pronounced anathema against all who should refuse to recognize the personal infallibility of the same Roman Pontiff, speaking *ex cathedra—i.e.*, defining, as universal pastor, any doctrine concerning faith or morals. We may also remark that during these same days—viz., on a Sunday in the middle of July—the Greeks make a commemoration of the first six general councils: Nicea, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon, and the second and third of Constantinople. Thus, during these midsummer days, we are in the midst of feasts of heavenly light; and let us not forget that it is martyrdom, the supreme act of faith, that merits and produces light. Doubtless, Divine Wisdom, who plays in the world with number, weight, and measure, planned the beautiful coincidence which unites these two days, July 18, 136, and July 18, 1870. If in these latter days the word of God has been set free ,it is owing to the bloodshed by our fathers in its defence. The liturgy gives but a very short account of the immortal combat which glorifies this day:

Symphorosa Tiburtina, Getulii martyris uxor, ex eo septem filios peperit, Crescentium, Julianum, Nemesium, Primitivum, Justinum, Stacteum, et Eugenium: qui omnes propter Christianæ fidei professionem una cum matre, Adriano imperatore comprehensi sunt. Quorum pietas multis variisque tentata suppliciis, cum stabilis permaneret, mater, quæ filiis fidei magistra fuerat, dux eisdem ad martyrium exstitit. Nam saxo ad collum alligato in profluentem dejicitur: cujus corpus conquisitum a fratre ejus Eugenio sepelitur. Postridie ejus diei, qui fuit decimoquinto calendas Augusti, septem fratres singuli ad palum alligati, varie sunt interfecti. Crescentio guttur

Symphorosa, a native of Tivoli, was the wife of the martyr Getulius. She bore him seven sons, Crescentius, Julian, Nemesius, Primitivus, Justin, Stacteus, and Eugenius. Under the Emperor Adrian, they were all arrested, together with her, on account of their profession of the Christian faith. Their piety was tried by many different tortures, and, on their remaining constant, the mother, who had taught her sons, led the way to martyrdom. She was thrown into the river, with a huge stone tied round her neck. Her brother Eugenius searched for her body and gave it burial. The next day, which was the fifteenth of the Calends of August, the

ferro transfigitur: Juliano pectus confoditur: Nemesio cor transverberatur: Primitivo trajicitur umbilicus: Justinus membratim secatur: Stacteus telis configitur: Eugenius a pectore in duas partes dividitur. Ita octo hostiæ Deo gratissimæ sunt immolatæ. Corpora in altissimam foveam projecta sunt via Tiburtina, nono ab Urbe lapide: quæ postea Romam translata, condita sunt in Ecclesia Sancti Angeli in piscina.

seven brothers were tied to stakes and put to death in different ways. Crescentius had his throat transfixed; Julian was wounded in the breast; Nemesius was pierced in the heart, and Primitivus in the stomach; Justin was cut to pieces, limb by limb; Stacteus was pierced with darts, and Eugenius was cut in two from the breast. Thus eight victims most pleasing to God were immolated. Their bodies were thrown into a deep pit on the Tiburtian Way, nine miles from Rome; but they were afterwards translated into the city and buried in the Church of the Holy Angel in the Fish Market.

O Symphorosa, thou wife, sister, and mother of martyrs, thy desires are amply fulfilled; followed by thy seven children, thou rejoinest in the court of the Eternal King thy husband Getulius and his brother Amantius, brave combatants in the imperial army, but far more valiant soldiers of Christ. The words of our Lord: *A man's enemies shall be they of his own household,*[1] are abrogated in heaven; nor can this other sentence be there applied: *He that loveth father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; he that loveth son or daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me.*[2] There, the love of Christ our King predominates over all other loves; yet, far from extinguishing them, it makes them ten times stronger by putting its own energy into them; and, far from having *to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother,*[3] it sets a divine seal upon the family and rivets its bonds for all eternity.

What nobility, O heroes, have ye conferred upon the world! Men may look up with more confidence

[1] St. Matt. x. 36. [2] *Ibid.* 37. [3] *Ibid.* 35.

towards heaven, for the angels will not despise a race that can produce such valiant combatants. The perfume of your holocaust accompanied your souls to the throne of God, and an effusion of grace was poured down in return. From the luminous track left by your martyrdom have sprung forth new splendours in our own days. With joyful gratitude we hail the providential reappearance, immediately after the Vatican Council, of the tomb which first received your sacred relics on the morrow of your triumph. Soldiers of Christ ! preserve in us the gifts ye have bestowed on us; convince the many Christians who have forgotten it, that faith is the most precious possession of the just.

JULY 19

SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

CONFESSOR

VINCENT was a man of faith that *worketh by charity*.[1] At the time he came into the world—viz., at the close of the same century in which Calvin was born—the Church was mourning over many nations separated from the faith; the Turks were harassing all the coasts of the Mediterranean. France, worn out by forty years of religious strife, was shaking off the yoke of heresy from within, while by a foolish stroke of policy she gave it external liberty. The Eastern and Northern frontiers were suffering the most terrible devastations, and the West and centre were the scene of civil strife and anarchy. In this state of confusion, the condition of souls was still more lamentable. In the towns alone was there any sort of quiet, any possibility of prayer. The country people, forgotten, sacrificed, subject to the utmost miseries, had none to support and direct them but a clergy too often abandoned by their bishops, unworthy of the ministry, and wellnigh as ignorant as their flocks. Vincent was raised up by the Holy Spirit to obviate all these evils. The world admires the works of the humble shepherd of Buglose, but it knows not the secret of their vitality. Philanthropy would imitate them; but its establishments of to-day are destroyed to-morrow, like castles built by children in the sand, while the institution it would fain supersede remains strong and unchanged, the only one capable of meeting the necessities of suffering humanity. The reason of this is not far to seek: faith alone can understand the mystery of suffering, having penetrated its

[1] Gal. v. 6.

secret in the Passion of our Lord; and charity that would be stable must be founded on faith. Vincent loved the poor because he loved the God whom his faith beheld in them. 'O God!' he used to say, 'it does us good to see the poor, if we look at them in the light of God, and think of the high esteem in which Jesus Christ holds them. Often enough they have scarcely the appearance or the intelligence of reasonable beings, so rude and so earthly are they. But look at them by the light of faith, and you will see that they represent the Son of God, who chose to be poor; He in His Passion had scarcely the appearance of a man; He seemed to the Gentiles to be a fool, and to the Jews a stumbling-block, moreover He calls Himself the evangelist of the poor: *evangelizare pauperibus misit me*.'[1] This title of evangelist of the poor is the one that Vincent desired for himself, the starting-point and the explanation of all that he did in the Church. His one aim was to labour for the poor and the outcast; all the rest, he said, was but secondary. And he added, speaking to his sons of St. Lazare: 'We should never have laboured for the candidates for priesthood, nor in the ecclesiastical seminaries, had we not deemed it necessary, in order to keep the people in good condition, to preserve in them the fruits of the missions, and to procure them good priests.' That he might be able to consolidate his work in all its aspects, our Lord inspired Anne of Austria to make him a member of the Council of Conscience, and to place in his hands the office of extirpating the abuses among the higher clergy and of appointing pastors to the churches of France. We cannot here relate the history of a man in whom universal charity was, as it were, personified. But from the bagnio of Tunis, where he was a slave, to the ruined provinces for which he found millions of money, all the labours he underwent for the relief of every physical suffering were inspired by his zeal for the apostolate: by caring for the body, he strove to reach and succour the soul. At a time when men rejected the Gospel while

[1] St. Luke iv. 18.

striving to retain its benefits, certain wise men attributed Vincent's charity to philosophy. Nowadays they go further still, and in order logically to deny the author of the works they deny the works themselves. But if any there be who still hold the former opinion, let them listen to his own words, and then judge of his principles: 'What is done for charity's sake is done for God. It is not enough for us that we love God ourselves; our neighbour also must love him; neither can we love our neighbour as ourselves unless we procure for him the good we are bound to desire for ourselves—viz., divine love, which unites us to our Sovereign Good. We must love our neighbour as the image of God and the object of His love, and must try to make men love their Creator in return, and love one another also with mutual charity for the love of God, who so loved them as to deliver His own Son to death for them. But let us, I beg of you, look upon this Divine Saviour as a perfect pattern of the charity we must bear to our neighbour.'

The theophilanthropy of a century ago had no more right than had an atheist or a deist philosophy to rank Vincent, as it did, among the great men of its Calendar. Not nature, nor the pretended divinities of false science, but the God of Christians, the God who became Man to save us by taking our miseries upon Himself, was the sole inspirer of the greatest modern benefactor of the human race, whose favourite saying was: 'Nothing pleases me except in Jesus Christ.' He observed the right order of charity, striving for the reign of his Divine Master, first in his own soul, then in others; and, far from acting of his own accord by the dictates of reason alone, he would rather have remained hidden for ever in the face of the Lord, and have left but an unknown name behind him.

'Let us honour,' he wrote, 'the hidden state of the Son of God. There is our centre; there is what He requires of us for the present, for the future, for ever; unless His Divine Majesty makes known in His own unmistakable way that He demands something else of

us. Let us especially honour this divine Master's moderation in action. He would not always do all that He could do, in order to teach us to be satisfied when it is not expedient to do all that we are able, but only as much as is seasonable to charity and conformable to the Will of God. How royally do those honour our Lord who follow His holy Providence, and do not try to be beforehand with it! Do you not, and rightly, wish your servant to do nothing without your orders? and if this is reasonable between man and man, how much more so between the Creator and the creature!' Vincent, then, was anxious, according to his own expression, to 'keep alongside of Providence,' and not to outstep it. Thus he waited seven years before accepting the offers of the General de Gondi's wife, and founding his establishment of the Missions. Thus, too, when his faithful coadjutrix, Mademoiselle Le Gras, felt called to devote herself to the spiritual service of the Daughters of Charity, then living without any bond or common life, as simple assistants to the ladies of quality whom the man of God assembled in his Confraternities, he first tried her for a very long time. 'As to this occupation,' he wrote, in answer to her repeated petitions, 'I beg of you, once for all, not to think of it until our Lord makes known His will. You wish to become the servant of these poor girls, and God wants you to be His servant. For God's sake, Mademoiselle, let your heart imitate the tranquillity of our Lord's heart, and then it will be fit to serve Him. The Kingdom of God is peace in the Holy Ghost; He will reign in you if you are in peace. Be so, then, if you please, and do honour to the God of peace and love.'

What a lesson given to the feverish zeal of an age like ours by a man whose life was so full! How often, in what we can call good works, do human pretensions sterilize grace by contradicting the Holy Ghost! Whereas Vincent de Paul, who considered himself 'a poor worm creeping on the earth, not knowing where he goes, but only seeking to be hidden in Thee, my God, who art

all his desire,'—the humble Vincent saw his work prosper far more than a thousand others, and almost without his being aware of it. Towards the end of his long life he said to his daughters: 'It is Divine Providence that set your congregation on its present footing. Who else was it, I ask you? I can find no other. We never had such an intention. I was thinking of it only yesterday, and I said to myself: Is it you who had the thought of founding a Congregation of Daughters of Charity? Oh! certainly not. Is it Mademoiselle Le Gras? Not at all. O my daughters, I never thought of it, your "*sœur servante*" never thought of it, neither did M. Portail (Vincent's first and most faithful companion in the Mission). Then it is God who thought of it for you; Him, therefore, we must call the Founder of your Congregation, for truly we cannot recognize any other.'

Although with delicate docility, Vincent could no more forestall the action of God than an instrument the hand that uses it, nevertheless, once the divine impulse was given, he could not endure the least delay in following it, nor suffer any other sentiment in his soul but the most absolute confidence. He wrote again, with his charming simplicity, to the helpmate given him by God: 'You are always giving way a little to human feelings, thinking that everything is going to ruin as soon as you see me ill. O woman of little faith, why have you not more confidence and more submission to the guidance and example of Jesus Christ? This Saviour of the world entrusted the well-being of the whole Church to God His Father; and you, for a handful of young women, evidently raised up and gathered together by His providence, you fear that He will fail you! Come, come, Mademoiselle, you must humble yourself before God.'

No wonder that faith, the only possible guide of such a life, the imperishable foundation of all that he was for his neighbour and in himself, was, in the eyes of Vincent de Paul, the greatest of treasures. He

who had pity for every suffering, even though well deserved; who, by an heroic fraud, took the place of a galley-slave in chains, was a pitiless foe to heresy, and could not rest till he had obtained either the banishment or the chastisement of its votaries. Clement XII, in the Bull of canonization, bears witness to this, in speaking of the pernicious error of Jansenism, which our saint was one of the first to denounce and prosecute. Never, perhaps, were these words of Holy Writ better verified: *The simplicity of the just shall guide them: and the deceitfulness of the wicked shall destroy them.*[1] Though this sect expressed, later on, a supreme disdain for *Monsieur Vincent,* it had not always been of that mind. 'I am,' he said to a friend, 'most particularly obliged to bless and thank God, for not having suffered the first and principal professors of that doctrine, men of my acquaintance and friendship, to be able to draw me to their opinions. I cannot tell you what pains they took, and what reasons they propounded to me; I objected to them, amongst other things, the authority of the Council of Trent, which is clearly opposed to them; and seeing that they still continued, I, instead of answering them, quietly recited my *Credo;* and that is how I have remained firm in the Catholic faith.'

But it is time to give the full account which Holy Church reads to-day in her liturgy. We will only remind our readers that in the year 1883, the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences at Paris, the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII proclaimed our saint the patron of the societies of charity in France.

Vincentius a Paulo, natione Gallus, Podii non procul ab Aquis Tarbellis in Aquitania natus, jam tum a puero eximiam in pauperes charitatem præ se tulit. A

Vincent de Paul, a Frenchman, was born at Pouy, near Dax, in Aquitaine, and from his boyhood was remarkable for his exceeding charity towards the poor. As a child

[1] Prov. xi. 3.

custodia paterni gregis ad litteras evocatus, humanas Aquis, divinas cum Tolosæ, tum Cæsaraugustæ didicit. Sacerdotio initiatus ac theologiæ laurea insignitus, in Turcas incidit, qui captivum in Africam adduxerunt. Sed in captivitate positus herum ipsum Christo rursus lucrifecit. Cum eo igitur ex barbaris oris, opitulante Deipara, sese propipiens, ad apostolica limina iter instituit. Unde in Galliam reversus, Clippiaci primum, mox Castellionis parœcias sanctissime rexit. Renuntiatus a rege primarius sacrorum minister in Galliæ triremibus, mirum quo zelo et ducum et remigum saluti operam posuerit. Monialibus Visitationis a sancto Francisco Salesio præpositus, tanta prudentia per annos circiter quadraginta eam curam sustinuit, ut maxime comprobaverit judicium sanctissimi præsulis, qui sacerdotem Vincentio digniorem nullum se nosse fatebatur.

he fed his father's flock, but afterwards pursued the study of the humanities at Dax, and of divinity first at Toulouse, then at Saragossa. Having been ordained priest, he took his degree as Bachelor of Theology; but falling into the hands of the Turks was led captive by them into Africa. While in captivity he won his master back to Christ, by the help of the Mother of God, and escaped together with him from that land of barbarians, and undertook a journey to the shrines of the apostles. On his return to France he governed in a most saintly manner the parishes first of Clichy and then of Châtillon. The king next appointed him chaplain of the French galleys, and his zeal in striving for the salvation of both officers and convicts was marvellous. St. Francis de Sales gave him as superior to his nuns of the Visitation, whom he ruled for forty years, with such prudence as amply to justify the opinion the holy bishop had expressed of him, that Vincent was the most worthy priest he knew.

Evangelizandis pauperibus, præsertim ruricolis, ad decrepitam usque ætatem indefessus incubuit, eique apostolico operi tum se, tum alumnos Congregationis, quam sub nomine Presbyterorum sæcularium Missionis instituit, perpetuo voto a sancta Sede confirmato, speciatim obstrinxit. Quantum autem augendæ cleri disciplinæ allaboraverit, testantur erecta majorum clericorum seminaria, collationum de divinis

He devoted himself with unwearying zeal, even in extreme old age, to preaching to the poor, especially to country people; and to this apostolic work he bound both himself and the members of the Congregation which he founded, called the Secular Priests of the Mission, by a special vow which the Holy See confirmed. He laboured greatly in promoting regular discipline among the clergy, as is proved

inter sacerdotes frequentia, et sacræ ordinationi præmittenda exercitia, ad quæ, sicut et ad pios laicorum secessus, instituti sui domicilia libenter patere voluit. Insuper ad amplificandam fidem et pietatem, evangelicos misit operarios, non in solas Galliæ provincias, sed et in Italiam, Poloniam, Scotiam, Hiberniam, atque ad Barbaros et Indos. Ipse vero, vita functo Ludovico decimotertio, cui morienti hortator adstitit, a regina Anna Austriaca, matre Ludovici decimiquarti, in sanctius consilium accitus, studiosissime egit, ut non nisi digniores ecclesiis ac monasteriis præficerentur; civiles discordiæ, singularia certamina, serpentes errores, quos simul sensit et exhorruit, amputarentur; debitaque judiciis apostolicis obedientia præstaretur ab omnibus.

Nullum fuit calamitatis genus, cui paterne non occurrerit. Fideles sub Turcarum jugo gementes, infantes expositos, juvenes dyscolos, virgines periclitantes, moniales dispersas, mulieres lapsas, ad triremes damnatos, peregrinos infirmos, artifices invalidos, ipsosque mente captos, ac innumeros mendicos subsidiis et

by the seminaries for clerics which he built, and by the establishment, through his care, of frequent conferences for priests, and of exercises preparatory to Holy Orders. It was his wish that the houses of his institution should always lend themselves to these good works, as also to the giving of pious retreats for laymen. Moreover, with the object of extending the reign of faith and love, he sent evangelical labourers not only into the French provinces, but also into Italy, Poland, Scotland, Ireland, and even to Barbary and to the Indies. On the demise of Louis XIII, whom he had assisted on his deathbed, he was made a member of the Council of Conscience, by Queen Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. In this capacity he was most careful that only worthy men should be appointed to ecclesiastical and monastic benefices, and strove to put an end to civil discord and duels, and to the errors then creeping in, which had alarmed him as soon as he knew of their existence; moreover, he endeavoured to enforce upon all a due obedience to the judgments of the Apostolic See.

His paternal love brought relief to every kind of misfortune. The faithful groaning under the Turkish yoke, destitute children, incorrigible young men, virgins exposed to danger, nuns driven from their monasteries, fallen women, convicts, sick strangers, invalided workmen, even madmen, and innumerable

hospitiis etiamnum superstitibus excepit ac pie fovit. Lotharingiam, Campaniam, Picardiam, aliasque regiones peste, fame, belloque vastatas, prolixe refecit. Plurima ad perquirendos et sublevandos miseros sodalitia fundavit, inter quæ celebris matronarum cœtus, et late diffusa sub nomine Charitatis puellarum societas. Puellas quoque tum de Cruce, tum de Providentia ac Sanctæ Genovefæ ad sequioris sexus educationem erigendas curavit. Hæc inter et alia gravissima negotia, Deo jugiter intentus, cunctis affabilis, ac sibi semper constans, simplex, rectus, humilis, ab honoribus, divitiis ac deliciis semper abhorruit; auditus dicere: rem nullam sibi placere præterquam in Christo Jesu, quem in omnibus studebat imitari. Corporis demum afflictatione laboribus senioque attritus, die vigesima septima Septembris, anno salutis supra millesimum sexcentesimo sexagesimo, ætatis suæ octogesimo quinto, Parisiis, in domo Sancti Lazari, quæ caput est Congregationis Missionis, placide obdormivit. Quem virtutibus meritis ac miraculis clarum Clemens duodecimus inter sanctos retulit, ipsius celebritati die decima nona mensis Julii quotannis assignata. Hunc autem caritatis eximium heroem, de unoquoque hominum genere optime meritum, Leo tertius decimus, instantibus pluribus sacrorum antistitibus, omnium societatum caritatis in toto catholico orbe existentium, et ab eo quomodocumque promanantium, peculiarem apud

beggars. All these he aided and received with tender charity into his hospitable institutions which still exist. When Lorraine, Champagne, Picardy, and other districts were devastated by pestilence, famine, and war, he supplied their necessities with open hand. He founded other associations for seeking out and aiding the unfortunate; amongst others the celebrated Society of Ladies, and the now widespread institution of the Sisters of Charity. To him also is due the foundation of the Daughters of the Cross, of Providence, and of St. Genevieve, who are devoted to the education of girls. Amid all these and other important undertakings his heart was always fixed on God; he was affable to everyone, and always true to himself, simple, upright, humble. He ever shunned riches and honours, and was heard to say that nothing gave him any pleasure, except in Christ Jesus, whom he strove to imitate in all things. Worn out at length, by mortification of the body, labours, and old age, on September 27, in the year of salvation 1660, the eighty-fifth of his age, he peacefully fell asleep, at Paris, at Saint Lazare, the mother-house of the Congregation of the Mission. His virtues, merits, and miracles having made his name celebrated, Clement XII enrolled him among the saints, assigning for his annual feast July 19. Leo XIII, at the request of several bishops, declared and appointed this

Deum Patronum declaravit et constituit.

great hero of charity, who has deserved so well of the human race, the peculiar patron before God of all the charitable societies existing throughout the Catholic world, and of all such as may hereafter be established.

How full a sheaf dost thou bear, O Vincent, as thou ascendest laden with blessings from earth to thy true country! O thou, the most simple of men, though living in an age of splendours, thy renown far surpasses the brilliant reputation which fascinated thy contemporaries. The true glory of that century, and the only one that will remain to it when time shall be no more, is to have seen, in its earlier part, saints powerful alike in faith and love, stemming the tide of Satan's conquests, and restoring to the soil of France, made barren by heresy, the fruitfulness of its brightest days. And now, two centuries and more after thy labours, the work of the harvest is still being carried on by thy sons and daughters, aided by new assistants who also acknowledge thee for their inspirer and father. Thou art now in the kingdom of heaven where grief and tears are no more, yet day by day thou still receivest the grateful thanks of the suffering and the sorrowful.

Reward our confidence in thee by fresh benefits. No name so much as thine inspires respect for the Church in our days of blasphemy. And yet those who deny Christ now go so far as to endeavour to stifle the testimony which the poor have always rendered to Him on thy account. Wield, against these ministers of hell, the two-edged sword, wherewith it is given to the saints to avenge God in the midst of the nations: treat them as thou didst the heretics of thy day; make them either deserve pardon or suffer punishment, be converted or be reduced by heaven to the impossibility of doing harm. Above all, take care of the unhappy beings whom these satanic men deprive of spiritual help in their last moments. Elevate thy daughters to the high level

required by the present sad circumstances, when men would have their devotedness to deny its divine origin and cast off the guise of religion. If the enemies of the poor man can snatch from his death-bed the sacred sign of salvation, no rule, no law, no power of this world or the next, can cast out Jesus from the soul of the Sister of Charity, or prevent his name from passing from her heart to her lips: neither death nor hell, neither fire nor flood can stay him, says the Canticle of Canticles.

Thy sons, too, are carrying on thy work of evangelization; and even in our days their apostolate is crowned with the diadem of sanctity and martyrdom. Uphold their zeal; develop in them thy own spirit of unchanging devotedness to the Church and submission to the supreme Pastor. Forward all the new works of charity springing out of thy own, and placed by Rome to thy credit and under thy patronage. May they gather their heat from the divine fire which thou didst kindle on the earth; may they ever seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, never deviating, in the choice of means, from the principle thou didst lay down for them of 'judging, speaking, and acting, exactly as the Eternal Wisdom of God, clothed in our weak flesh, judged, spoke, and acted.'

JULY 20

SAINT JEROME ÆMILIAN

CONFESSOR

SPRUNG from the powerful aristocracy which won for Venice twelve centuries of splendour, Jerome came into the world when that city had reached the height of its glory. At fifteen years of age he became a soldier, and was one of the heroes in that formidable struggle wherein his country withstood the united powers of almost all Europe in the League of Cambrai. The golden city, crushed for a moment, but soon restored to her former condition, offered her honours to the defender of Castelnovo, who, like herself, had fallen bravely and risen again. But our Lady of Treviso had delivered him from his German prison, only to make him her own captive; she brought him back to the city of St. Mark, there to fulfil a higher mission than the proud republic could have entrusted to him. The descendant of the Æmiliani, captivated, as was Lawrence Justinian a century before, by Eternal Beauty, would now live only for the humility which leads to heaven, and for the lofty deeds of charity. His title of nobility will be derived from the obscure village of Somascha, where he will gather his newly recruited army; and his conquests will be the bringing of little children to God. He will no more frequent the palaces of his patrician friends, for he now belongs to a higher rank: they serve the world, he serves heaven; his rivals are the angels, whose ambition, like his own, is to preserve unsullied for the Father the service of those innocent souls whom the greatest in heaven must resemble.

'The soul of the child,' as the Church tells us to-day by the golden mouth of St. John Chrysostom, 'is free from all passions. He bears no ill-will towards them

that have done him harm, but goes to them as friends, just as if they had done nothing. And though he be often beaten by his mother, yet he always seeks her and loves her more than anyone else. If you show him a queen in her royal crown, he prefers his mother clad in rags, and would rather see her unadorned than the queen in magnificent attire; for he does not appreciate according to riches or poverty, but by love. He seeks not for more than is necessary, and as soon as he has had sufficient milk he quits the breast. He is not oppressed with the same sorrows as we, nor troubled with care for money and the like; neither is he rejoiced by our transitory pleasures, nor affected by corporal beauty. Therefore our Lord said: *Of such is the kingdom of heaven*, wishing us to do of our own free will what children do by nature.'[1]

Their guardian angels, as our Lord Himself said, gazing into those pure souls, are not distracted from the contemplation of their heavenly Father: for He rests in them as on the wings of Cherubim, since baptism has made them His children. Happy was our saint to have been chosen by God to share the loving cares of the angels here below, before partaking of their bliss in heaven. The following detailed account is given by Holy Church:

Hieronymus, e gente patricia Æmiliana Venetiis ortus, a prima adolescentia militiæ addictus, difficillimis Reipublicæ temporibus Castro Novo ad Quarum in montibus Tarvisinis praeficitur. Arce ab hostibus capta, ipse in teterrimum carcerem detruditur, manibus ac pedibus vinctus; cui omni humana ope destituto beatissima Virgo ejus precibus exorata, clemens adest, vincula solvit, et per medios hostes, qui vias omnes obse-

Jerome was born at Venice, of the patrician family of the Æmiliani, and from his boyhood embraced a military life. At a time when the Republic was in great difficulty, he was placed in command of Castelnovo, in the territory of Quero, in the mountains of Treviso. The fortress was taken by the enemy, and Jerome was thrown, bound hand and foot, into a horrible dungeon. When he found himself thus destitute of all human aid, he

[1] Chrys. in Matt. Hom. lxii. al. lxiii.

derant, in Tarvisii conspectum incolumem ducit. Urbem ingressus, ad Deiparæ aram, cui se voverat, manicas, compedes, catenas, quas secum detulerat, in accepti beneficii testimonium suspendit. Reversus Venetias, cœpit pietatis studia impensius colere, in pauperes mire effusus, sed puerorum præsertim misertus, qui parentibus orbati, egeni et sordidi per urbem vagabantur, quos in ædes a se conductas recepit de suo alendos, et Christianis moribus imbuendos.

Per eos dies Venetias appulerant beatus Cajetanus, et Petrus Caraffa postmodum Paulus quartus, qui Hieronymi spiritu, novoque instituto colligendi orphanos probato, illum in incurabilium hospitale adduxerunt, in quo orphanos simul educaret, atque ægrotis pari charitate inserviret. Mox eorumdem hortatu in proximam continentem profectus, Brixiæ primum, deinde Bergomi, atque Novocomi orphanotrophia erexit: Bergomi præsertim, ubi præter duo, pro pueris unum, et pro puellis alterum, domum excipiendis, novo in illis regionibus exemplo mulieribus a turpi vita ad pœnitentiam conversis, ape-

prayed most earnestly to the Blessed Virgin, who mercifully came to his assistance. She loosed his bonds, and led him safely through the midst of his enemies, who had possession of every road, till he was within sight of Treviso. He entered the town; and, in testimony of the favour he had received, he hung up at the altar of our Lady, to whose service he had vowed himself, the manacles, shackles, and chains which he had brought with him. On his return to Venice he gave himself with the utmost zeal to exercises of piety. His charity towards the poor was wonderful; but he was particularly moved to pity for the orphan children who wandered poor and dirty about the town; he received them into houses which he hired, where he fed them at his own expense and trained them to lead Christian lives.

At this time Blessed Cajetan and Peter Caraffa, who was afterwards Paul IV, disembarked at Venice. They commended Jerome's spirit and his new institution for gathering orphans together. They also introduced him into the hospital for incurables, where he would be able to devote himself with equal charity to the education of orphans and to the service of the sick. Soon, at their suggestion, he crossed over to the continent and founded orphanages, first at Brescia, then at Bergamo and Como. At Bergamo his zeal was specially prolific, for there, besides two orphanages, one for boys and one for girls,

ruit. Somaschæ demum subsistens, in humili pago agri Bergomensis ad Venetæ ditionis fines, sibi, ac suis ibi sedem constituit, formamque induxit congregationis, cui propterea a Somascha nomen factum: quam subinde auctam et propagatam, nedum orphanorum regimini, et Ecclesiarum cultui, sed ad majorem Christianæ reipublicæ utilitatem, adolescentium in litteris et bonis moribus institutioni in collegiis, academiis, et seminariis addictam sanctus Pius Quintus inter Religiosos Ordines adscripsit, cæterique pontifices privilegiis ornarunt.

he opened a house, an unprecedented thing in those parts, for the reception of fallen women who had been converted. Finally he took up his abode at Somascha, a small village in the territory of Bergamo, near to the Venetian border, and this he made his headquarters; here, too, he definitely established his congregation, which for this reason received the name of Somaschan. In course of time it spread and increased, and for the greater benefit of the Christian republic it undertook, besides the ruling and guiding of orphans and the taking care of sacred buildings, the education, both liberal and moral, of young men in colleges, academies, and seminaries. Pius V enrolled it among religious Orders, and other Roman Pontiffs have honoured it with privileges.

Orphanis colligendis intentus Mediolanum proficiscitur atque Ticinum; et utrobique collectis agminibus puerorum tectum, victum, vestem, magistros, nobilibus viris faventibus, provide constituit. Inde Somascham redux, omnibus omnia factus, a nullo abhorrebat opere, quod in proximi bonum cedere prævideret. Agricolis immixtus per agros sparsis, dum se illis adjutorem in metendis frugibus præbet, mysteria fidei explicabat, puerorum capita porrigine fœda abstergens, et patienter tractans curabat; putridis rusticorum vulneribus medebatur eo successu, ut gratia curationum donatus censeretur. In monte, qui Somaschæ imminet, reperta

Entirely devoted to his work of rescuing orphans, Jerome journeyed to Milan and Pavia, and in both cities he collected numbers of children and provided them, through the assistance given him by noble personages, with a home, food, clothing, and education. He returned to Somascha, and, making himself all to all, he refused no labour which he saw might turn to the good of his neighbour. He associated himself with the peasants scattered over the fields, and while helping them with their work of harvesting, he would explain to them the mysteries of faith. He used to take care of children with the greatest patience, even

specu, in illam se abdidit, ubi se flagellis cædens, dies integros jejunus transigens, oratione in plurimam noctem protracta, super nudo saxo brevem somnum carpens, sui aliorumque noxarum pœnas luebat. In hujus specus interiori recessu ex arido silice exstillat aqua, precibus servi Dei, ut constans traditio est, impetrata, quæ usque in hodiernam diem jugiter manans, et in varias regiones delata ægris sanitatem plerumque conciliat. Tandem ex contagione, quæ per omnem vallem serpebat, dum ægrotantibus inservit, et vita functos propriis humeris ad sepulturam defert, contracto morbo, annos natus sex et quinquaginta, quam paulo ante prædixerat, pretiosam mortem obiit anno millesimo quingentesimo trigesimo septimo; quem pluribus in vita, et post mortem miraculis illustrem Benedictus decimus quartus Beatorum, Clemens vero decimus tertius Sanctorum fastis solemniter adscripsit.

going so far as to cleanse their heads, and he dressed the corrupt wounds of the village folk with such success that it was thought he had received the gift of healing. On the mountain which overhangs Somascha he found a cave in which he hid himself, and there scourging himself, spending whole days fasting, passing the greater part of the night in prayer, and snatching only a short sleep on the bare rock, he expiated his own sins and those of others. In the interior of this grotto, water trickles from the dry rock, obtained, as constant tradition says, by the prayers of the servant of God. It still flows, even to the present day, and being taken into different countries, it often gives health to the sick. At length, when a contagious distemper was spreading over the whole valley, and he was serving the sick and carrying the dead to the grave on his own shoulders, he caught the infection, and died at the age of fifty-six. His precious death, which he had foretold a short time before, occurred in the year 1537. He was illustrious both in life and death for many miracles. Benedict XIV enrolled him among the Blessed, and Clement XIII solemnly inscribed his name on the catalogue of the Saints.

With Vincent de Paul and Camillus of Lellis, thou, O Jerome Æmilian, completest the triumvirate of charity. Thus does the Holy Spirit mark His reign with traces of the Blessed Trinity; moreover, he would

show that the love of God, which He kindles on earth, can never be without the love of our neighbour. At the very time when He gave thee to the world as a demonstration of this truth, the spirit of evil made it evident that true love of our neighbour cannot exist without love of God, and that this latter soon disappears in its turn when faith is extinct. Thus, between the ruins of the pretended reform and the ever-new fecundity of the Spirit of holiness, mankind was free to choose. The choice made was, alas! far from being always conformable to man's interest, either temporal or eternal.

With what good reason may we repeat the prayer thou didst teach thy little orphans: 'Lord Jesus Christ, our loving Father, we beseech Thee, by Thine infinite goodness, raise up Christendom once more, and bring it back to that upright holiness which flourished in the apostolic age.'

Thou didst labour strenuously at this great work of restoration. The Mother of Divine Grace, when she broke thy prison chains, set thy soul free from a more cruel captivity to continue the flight begun at baptism and in thy early years. Thy youth was renewed as the eagle's; and the valour which won thee thy spurs in earthly battles, being now strengthened tenfold in the service of the all-powerful Prince, carried the day over death and hell. Who could count thy victories in this new militia? Jesus, the King of the warfare of salvation, inspired thee with His own predilection for little children; countless numbers, saved by thee from perishing, and brought in their innocence to His divine caresses, owe to thee their crown in heaven. From thy throne, where thou art surrounded by this lovely company, multiply thy sons; uphold those who continue thy work on earth; may thy spirit spread more and more in these days, when Satan's jealousy strives more than ever to snatch the little ones from our Lord. Happy shall they be in their last hour who have accomplished the work of mercy pre-eminent in our days: saved the

faith of children, and preserved their baptismal innocence! Should they have formerly merited God's anger, they may with all confidence repeat the words thou didst love so well: 'O sweetest Jesus, be not unto me a Judge, but a Saviour!'

Same Day

SAINT MARGARET

VIRGIN AND MARTYR

THIS same day brings before us a rival of the warrior-martyr, St. George: Margaret, like him victorious over the dragon, and like him called in the Menæa of the Greeks, *the Great Martyr*. The cross was her weapon; and, like the soldier, the virgin, too, consummated her trial in her blood. They were equally renowned, also, in those chivalrous times when valour and faith fought hand in hand for Christ beneath the standard of the saints. So early as the seventh century our Western island rivalled the East in honouring the *pearl* drawn from the abyss of infidelity. Before the disastrous schism brought about by Henry VIII, the Island of Saints celebrated this feast as a double of the second class; women alone were obliged to rest from servile work, in gratitude for the protection afforded them by St. Margaret at the moment of childbirth—a favour which ranked her among the saints called in the Middle Ages *auxiliatores* or *helpers*. But it was not in England alone that Margaret was invoked, as history proves by the many and illustrious persons of all countries who have borne her blessed name. In heaven, too, there is great festivity around the throne of Margaret; we learn this from such trustworthy witnesses as St. Gertrude the Great[1] and St. Frances of Rome,[2] who, though divided by a century of time, were both, by a special favour

[1] Legatus divinæ pietatis, IV., XLV. [2] Visio XXXVI.

of their divine Spouse, allowed, while still on earth, to assist at this heavenly spectacle.

The ancient legend in the Roman Breviary was suppressed in the sixteenth century by St. Pius V as not being sufficiently authentic. We, therefore, give instead some responsories and antiphons and a collect, taken from what appears to be the very office said by St. Gertrude; for in the vision mentioned above allusion is made to one of these responsories, *Virgo veneranda*:[1]

RESPONSORIES

Felix igitur Margarita sacrilego sanguine progenita: * Fidem quam Spiritu Sancto percepit vitiorum maculis minus infecit.

℣. Ibat de virtute in virtutem, ardenter sitiens animæ salutem. * Fidem.

Blessed Margaret, though born of pagan blood: * Receiving the faith by the Holy Spirit, preserved it free from stain.

℣. She went from virtue to virtue, ardently desiring the salvation of her soul. * Receiving the faith.

℟. Hæc modica quidem in malitia, sed mire vigens pudicitia, præventa gratia Redemptoris: * Oviculas pascebat nutricis.

℣. Simplex fuit ut columba, quemadmodum serpens astuta. * Oviculas.

℟. Knowing no evil, she blossomed in purity, being prevented by the grace of our Saviour. * She tended the sheep for her foster-mother.

℣. Simple as the dove and prudent as the serpent. * She tended.

℟. Quadam die Odibrius, molestus Deo et hominibus, transiens visum in illam sparsit: * Mox in concupiscentiam ejus exarsit.

℣. Erat enim nimium formosa: in vultu scilicet ut rosa. * Mox.

℟. Odibrius, hateful to God and men, passing one day, cast his glance upon her. * And he burned with desire of her.

℣. For she was exceeding lovely; her face like a beautiful rose. * And he burned.

℟. Misit protinus clientes, ad inquirendos ejus parentes; * Ut si libera probaretur, in conjugium sibi copularetur.

℟. Forthwith he sent his men to inquire as to her parentage; * For that if she were of gentle blood, he fain would take her to wife.

[1] Breviarium Constantiense, Augustæ Vindelicorum, MCCCCXCIX.

℣. Sed hanc qui desponsaverat, non ita Christus præordinaverat. * Ut si.

℣. But Jesus Christ whose bride she was, had otherwise ordained. * For that if she were.

℟. Dum tyrannus intellexit quod eum virgo despexit: * Jussit eamdem iratus suis præsentari tribunalibus.

℣. Quam sperans puellarum more minis flecti subjuncto terrore. * Jussit.

℟. When the tyrant heard that the virgin despised him, * Enraged he caused her to be brought to his tribunal.

℣. For he hoped that, as maidens are wont, she would yield through fear of his threats. * Enraged.

℟. Virgo veneranda in, magna stans constantia, verba contempsit judicis: * Nil cogitans de rebus lubricis.

℣. Cœlestis præmii spe gaudens, in tribulatione erat patiens. * Nil cogitans.

℟. The worshipful virgin stood firm in her constancy, setting at nought the words of the judge. * For she thought not of vile pleasures.

℣. Rejoicing in the hope of a heavenly reward, she was patient under the trial. * For she thought not.

℟. Post carceris squalorem carnisque macerationem, Christi dilecta: * Tenebrosis denuo recluditur in locis.

℣. Nomen Domini laudare non desinens et glorificare. * Tenebrosis.

℟. The beloved of Christ, after enduring the horrors of a dungeon, and the torturing of her flesh, * Is closed once more in a darksome prison.

℣. She ceases not to praise and glorify the name of the Lord. * Is closed.

℟. Sancta martyre precatibus instante, draco fœtore plenus apparuit: * Qui hanc invadens totam absorbuit.

℣. Quem per medium signo crucis discidit, et de utero ejus illæsa exivit. * Qui.

℟. While the holy martyr was instant in prayer, a foul dragon appeared; * And rushing upon her, he devoured her.

℣. With the sign of the cross she rent him asunder, and came forth again unhurt. * And rushing.

ANTIPHONS

Ministri statim tenellæ corpus comburebant puellæ; sed hæc, oratione facta, igne permansit intacta.

The executioners burn the limbs of the tender maiden: but making her prayer she feels nought in the flame.

Vas immensum aqua plenum præses imperavit afferri: et in illud virginem ligatam demergi.

Laudabilis Dominus in suis virtutibus, vincula manuum relaxavit, suamque famulam de morte liberavit.

Videntes hæc mirabilia baptizati sunt quinque millia: quos capite plecti censuit ira præfecti: quibus est addicta Christi testis invicta, benedicens Deum deorum in sæcula sæculorum.

A great vessel full of water is brought by the judge's command: and the virgin is cast in bound.

The Lord, who is worthy of praise in His mighty deeds, loosened the fetters of His handmaid, and delivered her from death.

At the sight of these wonders five thousand are baptized: the prefect in anger commands them all to be beheaded, and after them the unconquerable witness of Christ blessing the God of gods for ever and ever.

PRAYER

Deus qui beatam Margaritam virginem tuam ad cœlos per martyrii palmam venire fecisti: concede nobis, quæsumus, ut ejus exempla sequentes ad te venire mereamur. Per Dominum.

O God, who didst lead Thy blessed virgin Margaret to heaven, with the palm of martyrdom, grant, we beseech thee, that by following her example, we may merit to come even unto Thee. Through our Lord.

JULY 21

SAINT PRAXEDES

VIRGIN

ON this day Pudentiana's angelic sister at length obtained from her Spouse release from bondage, and from the burden of exile that weighed so heavily on this last scion of a holy and illustrious stock. New races, unknown to her fathers when they laid the world at the feet of Rome, now governed the Eternal City. Nero and Domitian had been actuated by a tyrannical spirit; but the philosophical Cæsars showed how absolutely they misconceived the destinies of the great city. The salvation of Rome lay in the hands of a different dynasty: a century back Praxedes' grandfather, more legitimate inheritor of the traditions of the Capitol than all the emperors present or to come, hailed in his guest, Simon Bar-Jona, the ruler of the future. Host of the prince of the apostles was a title handed down by Pudens to his posterity: for in the time of Pius I, as in that of St. Peter, his house was still the shelter of the Vicar of Christ. Left the sole heiress of such traditions, Praxedes, after the death of her beloved sister, converted her palaces into churches, which resounded day and night with divine praises, and where pagans hastened in crowds to be baptized. The policy of Antoninus respected the dwelling of a descendant of the Cornelii; but his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius, would make no such exception. An assault was made upon the title of Praxedes, and many Christians were taken and put to the sword. The virgin, overpowered with grief at seeing all slain around her, and herself untouched, turned to God and besought Him that she might die. Her body was laid with those of her relatives

in the cemetery of her grandmother, Priscilla. The following is the short notice given by the Church:

Praxedes, virgo Romana, Pudentianæ virginis soror, Marco Antonino imperatore Christianos persequente, eos facultatibus, opera, consolatione et omni charitatis officio prosequebatur. Nam alios domi occultabat; alios ad fidei constantiam hortabatur: aliorum corpora sepeliebat: iis, qui in carcere inclusi erant, qui in ergastulis exercebantur, nulla re deerat. Quæ cum tantam Christianorum stragem jam ferre non posset, Deum precata est, ut, si mori expediret, se e tantis malis eriperet. Itaque duodecimo calendas Augusti ad pietatis præmia vocatur in cœlum. Cujus corpus a Pastore presbytero in patris et sororis Pudentianæ sepulcrum illatum est, quod erat in cœmeterio Priscillæ, via Salaria.

Praxedes was a Roman virgin and sister of the virgin Pudentiana. When the emperor Marcus Antoninus persecuted the Christians, she devoted both her time and her wealth to consoling them, and doing them every charitable service in her power. Some she concealed in her house: others she encouraged to firmness of faith. She buried the dead, and saw that those who were imprisoned wanted for nothing. But at length being unable to bear the grief caused by such a wholesale butchery of the Christians, she prayed God that if it were expedient for her to die He would take her away from so much evil. Her prayer was heard, and on the twelfth of the Calends of August, she was called to heaven, to receive the reward of her charity. Her body was buried by the priest Pastor in the tomb where lay her father and her sister Pudentiana, in the cemetery of Priscilla, on the Salarian Way.

Mother Church is ever grateful to thee, O Praxedes! Thou hast long been in the enjoyment of thy divine Spouse, and still thou continuest the traditions of thy noble family, for the benefit of the saints on earth. When, in the eighth and ninth centuries, the martyrs, exposed to the profanations of the Lombards, were raised from their tombs and brought within the walls of the Eternal City, Paschal I sought hospitality for them where Peter had found it in the first century. What a day was that of July 20, 817, when, leaving the Catacombs, 2,300 of these heroes of Christ came to

seek in the title of Praxedes the repose which the barbarians had disturbed! What a tribute Rome offered thee, O Virgin, on that day! Can we do better than unite our homage with that of the glorious band, coming on the day of thy blessed feast, thus to acknowledge thy benefits? Descendant of Pudens and Priscilla, give us thy love of Peter, thy devotedness to the Church, thy zeal for the saints of God, whether militant still on earth or already reigning in glory.

JULY 22

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN

'THREE saints,' said our Lord to St. Bridget of Sweden, 'have been more pleasing to me than all others: Mary my mother, John the Baptist, and Mary Magdalen.'[1] The Fathers tell us that Magdalen is a type of the Gentile Church, called from the depth of sin to perfect holiness; and, indeed, better than any other, she personifies both the wanderings and the love of the human race, espoused by the Word of God. Like the most illustrious characters of the law of grace, she has her antitype in past ages. Let us follow the history of this great penitent as traced by unanimous tradition: Magdalen's glory will not be thereby diminished.

When, before all ages, God decreed to manifest His glory, He willed to reign over a world drawn from nothing; and as His goodness was equal to His power, He would have the triumph of supreme love to be the law of that kingdom, which the Gospel likens *unto a king who made a marriage for his son*.[2]

Passing over the pure intelligences whose nine choirs are filled with divine light, the immortal Son of the King of ages looked down to the extreme limits of creation; there he beheld human nature, made, indeed, to know God, but acquiring that knowledge laboriously; its weakness would better show His divine condescension: with it, then, He chose to contract His alliance.

Man is flesh and blood: so the Son of God would be made Flesh; He would not have angels, but men for His brothers. He that in heaven is the Splendour of His Father, and on earth the most beautiful of the sons of men, would draw the human race *with the cords of Adam*.[3] In the very act of creation He sealed His espousals by

[1] Revelationes S. BIRGITTÆ, lib. IV., cap. 108.
[2] St. Matt. xxii. 2.
[3] Osee xi. 4.

raising man to the supernatural state of grace, and placing him in the paradise of expectation.

Alas! the human race knew not how to await her Bridegroom even in the shades of Eden. Cast out of the garden of delights, she prostituted to vain idols in their groves what was left her of her glory. For she had much beauty still, the gift of her Spouse, though she had profaned it: *Thou wast perfect through my beauty, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God.*[1]

God would not suffer His love to be defeated. Leaving humanity at large to walk in the ways of folly, He chose out a single people, sprung from a holy stock, to be the guardian of His promises. Coming forth from Egypt and from the midst of a barbarous nation, this people was consecrated to God and became His inheritance. In the person of Balaam, the former Bride saw Israel pass through the desert, and filled with admiration at the glory of the Lord dwelling with him in his tent, her heart for a moment beat with bridal love. *I shall see Him,* she cried in her transport, *but not now: I shall behold Him, but not near.*[2] From those wild heights whence the Spouse would one day call her, she hailed the Star that was to rise out of Jacob, and predicted the ruin of the Hebrew people who had supplanted her for a time.

Too soon was this sublime ecstasy followed by still more culpable wanderings! *How long wilt thou be dissolute in deliciousness, O wandering daughter? Know thou, and see, that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God.*[3] But the ages are passing, the night will soon be over, and the day-star will arise, the sign of the Bridegroom gathering the nations. Let Him lead thee into the wilderness and there He will speak to thy heart. Thy rival knows not how to be a queen; the alliance of Sinai has produced but a slave. The Bridegroom still waits for His Bride.

At length the hour came: bending the heavens, He

[1] Ezech. xvi. 14.
[2] Num. xxiv. 17.
[3] Jerem. xxxi. 22, and ii. 19.

was *made sin*[1] for sinful men; and hidden under the servile garb of mortals, He sat down to table in the house of the proud Pharisee. The haughty Synagogue, who would neither fast with John nor rejoice with Christ, was now to see God justifying the delays of His merciful love. 'Let us not, like Pharisees,' says St. Ambrose, 'despise the counsels of God. The sons of Wisdom are singing: listen to their voices, attend to their dances; it is the hour of the nuptials. Thus sang the prophet when he said: Come from Libanus, my spouse, come from Libanus.'[2]

And behold a woman that was in the city, a sinner, when she knew that He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment; and standing behind at His feet, she began to wash His feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment.[3] 'Who is this woman? Without doubt it is the Church,' answers St. Peter Chrysologus, 'the Church, weighed down and stained with sins committed in the city of this world. At the news that Christ has appeared in Judea, that He is to be seen at the banquet of the Pasch, where He bestows His mysteries and reveals the divine Sacrament, and makes known the secret of salvation, suddenly she darts forward; despising the endeavours of the Scribes to prevent her entrance, she confronts the princes of the Synagogue; burning with desire she penetrates into the sanctuary, where she finds Him whom she seeks, betrayed by Jewish perfidy even at the banquet of love; not the passion, nor the Cross, nor the tomb can check her faith, or prevent her from bringing her perfumes to Christ.'[4]

Who but the Church knows the secret of this perfume? asks Paulinus of Nola with Ambrose of Milan; the Church, whose numberless flowers have all aromas; the Church, who exhales before God a thousand sweet odours aroused by the breath of the Holy Spirit—viz., the virtues of nations and the prayers of the saints.

[1] 2 Cor. v. 21. [2] Amb. in Luc. St. Luke vii. 37, 38.
[4] Pet. Chrysol. Sermo xcv.

Mingling the perfume of her conversion with her tears of repentance, she anoints the feet of her Lord, honouring in them His humanity. Her faith, whereby she is justified, grows equally with her love: soon the Head of the Spouse—that is, His divinity—receives from her the homage of the full measure of pure and precious spikenard—to wit, consummate holiness, whose heroism goes so far as to break the vessel of mortal flesh by the martyrdom of love, if not by that of tortures.

Arrived at the height of the mystery, she forgets not even there those sacred feet, whose contact delivered her from the seven devils representing all vices; for to the heart of the Bride, as in the bosom of the Father, her Lord is still both God and Man. The Jew, who would not own Christ either for head or foundation, found no fragrant oil for His head, nor even water for His feet; *she*, on the contrary, pours her priceless perfume over both. And while the sweet odour of her perfect faith fills the earth, now become by the victory of that faith the house of the Lord, she continues to wipe her Master's feet with her beautiful hair—*i.e.*, her countless good works and her ceaseless prayer. The growth of this mystical hair requires all her care here on earth; and in heaven its abundance and beauty will call forth the praise of Him who jealously counts, without losing one, all the works of His Church. Then from her own head, as from that of her Spouse, will the fragrant unction of the Holy Spirit overflow even to the skirt of her garment.

Thou despisest, O Pharisee, the poor woman weeping with love at the feet of thy divine Guest, whom thou knowest not; but 'I would rather,' cries the solitary of Nola, 'be bound up in her hair at the feet of Christ, than be seated with thee near Christ, yet without Him.'[1] Happy sinner to be, both in her life of sin and that of grace, the figure of the Church, even so far as to have been foreseen and announced by the prophets. For such is the teaching of St. Jerome and St. Cyril of

[1] PAULIN. Ep. xxiii. 42.

Alexandria; while Venerable Bede, gathering up, according to his wont, the traditions of his predecessors, does not hesitate to assert that 'what Magdalen once did, remains the type of what the whole Church does, and of what every perfect soul must ever do.'[1]

We can well understand the predilection of the Man-God for this soul, whose repentance from such a depth of misery manifested so fully, from the outset, the success of His mission, the defeat of Satan, and the triumph of divine love. While Israel was expecting from the Messias nought but perishable goods, when the very apostles, including John the beloved, were looking for honours and first places, she was the first to come to Jesus for Himself alone, and not for His gifts. Eager only for pardon and love, she chose for her portion those sacred feet, wearied in the search after the wandering sheep: here was the blessed altar whereon she offered to her divine Deliverer as many holocausts of herself, says St. Gregory, as she had had vain objects of complacency. Henceforth her goods and her person were at the disposal of Jesus; the rest of her life was to be spent sitting at His feet, contemplating the mysteries of His life, gathering up His every word, following His footsteps, as He preached the Kingdom of God. How swiftly, in the light of her humble confidence, did she outstrip the Synagogue and the very just themselves! The Pharisee might be indignant, her sister might complain, the apostles might murmur: Mary held her peace; but Jesus spoke for her, as if His Sacred Heart were hurt by the least word said against her. At the death of Lazarus the Master had to call her from the mysterious repose wherein even then she was seated; her presence at the tomb was of more avail than the whole college of apostles and the crowd of Jews. One word from her, though already said by Martha who had arrived first, was more powerful than all the words of the latter; her tears made the Man-God weep, and drew from Him that groan which He uttered before recalling

[1] Beda in xii. Joann.

the dead man to life—that divine trouble of a God overcome by His creature. Oh truly, for others as well as for herself, for the world as well as for God, *Mary has chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her.*[1]

In all that we have said, we have but linked together the testimonies of a veneration universally consistent. But the homage of all the doctors together cannot compare with the honour which the Church pays to the humble Magdalen, when she applies to the Queen of heaven on her glorious Assumption day the Gospel words first uttered in praise of the justified sinner. Albert the Great[2] assures us that, in the world of grace as well as in the material creation, God has made two great lights—to wit, two Maries, the Mother of our Lord and the sister of Lazarus: the greater, which is the Blessed Virgin, to rule the day of innocence; the lesser, which is Mary the penitent beneath the feet of that glorious Virgin, to rule the night by enlightening repentant sinners. As the moon by its phases points out the feast days on earth, so Magdalen in heaven gives the signal of joy to the angels of God over one sinner doing penance. Does she not also share with the Immaculate One the name of Mary, Star of the sea, as the Churches of Gaul sang in the Middle Ages, recalling how, though one was a Queen and the other a handmaid, both were causes of joy to the Church: the one being the gate of salvation, the other the messenger of the Resurrection ?[3]

On that great Easter day, Magdalen, like a morning star, announced the rising of the Sun of Justice, who was never more to set. '*Woman,*' said Jesus to her, '*why weepest thou?* Thou art not mistaken.' He seemed to say, 'It is, indeed, the Divine Gardener speaking to thee, the same that planted Eden in the beginning. But now dry thy tears; in this new garden, whose centre is an empty tomb, Paradise is restored;

[1] St. Luke x. 42. [2] Albert. Magn. in vii. Luc.
[3] *Sequence* Mane prima sabbati.—Paschal Time, Vol. I., p. 287.

the angels no longer close the entrance; here is the Tree of Life, which has borne fruit these three days past. This fruit, which thou, O woman, art eager, as of old, to seize and taste, belongs to thee now by right; for thou art no longer Eve but Mary. If thou art bidden not to touch it yet, it is because, as thou wouldst not heretofore taste the fruit of death thyself alone, thou mayest not now enjoy the fruit of life till thou bring back him that was first lost through thee.' Thus by the wisdom and mercy of our God, woman is raised to a greater dignity than before the Fall. Magdalen, to whom woman is indebted for this glorious revenge, has hence obtained in the Church's litanies the place of honour above even the virgins; as John the Baptist precedes the whole army of the saints on account of his privilege of being the first witness to our salvation. The testimony of the penitent completes that of the Precursor: on the word of John the Church recognized the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world; on the word of Magdalen she hails the Spouse triumphant over death.[1] And, judging that by this last testimony Catholic belief is put in full possession of the entire cycle of mysteries, she to-day intones the immortal symbol, which she deemed premature for the feast of Zachary's son.

O Mary! how great didst thou appear before heaven at that solemn moment when, before the world knew aught of the triumph of life, our Emmanuel the conqueror said to thee: *Go to My brethren, and say to them: I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God.*[2] Thou didst represent us Gentiles, who were not to obtain possession of our Lord by faith till after His ascension into heaven. These brethren, to whom the Man-God sent thee, were doubtless those privileged men whom He had called to know Him during His mortal life, and to whom thou, O apostle of the apostles, hadst to announce the mystery of the Pasch; and yet, in His loving mercy, the divine Master intended

[1] Sequence of Easter day. [2] St. John xx. 17.

to show Himself that same day to many of them; and both thou and they were soon to be witnesses of His triumphant Ascension. Is it not evident that thy mission, O Magdalen, though addressed to the immediate disciples of our Lord, was to extend much further both in space and time? As He entered into His glory, the Conqueror of death already beheld these brethren filling the whole earth. It is of them He had said in the psalm: *I will declare thy name to My brethren: in the midst of the Church will I praise thee; in the midst of a people that shall be born which the Lord hath made.*[1] It is of them and of us, the *generation to come*, to whom the Lord was to be declared, that He said to thee: Go to My brethren and say to them: I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and your God. Thou didst come, and thou comest continually, fulfilling thy mission towards the disciples, and saying to them: *I have seen the Lord, and these things He said to me.*[2]

Thou camest, O Mary, when our West beheld thee, treading the rocks of Provence with thine apostolic feet, whose beauty Cyril of Alexandria admires. There seven times a day, raised on angels' wings towards the Spouse, thou didst point out, more eloquently than any speech could do, the way He took, the way the Church must follow by her desires, until she is reunited with Him for ever. Thou didst prove that the apostolate in its highest reach does not depend on words. In heaven the Seraphim and Cherubim and Thrones gaze unceasingly upon the Eternal Trinity, without so much as glancing at this world of nothingness; and nevertheless it is through them that pass the strength and light and love which the heavenly messengers in the lower hierarchies distribute to us on earth. Thus, O Magdalen, though thou clingest ever to the sacred feet which are now not denied to thy love, and thy life is unreservedly absorbed with Christ in God, thou seemest more than any other to be always saying to us: *If ye be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above; where*

[1] Ps. xxi. 23, 32. [2] St. John xx. 18.

Christ is sitting at the right hand of God. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth.[1]

O thou, whose choice, so highly approved by our Lord, has revealed to the world the better part, obtain that that portion may be ever appreciated in the Church as the better—viz., that divine contemplation which begins here on earth the life of heaven, and which in its fruitful repose is the source of all the graces spread by the active ministry throughout the world. Death itself does not take away that portion, but assures its possession for ever, and makes it blossom into the full, direct vision. May he that has received it from the gratuitous goodness of God never strive to dispossess himself of it! 'Happy house,' says the devout St. Bernard, 'blessed assembly, where Martha complains of Mary! But how indignant we should be if Mary were jealous of Martha!'[2] And St. Jude tells us the awful judgment of the angels who *kept not their principality*, the familiar friends of God who *forsook their own habitation*.[3] Keep up in religious families established by their fathers on heights that touch the clouds the sense of their inborn nobility; they are not made for the dust and noise of the plain: and did they come down to it, they would injure both the Church and themselves. By remaining what they are, they do not, any more than thou, O Magdalen, become indifferent to the lost sheep; but they take the surest of all means for purifying the earth and drawing souls to God.

From thy church at Vezelay thou didst look down one day upon a vast multitude eagerly receiving the cross; they were about to undertake that immortal Crusade, not the least glory whereof is to have supernaturalized the sentiments of honour in the hearts of those Christian warriors armed for the defence of the holy Sepulchre. A similar lesson was given to the world at the beginning of last century; Napoleon, intoxicated with power, would raise to himself and his

[1] Col. iii. 1, 2.

[2] Bern. Sermo iii. in Assumpt. B.V.M.

[3] St. Jude 6.

army a *Temple of glory;* before the building was completed he was swept away, and the temple was dedicated to thee. O Mary ! bless this last homage of thy beloved France, whose people and princes have always surrounded with deepest veneration thy hallowed retreat at Sainte Baume, and thy church at Saint Maximin, where rest thy precious relics. In return, teach them and teach us all, that the only true and lasting glory is to follow with thee in His Ascension Him who once sent thee to us, saying: *Go to My brethren, and say to them: I ascend to My Father, and to your Father, to My God and to your God!*

During the different seasons of the year Holy Church inserts in their proper places, as so many precious pearls, the various passages of the Gospel relating to St. Mary Magdalen; for the particulars of her life after the Ascension we are referred to the feast of her sister, St. Martha, which we shall keep in a week's time. To the liturgical pieces already given in this work in praise of St. Magdalen we add the following ancient sequence, well known in the churches of Germany, to which we subjoin a responsory and the collect of the feast from the Roman Breviary:

SEQUENCE

Laus tibi, Christe, qui es creator et redemptor, idem et salvator,

Cœli, terræ, maris, angelorum et hominum,

Quem solum Deum confitemur et hominem.

Qui peccatores venisti ut salvos faceres,

Sine peccato peccati assumens formulam.

Quorum de grege, ut Chananæam, Mariam visitasti Magdalenam.

Eadem mensa Verbi di-

Praise be to Thee, O Christ, Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour,

Of heaven and earth and seas, of angels and of men,

Whom we confess to be both God and Man,

Who didst come in order to save sinners,

Thyself without sin, taking the appearance of sin.

Among this poor flock, Thou didst visit the Chanaanite woman and Mary Magdalen.

From the same table Thou

vini illam micis, hanc refovens poculis.

In domo Simonis leprosi conviviis accubans typicis,

Murmurat pharisæus, ubi plorat femina criminis conscia.

Peccator contemnit compeccantem, peccati nescius, pœnitentem exaudis, emundas fœdam, adamas, ut pulchram facias.

Pedes amplectitur dominicos, lacrymis lavat, tergit crinibus, lavando, tergendo, unguento unxit, osculis circuit.

Hæc sunt convivia, quæ tibi placent, o Patris Sapientia.

Natus de Virgine qui non dedignaris tangi de peccatrice.

A pharisæo es invitatus, Mariæ ferculis saturatus.

Multum dimittis multum amanti, nec crimen postea repetenti.

Dæmoniis eam septem mundas septiformi Spiritu.

Ex mortuis te surgentem das cunctis videre priorem.

Hac, Christe, proselytam signas Ecclesiam, quam ad filiorum mensam vocas alienigenam.

Quam inter convivia legis et gratiæ spernit pharisæi fastus, lepra vexat hæretica.

didst nourish the one with the crumbs of the Divine Word, the other with Thy inebriating cup.

While Thou art seated at the typical feast in the house of Simon the Leper,

The Pharisee murmurs, while the woman weeps, conscious of her guilt.

The sinner despises his fellow-sinner; Thou, sinless one, hearest the prayer of the penitent, cleansest her from stains, lovest her so as to make her beautiful.

She embraces the feet of her Lord, washes them with her tears, dries them with her hair; washing and wiping them, she anoints them with sweet ointment, and covers them with kisses.

Such, O Wisdom of the Father, is the banquet that delights Thee!

Though born of a Virgin, Thou dost not disdain to be touched by a sinful woman.

The Pharisee invited Thee, but it is Mary that gives Thee a feast.

Thou forgivest much to her that loves much, and that falls not again into sin.

From seven devils dost Thou free her by Thy sevenfold Spirit.

To her, when Thou risest from the dead, Thou showest Thyself first of all.

By her, O Christ, Thou dost designate the Gentile Church, the stranger whom Thou callest to the children's table;

Who, at the feast of the Law and at the feast of grace, is despised by the pride of Pharisees, and harassed by leprous heresy.

Qualis sit tu scis, tangit te quia peccatrix, quia veniæ optatrix.

Thou knowest what manner of woman she is; it is because she is a sinner that she touches Thee, and because she longs for pardon.

Quidnam haberet ægra, si non accepisset, si non medicus adesset ?

What could she have, poor sick one, without receiving it, and without the physician assisting her ?

Rex regum dives in omnes, nos salva, peccatorum tergens cuncta crimina, sanctorum spes et gloria.

O King of kings, rich unto all, save us, wash away all the stains of our sins, O Thou the hope and glory of the saints.

RESPONSORY

Congratulaini mihi, omnes qui diligitis Dominum, quia quem quærebam apparuit mihi: * Et dum flerem ad monumentum, vidi Dominum meum, alleluia.

℣. Recedentibus discipulis, non recedebam, et amoris ejus igne succensa, ardebam desiderio. * Et dum.

Congratulate me, all ye that love the Lord; for He whom I sought appeared to me: * and while I wept at the tomb, I saw my Lord, alleluia.

℣. When the disciples withdrew, I did not withdraw, and being kindled with the fire of His love, I burned with desire. * And while.

PRAYER

Beatæ Mariæ Magdalenæ, quæsumus Domine, suffragiis adjuvemur: cujus precibus exoratus quatriduanum fratrem Lazarum vivum ab inferis resuscitasti. Qui vivis.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, that we may be helped by the intercession of blessed Mary Magdalen, entreated by whose prayers Thou didst raise up again to life her brother Lazarus, who had been dead four days. Who livest, etc.

JULY 23

SAINT APOLLINARIS

BISHOP AND MARTYR

RAVENNA, the mother of cities, invites us to-day to honour the martyr bishop, whose labours did more for her lasting renown than did the favour of emperors and kings. From the midst of her ancient monuments, the rival of Rome, though now fallen, points proudly to her unbroken chain of Pontiffs, which she can trace back to the Vicar of the Man-God through Apollinaris. This great saint has been praised by Fathers and Doctors of the Universal Church, his sons and successors. Would to God that the noble city had remembered what she owed to St. Peter!

Apollinaris had left family and fatherland and all he possessed to follow the Prince of the apostles. One day the master said to the disciple: 'Why stayest thou here with us? Behold thou art instructed in all that Jesus did; rise up, receive the Holy Ghost, and go to that city which knows Him not.' And blessing him, he kissed him and sent him away.[1] Such sublime scenes of separation, often witnessed in those early days, and many a time since repeated, show by their heroic simplicity the grandeur of the Church.

Apollinaris sped to the sacrifice. Christ, says St. Peter Chrysologus,[2] hastened to meet His martyr, the martyr pressed on towards His King; but the Church, anxious to keep this support of her infancy, intervened to defer, not the struggle, but the crown; and for twenty-nine years, adds St. Peter Damian,[3] his martrydom was prolonged through such innumerable torments that the labours of Apollinaris alone were sufficient testimony

[1] Passio S. Apollin. ap. BOLLAND. [2] PETR. CHRYS. Sermo CXXVIII.
[3] PETR. DAM. Sermo vi. de S. Eleuchadio.

of the faith for those regions, which had no other witness unto blood. According to the traditions of the Church he so powerfully established, the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove directly and visibly designated each of the twelve successors of Apollinaris, up to the age of peace.

The holy liturgy devotes the following lines to the history of this brave apostle:

Apollinaris cum principe apostolorum Antiochia Romam venit: a quo ordinatus episcopus, Ravennam ad Christi Domini Evangelium prædicandum mittitur: ubi cum ad Christi fidem plurimos converteret, captus ab idolorum sacerdotibus graviter cæsus est. Cumque ipso orante Bonifacius nobilis vir, qui diu mutus fuerat, loqueretur, ejusque filia immundo spiritu liberata esset; iterum est in illum commota seditio. Itaque virgis cæsus, ardentes carbones nudis pedibus premere cogitur: quem cum subjectus ignis nihil læderet, ejicitur extra urbem.

Apollinaris came to Rome from Antioch with the prince of the apostles, by whom he was consecrated bishop, and sent to Ravenna to preach the Gospel of our Lord Christ. He converted many to the faith of Christ, for which reason he was seized by the priests of the idols and severely beaten. At his prayer, a nobleman named Boniface, who had long been dumb, recovered the power of speech, and his daughter was delivered from an unclean spirit; on this account a fresh sedition was raised against Apollinaris. He was beaten with rods, and made to walk barefoot over burning coals; but as the fire did him no injury, he was driven from the city.

Is vero latens aliquamdiu cum quibusdam Christianis, inde profectus est in Æmiliam, ubi Rufini patricii filiam mortuam ad vitam revocavit: ut propterea tota Rufini familia in Jesum Christum crederet. Quare vehementer incensus præfectus accersit Apollinarem, et cum eo gravius agit, ut finem faciat disseminandi in urbe Christi fidem. Cujus cum Apollinaris jussa negligeret, equuleo cruciatur: in cujus plagas aqua fervens infunditur, saxoque os tunditur:

He lay hid some time in the house of certain Christians, and then went to Æmilia. Here he raised from the dead the daughter of Rufinus, a patrician, whose whole family thereupon believed in Jesus Christ. The prefect was greatly angered by this conversion, and sending for Apollinaris he sternly commanded him to give over propagating the faith of Christ in the city. But as Apollinaris paid no attention to his commands, he was tortured on the rack, boiling water

mox ferreis vinculis constrictus includitur in carcere. Quarto die impositus in navem, mittitur in exsilium: ac facto naufragio venit in Mysiam, inde ad ripam Danubii, postea in Thraciam.

Cum autem in Serapidis templo dæmon se responsa daturum negaret, dum ibidem Petri apostoli discipulus moraretur, diu conquisitus inventus est Apollinaris: qui iterum jubetur navigare. Ita reversus Ravennam, ab iisdem illis idolorum sacerdotibus accusatus, centurioni custodiendus traditur: qui cum occulte Christum coleret, noctu Apollinarem dimisit. Re cognita, satellites eum persequuntur, et plagis in itinere confectum, quod mortuum crederent, relinquunt. Quem cum inde Christiani sustulissent, septimo die exhortans illos ad fidei constantiam, martyrii gloria clarus migravit e vita. Cujus corpus prope murum urbis sepultum est.

was poured upon his wounds, and his mouth was bruised and broken with a stone; finally he was loaded with irons, and shut up in prison. Four days afterwards he was put on board ship and sent into exile; but the boat was wrecked, and Apollinaris arrived in Mysia, whence he passed to the banks of the Danube and into Thrace.

In the temple of Serapis the demon refused to utter his oracles so long as the disciple of the apostle Peter remained there. Search was made for some time, and then Apollinaris was discovered and commanded to depart by sea. Thus he returned to Ravenna; but on the accusation of the same priests of the idols, he was placed in the custody of a centurion. As this man, however, worshipped Christ in secret, Apollinaris was allowed to escape by night. When this became known, he was pursued and overtaken by the guards, who loaded him with blows and left him, as they thought, dead. He was carried away by the Christians, and seven days after, while exhorting them to constancy in the faith, he passed away from this life, to be crowned with the glory of martyrdom. His body was buried near the city walls.

Venantius Fortunatus,[1] coming from Ravenna to our northern lands, has taught us to salute from afar thy glorious tomb. Answer us by the wish thou didst frame during the days of thy mortal life: May the peace of our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, rest upon you! Peace, the perfect gift, the first greeting of an apostle,

[1] Venan. Fortunat. Vita Sti. Martini, lib. iv., v. 684.

the consummation of all grace: how thou didst appreciate it, how jealous of it thou wert for thy sons, even after thou hadst quitted this earth! By it thou didst obtain from the God of peace and love that miraculous intervention which pointed out, for so long a time, the bishops who were to succeed thee in thy see. Thou didst thyself appear one day to the Roman Pontiff, showing him Peter Chrysologus as the elect of Peter and of Apollinaris. And later on, knowing that the cloister was to be the home of the divine peace banished from the rest of the world, thou camest twice in person to bid Romuald obey the call of grace, and go and people the desert. How comes it that more than one of thy successors, no longer, alas! designated by the divine dove, should have become intoxicated with earthly favours, and so soon have forgotten the lessons left by thee to thy Church? Was it not sufficient honour for that Church, the daughter of Rome, to occupy among her illustrious sisters the first place at her mother's side?[1] For surely the Gospel sung on this feast for now twelve centuries, and perhaps more,[2] ought to have been a safeguard against the deplorable excesses which hastened her fall. Rome, warned by sinister indications, seems to have foreseen the sacrilegious ambition of a Guibert, when she fixed her choice on this passage of the sacred text: *There was also a strife amongst* the disciples, *which of them should seem to be the greater.*[3] And what more significant, and at the same time more touching, commentary could have been given to this Gospel than the words of St. Peter himself in the Epistle: *The ancients therefore, that are among you, I beseech who am myself also an ancient, to feed the flock of God, not as lording it over the clergy, but being models to them of disinterestedness and love; and let all insinuate humility one to another, for God resisteth the proud, but to the humble He giveth grace.*[4] Pray, O Apollinaris, that both pastor and flocks throughout the Church may, now at

[1] Diplom. CLEMENTIS II. Quod propulsis.
[2] Kalendar, FRONTON.
[3] St. Luke xxii. 24-30.
[4] *Cf.* 1 Pet. v. 1-11.

least, profit by these apostolic and divine teachings, so that we may all one day have a place at the eternal banquet, where our Lord invites His own to sit down with Peter and with thee in His Kingdom.

While Apollinaris adorns holy Mother Church with the bright purple of his martyrdom, another noble son crowns her brow with the white wreath of a confessor-pontiff. Liborius, the heir of Julian, Thuribius, and Pavasius, was a brilliant link in the glorious chain connecting the church of Le Mans with Clement, the successor of St. Peter; he came to bring peace after the storm, and to restore to the earth a hundredfold fruitfulness after the ruin caused by the tempest. The fanatical disciples of Odin, invading the west of Gaul, had committed more havoc in this part of our Lord's vineyard than had the proconsuls with their cold legalism, or the ancient Druids with their fierce hatred. Liborius, defender of the earthly fatherland, and guide of souls to the heavenly one, brought the enemy to be citizen of both by making him Christian. As a pontiff, he laboured with purest zeal for the magnificence of divine worship, which renders homage to God, and gives health to the earth; as apostle, he took up again the work of evangelization begun by the first messengers of the faith, driving idolatry from the strongholds it had reconquered, and from the country parts, where it had always reigned supreme: his friend St. Martin had not in this respect a more worthy rival.

Five centuries after the close of his laborious life his blessed body was removed from the sanctuary where it lay among his fellow-bishops, and scattering miracles all along the way, was carried to Paderborn; pagan barbarism once more fled at the approach of Liborius, and Westphalia was won to Christ. Le Mans and Paderborn, uniting in the veneration of their common apostle, have thus sealed a friendship which a thousand years have not destroyed.

PRAYER

Da, quæsumus omnipotens Deus, ut beati Liborii, confessoris tui atque pontificis, veneranda solemnitas et devotionem nobis augeat, et salutem. Per Dominum.

Grant, we beseech thee, O almighty God, that the venerable solemnity of blessed Liborius, Thy confessor and bishop, may contribute to the increase of our devotion, and promote our salvation. Through our Lord, etc.

JULY 24

SAINT CHRISTINA

VIRGIN AND MARTYR

CHRISTINA, whose very name fills the Church with the fragrance of the Spouse, comes as a graceful harbinger to the feast of the elder *son of thunder*. The ancient Vulsinium, seated by its lake with basalt shores and calm clear waters, was the scene of a triumph over Etruscan paganism, when this child of ten years despised the idols of the nations, in the very place where, according to the edicts of Constantine, the false priests of Umbria and Tuscany held a solemn annual reunion.

The discovery of Christina's tomb in our days has confirmed this particular of the age of the martyr as given in her Acts, which were denied authenticity by the science of recent times: one more lesson given to an infatuated criticism which mistrusts everything but itself.

As we look from the shore where the heroic child was laid to rest after her combat, and see the isle where Amalasonte, the noble daughter of Theodoric the Great, perished so tragically, the nothingness of mere earthly grandeur speaks more powerfully to the soul than the most eloquent discourse. In the thirteenth century the Spouse, continuing to exalt the little martyr above the most illustrious queens, associated her in the triumph of His Sacrament of love: it was Christina's church He chose as the theatre of the famous miracle of Bolsena, which anticipated by but a few months the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi.

Let us unite our prayers and praises with those of holy Church, to honour the glorious virgin martyr.

ANT. Veni, Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus præparavit in æternum.

℣. Specie tua et pulchritudine tua,
℟. Intende, prospere procede, et regna.

ANT. Come, O Bride of Christ, receive the crown which the Lord hath prepared for thee unto all eternity.

℣. In thy comeliness and thy beauty,
℟. Set forth, proceed prosperously, and reign.

PRAYER

Indulgentiam nobis, quæsumus Domine, beata Christina virgo et martyr imploret: quæ tibi grata semper exstitit, et merito castitatis et tuæ professione virtutis. Per Dominum.

We beseech thee, O Lord, that the blessed virgin and martyr Christina may implore for us forgiveness; who was ever pleasing to Thee by the merit of chastity, and the confession of Thy power. Through our Lord, etc.

JULY 25

SAINT JAMES THE GREAT

APOSTLE

LET us, to-day, hail the bright star which once made Compostella so resplendent with its rays that the obscure town became, like Jerusalem and Rome, a centre of attraction to the piety of the whole world. As long as the Christian empire lasted, the sepulchre of St. James the Great rivalled in glory that of St. Peter himself.

Among the saints of God, there is not one who manifested more evidently how the elect keep up after death an interest in the works confided to them by our Lord. The life of St. James after his call to the apostolate was but short; and the result of his labours in Spain, his allotted portion, appeared to be a failure. Scarcely had he, in his rapid course, taken possession of the land of Iberia, when, impatient to drink the chalice which would satisfy his continual desire to be close to his Lord, he opened by martyrdom the heavenward procession of the twelve, which was to be closed by the other son of Zebedee. O Salome, who didst give them both to the world, and didst present to Jesus their ambitious prayer, rejoice with a double joy: thou art not repulsed; He who made the hearts of mothers is thine abettor. Did He not, to the exclusion of all others except Simon His Vicar, choose thy two sons as witnesses of the greatest works of His power, admit them to the contemplation of His glory on Thabor, and confide to them His *sorrow unto death* in the garden of His agony? And to-day thy eldest-born becomes the first-born in heaven of the sacred college; the protomartyr of the apostles repays, as far as in him lies, the special love of Christ our Lord.

But how was he a messenger of the faith, since the sword of Herod Agrippa put such a speedy end to his mission! And how did he justify his name of son of thunder, since his voice was heard by a mere handful of disciples in a desert of infidelity?

This *new name,* another special prerogative of the two brothers, was realized by John in his sublime writings, wherein as by lightning flashes he revealed to the world *the deep things of God;* it was the same in his case as in that of Simon, who having been called Peter by Christ, was also made by Him the foundation of the Church; the name given by the Man-God was a prophecy, not an empty title. With regard to James, too, then, eternal Wisdom cannot have been mistaken. Let it not be thought that the sword of any Herod could frustrate the designs of the most High upon the men of His choice. The life of the saints is never cut short; their death, ever precious, is still more so when in the cause of God it seems to come before the time. It is then that with double reason we may say their works follow them; God Himself being bound in honour, both for His own sake and for theirs, to see that nothing is wanting to their plenitude. *As a victim of a holocaust, He hath received them,* says the Holy Ghost, *and in time there shall be respect had to them. The just shall shine, and shall run to and fro like sparks among the reeds. They shall judge nations, and rule over peoples; and their Lord shall reign for ever.*[1] How literally was this divine oracle to be fulfilled with regard to our saint!

Nearly eight centuries, which to the heavenly citizens are but as a day, had passed over that tomb in the north of Spain, where two disciples had secretly laid the apostle's body. During that time the land of his inheritance, which he had so rapidly traversed, had been overrun first by Roman idolaters, then by Arian barbarians, and when the day of hope seemed about to dawn, a deeper night was ushered in by the Crescent. One day lights were seen glimmering over the briars

[1] Wisd. iii. 6-8.

that covered the neglected monument; attention was drawn to the spot, which henceforth went by the name of the *field of stars*. But what are those sudden shouts coming down from the mountains, and echoing through the valleys ? Who is this unknown chief rallying against an immense army the little worn-out troop whose heroic valour could not yesterday save it from defeat ? Swift as lightning, and bearing in one hand a white standard with a red cross, he rushes with drawn sword upon the panic-stricken foe, and dyes the feet of his charger in the blood of 70,000 slain. Hail to the chief of the holy war, of which this Liturgical Year has so often made mention ! Saint James ! Saint James ! Forward, Spain ! It is the reappearance of the Galilean fisherman, whom the Man-God once called from the bark where he was mending his nets; of the elder son of thunder, now free to hurl the thunderbolt upon these new Samaritans, who pretend to honour the unity of God by making Christ no more than a prophet.[1] Henceforth James shall be to Christian Spain the *firebrand* which the Prophet saw, *devouring all the people round about, to the right hand and to the left, until Jerusalem shall be inhabited again in her own place in Jerusalem.*[2]

And when, after six centuries and a half of struggle, his *standard bearers*, the Catholic kings, had succeeded in driving the infidel hordes beyond the seas, the valiant leader of the Spanish armies laid aside his bright armour, and the *slayer of Moors* became once more a messenger of the faith. As fisher of men, he entered his bark, and gathering around it the gallant fleets of Christopher Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque, he led them over unknown seas to lands that had never yet heard the name of the Lord. For his contribution to the labours of the twelve, James drew ashore his well-filled nets from west and east and south, from new worlds, renewing Peter's astonishment at the sight of such captures. He, whose apostolate seemed at the time of Herod III to have been crushed in the bud

[1] Battle of Clavijo, under Ramiro I, about 845. [2] Zach. xii. 6.

before bearing any fruit, may say with St. Paul: *I have no way come short of them that are above measure apostles, for by the grace of God I have laboured more abundantly than all they.*[1]

Let us now read the lines consecrated by the Church to his honour:

Jacobus, Zebedæi filius, Joannis apostoli germanus frater, Galilæus, inter primos apostolos vocatus cum fratre, relictis patre ac retibus, secutus est Dominum, et ambo ab ipso Jesu Boanerges, id est, tonitrui filii sunt appellati. Is unus fuit ex tribus apostolis, quos Salvator maxime dilexit, et testes esse voluit suæ transfigurationis, et interesse miraculo, quum archisynagogi filiam a mortuis excitavit, et adesse cum secessit in montem Oliveti, Patrem oraturus, antequam a Judæis comprehenderetur.

James, the son of Zebedee, and own brother of John the apostle, was a Galilæan. He was one of the first to be called to the apostolate together with his brother, and, leaving his father and his nets, he followed the Lord. Jesus called them both Boanerges, that is to say, sons of thunder. He was one of the three apostles whom our Saviour loved the most, and whom He chose as witnesses of His Transfiguration, and of the miracle by which He raised to life the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, and whom He wished to be present when He retired to the Mount of Olives, to pray to His Father, before being taken prisoner by the Jews.

Post Jesu Christi ascensum in cœlum, in Judæa et Samaria ejus divinitatem prædicans, plurimos ad Christianam fidem perduxit. Mox in Hispaniam profectus, ibi aliquos ad Christum convertit: ex quorum numero septem postea episcopi a beato Petro ordinati, in Hispaniam primi directi sunt. Deinde Jerosolymam reversus, quum inter alios Hermogenem magum fidei veritate imbuisset, Herodes Agrippa Claudio imperatore ad regnum elatus, ut a Judæis

After the Ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven, James preached His divinity in Judæa and Samaria, and led many to the Christian faith. Soon, however, he set out for Spain, and there made some converts to Christianity; among these were the seven men who were afterwards consecrated bishops by St. Peter, and were the first sent by him into Spain. James returned to Jerusalem, and, among others, instructed Hermogenes, the magician, in the truths of faith. Herod Agrip-

[1] 2 Cor. xii. 11, and 1 Cor. xv. 10.

gratiam iniret, Jacobum libere Jesum Christum Deum confitentem capitis condemnavit. Quem quum is, qui eum duxerat ad tribunal, fortiter martyrium subeuntem vidisset, statim se et ipse Christianum esse professus est.

Ad supplicium quum raperentur, petiit ille a Jacobo veniam: quem Jacobus osculatus, Pax, inquit, tibi sit. Itaque uterque est securi percussus, quum paulo ante Jacobus paralyticum sanasset. Corpus ejus postea Compostellam translatum est, ubi summa celebritate colitur, convenientibus eo religionis et voti causa ex toto terrarum orbe peregrinis. Memoria ipsius natalis hodierno die, qui translationis dies est, ab Ecclesia celebratur, quum ipse circa festum Paschæ primus Apostolorum Jerosolymis profuso sanguine testimonium Jesu Christo dederit.

pa, who had been raised to the throne under the Emperor Claudius, wished to curry favour with the Jews; he therefore condemned the apostle to death for openly proclaiming Jesus Christ to be God. When the man who had brought him to the tribunal saw the courage with which he went to martyrdom, he declared that he too was a Christian.

As they were being hurried to execution, he implored James's forgiveness. The apostle kissed him, saying: 'Peace be with you.' Thus both of them were beheaded; James having a little before cured a paralytic. His body was afterwards translated to Compostella, where it is honoured with the highest veneration; pilgrims flock thither from every part of the world, to satisfy their devotion or pay their vows. The memory of his *natalis* is celebrated by the Church to-day, which is the day of his translation. But it was near the feast of the Pasch that, first of all the apostles, he shed his blood at Jerusalem as a witness to Jesus Christ.

Patron of Spain, forget not the grand nation which owes to thee both its heavenly nobility and its earthly prosperity; preserve it from ever diminishing those truths which made it, in its bright days, the salt of the earth; keep it in mind of the terrible warning that *if the salt lose its savour, it is good for nothing any more but to be cast out and to be trodden on by men*.[1] At the same time remember, O apostle, the special cultus

[1] St. Matt. v. 13.

wherewith the whole Church honours thee. Does she not to this very day keep under the immediate protection of the Roman Pontiff both thy sacred body, so happily rediscovered in our times,[1] and the vow of going on pilgrimage to venerate those precious relics?

Where now are the days when thy wonderful energy of expansion abroad was surpassed by thy power of drawing all to thyself? Who but he that numbers the stars of the firmament could count the saints, the penitents, the kings, the warriors, the unknown of every grade, the ever-renewed multitude, ceaselessly moving to and from that *field of stars*, whence thou didst shed thy light upon the world? Our ancient legends tell us of a mysterious vision granted to the founder of Christian Europe. One evening after a day of toil, Charlemagne, standing on the shore of the Frisian Sea, beheld a long belt of stars, which seemed to divide the sky between Gaul, Germany, and Italy, and crossing over Gascony, the Basque territory, and Navarre, stretched away to the far-off province of Galicia. Then thou didst appear to him and say: 'This starry path marks out the road for thee to go and deliver my tomb; and all nations shall follow after thee.'[2] And Charles, crossing the mountains, gave the signal to all Christendom to undertake those great crusades, which were both the salvation and the glory of the Latin races, by driving back the Mussulman plague to the land of its birth.

When we consider that two tombs formed, as it were, the two extreme points or poles of this movement unparalleled in the history of nations: the one wherein the God-Man rested in death, the other where thy body lay, O son of Zebedee, we cannot help crying out with the Psalmist: *Thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honourable!*[3] And what a mark of friendship did the Son of Man bestow on His humble apostle by sharing His honours with him, when the military orders and Hospitallers were established, to the terror of the

[1] Litteræ Leonis XIII, diei 1 Novemb. 1884, ad Archiep. Compostell.
[2] *Pseudo*-Turpin. De vita Car. Magn. [3] Ps. cxxxviii. 17

Crescent, for the sole purpose, at the outset, of entertaining and protecting pilgrims on their way to one or other of these holy tombs! May the heavenly impulse, now so happily showing itself in the return to the great Catholic pilgrimages, gather once more at Compostella the sons of thy former clients. We, at least, will imitate St. Louis before the walls of Tunis, murmuring with his dying lips the collect of thy feast; and we will repeat in conclusion: 'Be Thou, O Lord, the sanctifier and guardian of Thy people; that, defended by the protection of Thy apostle James, they may please Thee by their conduct, and serve Thee with secure minds.'

The name of Christopher, whose memory enhances the solemnity of the son of thunder, signifies *one who bears Christ*. Christina yesterday reminded us that Christians ought to be in every place *the good odour of Christ*;[1] Christopher to-day puts us in mind that Christ truly *dwells by faith in our hearts*.[2] The graceful legend attached to his name is well known. As other men were, at a later date, to sanctify themselves in Spain by constructing roads and bridges to facilitate the approach of pilgrims to the tomb of St. James, so Christopher in Lycia had vowed for the love of Christ to carry travellers on his strong shoulders across a dangerous torrent. Our Lord will say on the last day: 'What you did to one of these my least brethren, you did it unto Me.' One night, being awakened by the voice of a child asking to be carried across, Christopher hastened to perform his wonted task of charity, when suddenly, in the midst of the surging and apparently trembling waves, the giant, who had never stooped beneath the greatest weight, was bent down under his burden, now grown heavier than the world itself. 'Be not astonished,' said the mysterious child, 'thou bearest Him who bears the world.' And He disappeared, blessing His carrier and leaving him full of heavenly strength.

Christopher was crowned with martyrdom under

[1] 2 Cor. ii. 15. [2] Eph. iii. 17.

Decius. The aid our fathers knew how to obtain from him against storms, demons, plague, accidents of all kinds, has caused him to be ranked among the saints called *helpers*. In many places the fruits of the orchards were blessed on this day, under the common auspices of St. Christopher and St. James.

PRAYER

Præsta, quæsumus omnipotens Deus: ut, qui beati Christophori martyris tui natalitia colimus, intercessione ejus in tui nominis amore roboremur. Per Dominum.

Grant, we beseech Thee, almighty God, that we who celebrate the festival of blessed Christopher the martyr, may by his intercession be strengthened in the love of Thy name. Through.

JULY 26

SAINT ANNE

MOTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

UNITING the blood of kings with that of pontiffs, the glory of Anne's illustrious origin is far surpassed by that of her offspring, without compare among the daughters of Eve. The noblest of all who have ever conceived by virtue of the command to 'increase and multiply,' beholds the law of human generation pause before her as having arrived at its summit, at the threshold of God; for from her fruit God Himself is to come forth, the fatherless Son of the Blessed Virgin, and the grandson of Anne and Joachim.

Before being favoured with the greatest blessing ever bestowed on an earthly union, the two holy grandparents of the Word made Flesh had to pass through the purification of suffering. Traditions which, though mingled with details of less authenticity, have come down to us from the very beginning of Christianity, tell us of these noble spouses subjected to the trial of prolonged sterility, and on that account despised by their people; of Joachim cast out of the temple and going to hide his sorrow in the desert; of Anne left alone to mourn her widowhood and humiliation. For exquisite sentiment this narrative might be compared with the most beautiful histories in Holy Scripture.

'It was one of the great festival days of the Lord. In spite of extreme sorrow, Anne laid aside her mourning garments, and adorned her head and clothed herself with her nuptial robes. And about the ninth hour she went down to the garden to walk; seeing a laurel she sat down in its shade, and poured forth her prayer to the Lord God, saying: "God of my fathers, bless me and hear my supplication, as Thou didst bless Sara and didst give her a son!"

'And raising her eyes to heaven, she saw in the laurel a sparrow's nest, and sighing she said: "Alas! of whom was I born to be thus a curse in Israel?

'"To whom shall I liken me? I cannot liken me to the birds of the air; for the birds are blessed by Thee, O Lord.

'"To whom shall I liken me? I cannot liken me to the beasts of the earth: for they, too, are fruitful before thee.

'"To whom shall I liken me? I cannot liken me to the waters; for they are not barren in thy sight, and the rivers and the oceans full of fish praise thee in their heavings and in their peaceful flowing.

'"To whom shall I liken me? I cannot liken me even to the earth, for the earth too bears fruit in season, and praises thee, O Lord."

'And behold an angel of the Lord stood by, and said to her: "Anne, God has heard thy prayer; thou shalt conceive and bear a child, and thy fruit shall be honoured throughout the whole inhabited earth." And in due time Anne brought forth a daughter, and said: "My soul is magnified this hour." And she called the child Mary; and giving her the breast, she intoned this canticle to the Lord:

'"I will sing the praise of the Lord my God: for he has visited me and has taken away my shame, and has given me a fruit of justice. Who shall declare to the sons of Ruben that Anne is become fruitful? Hear, hear, O ye twelve tribes: behold Anne is giving suck!"'[1]

The feast of St. Joachim, which the Church celebrates on the day following his blessed daughter's Assumption, will give us an occasion of completing the account of these trials and joys in which he shared. Warned from heaven to leave the desert, he met his spouse at the golden gate which leads to the Temple on the east side. Not far from here, near the Probatica piscina, where the little white lambs were washed before being offered in sacrifice, now stands the restored basilica of St. Anne,

[1] Protevangelium Jacobi.

originally called St. Mary of the Nativity. Here, as in a peaceful paradise, the rod of Jesse produced that blessed branch which the prophet hailed as about to bear the flower that had blossomed from eternity in the bosom of the Father. It is true that Sepphoris, Anne's native city, and Nazareth, where Mary lived, dispute with the Holy City the honour which ancient and constant tradition assigns to Jerusalem. But our homage will not be misdirected if we offer it to-day to blessed Anne, in whom were wrought the prodigies, the very thought of which brings new joy to heaven, rage to Satan, and triumph to the world.

Anne was, as it were, the starting-point of redemption, the horizon scanned by the prophets, the first span of the heavens to be empurpled with the rising fires of dawn; the blessed soil whose produce was so pure as to make the angels believe that Eden had been restored to us. But in the midst of the incomparable peace that surrounds her, let us hail her as the land of victory surpassing the most famous fields of battle; as the sanctuary of the Immaculate Conception, where our humiliated race took up the combat begun before the throne of God by the angelic hosts; where the serpent's head was crushed, and Michael, now surpassed in glory, gladly handed over to his sweet Queen, at the first moment of her existence, the command of the Lord's armies.

What human lips, unless touched like the prophet's with a burning coal, could tell the admiring wonder of the angelic Powers, when the Blessed Trinity, passing from the burning Seraphim to the lowest of the nine choirs, bade them turn their fiery glances and contemplate the flower of sanctity blossoming in the bosom of Anne? The Psalmist had said of the glorious City whose foundations were now hidden in her that was once barren: *The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains*,[1] and the heavenly hierarchies crowning the slopes of the eternal hills beheld in her heights to them unknown and unattainable summits approaching so near to God,

[1] Ps. lxxxvi. 1.

that He was even then preparing His throne in her. Like Moses at the sight of the burning bush on Horeb, they were seized with a holy awe on recognizing the mountain of God in the midst of the desert of this world; and they understood that the affliction of Israel was soon to cease. Although shrouded by the cloud, Mary was already that blessed mountain whose base—*i.e.*, the starting-point of her graces—was set far above the summits where the highest created sanctities are perfected in glory and love.

How justly is the mother named Anne, which signifies grace, she in whom for nine months were centred the complacencies of the Most High, the ecstasy of the angelic spirits, and the hope of all flesh! No doubt it was Mary, the daughter, and not the mother, whose sweetness so powerfully attracted the heavens to our lowly earth. But the perfume first scents the vessel which contains it, and, even after it is removed, leaves it impregnated with its fragrance. Moreover, it is customary to prepare the vase itself with the greatest care; it must be all the purer, made of more precious material, and more richly adorned, according as the essence to be placed in it is rarer and more exquisite. Thus Magdalen enclosed her precious spikenard in alabaster. The Holy Spirit, the preparer of heavenly perfumes, would not be less careful than men. Now the task of blessed Anne was not limited, like that of a material vase, to containing passively the treasure of the world. She furnished the body of her who was to give flesh to the Son of God; she nourished her with her milk; she gave to her, who was inundated with floods of divine light, the first practical notions of life. In the education of her illustrious daughter, Anne played the part of a true mother: not only did she guide Mary's first steps, but she co-operated with the Holy Ghost in the education of her soul and the preparation for her incomparable destiny; until, when the work had reached the highest development to which she could bring it, she, without a moment's hesitation or a thought of self,

offered her tenderly loved child to Him from whom she had received her.

Sic fingit tabernaculum Deo—'Thus she frames a tabernacle for God.' Such was the inscription around the figure of St. Anne instructing Mary, which formed the device of the ancient guild of joiners and cabinet-makers; for they, looking upon the making of tabernacles wherein God may dwell in our churches as their most choice work, had taken St. Anne for their patroness and model. Happy were those times when the simplicity of our fathers penetrated so deeply into the practical understanding of mysteries which their infatuated sons glory in ignoring. The valiant woman is praised in the Book of Proverbs for her spinning, weaving, sewing, embroidering, and household cares: naturally, then, those engaged in these occupations placed themselves under the protection of the spouse of Joachim. More than once, those suffering from the same trial which had inspired Anne's touching prayer beneath the sparrow's nest, experienced the power of her intercession in obtaining for others, as well as for herself, the blessing of the Lord God.

The East anticipated the West in the public cultus of the grandmother of the Messias. Towards the middle of the sixth century a church was dedicated to her in Constantinople. The Typicon of St. Sabbas makes a liturgical commemoration of her three times in the year: on September 9, together with her spouse St. Joachim, the day after the birthday of their glorious daughter; on December 9, whereon the Greeks, a day later than the Latins, keep the feast of our Lady's Immaculate Conception, under a title which more directly expresses St. Anne's share in the mystery; and lastly, July 25, not being occupied by the feast of St. James, which was kept on April 30, is called the *Dormitio* or precious death of *St. Anne, mother of the most holy Mother of God :* the very same expression which the Roman martyrology adopted later.

Although Rome, with her usual reserve, did not until

much later authorize the introduction into the Latin Churches of a liturgical feast of St. Anne, she nevertheless encouraged the piety of the faithful in this direction. So early as the time of Leo III[1] and by that illustrious Pontiff's express command, the history of Anne and Joachim was represented on the sacred ornaments of the noblest basilicas in the Eternal City.[2] The Order of Carmel, so devout to St. Anne, powerfully contributed, by its fortunate migration into our countries, to the growing increase of her cultus. Moreover, this development was the natural outcome of the progress of devotion among the people to the Mother of God. The close relation between the two cults is noticed in a concession, whereby in 1381 Urban VI satisfied the desires of the faithful in England by authorizing for that kingdom a feast of the blessed Anne. The Church of Apt in Provence had been already a century in possession of the feast; a fact due to the honour bestowed on that Church of having received, almost together with the faith, the saint's holy body, in the first age of Christianity.

Since our Lord, reigning in heaven, has willed that His blessed Mother should also be crowned there in her virginal body, the relics of Mary's mother have become doubly dear to the world, first, as in the case of others, on account of the holiness of her whose precious remains they are, and then above all others, on account of their close connection with the mystery of the Incarnation. The Church of Apt was so generous out of its abundance, that it would now be impossible to enumerate the sanctuaries which have obtained, either from this principal source or from elsewhere, more or less notable portions of these precious relics. We cannot omit to mention as one of these privileged places, the great basilica of St. Paul outside the walls; St. Anne herself, in an apparition to St. Bridget of Sweden,[3] confirmed the authenticity of the arm which forms one of the most precious jewels in the rich treasury of that Church.

[1] 795-816. [2] Lib. pontif. in Leon. III.
[3] Revelationes S. Birgittæ, lib. VI, cap. 104.

It was not until 1584 that Gregory XIII ordered the celebration of this feast of July 26 throughout the whole Church, with the rite of a double. Leo XIII in recent times (1879) raised it, together with that of St. Joachim, to the dignity of a solemnity of the second class. But before that, Gregory XV, after having been cured of a serious illness by St. Anne, had ranked her feast among those of precept, with the obligation of resting from servile work.

Now that St. Anne was receiving the homage due to her exalted dignity, she made haste to show her recognition of this more solemn tribute of praise. In the years 1623, 1624, and 1625, in the village of Kerouanne, near Auray, in Brittany, she appeared to Yves Nicolazic, and discovered to him an ancient statue buried in the field of Bocenno, which he tenanted. This discovery brought the people once more to the place where, a thousand years before, the inhabitants of ancient Armorica had honoured that statue. Innumerable graces obtained on the spot spread its fame far beyond the limits of the province, whose faith, worthy of past ages, had merited the favour of the grandmother of the Messias; and St. Anne d'Auray was soon reckoned among the chief pilgrimages of the Christian world.

More fortunate than the wife of Elcana, who prefigured thee both in her trial and by her name, thou, O Anne, now singest the magnificent gifts of the Lord. Where is now the proud synagogue that despised thee ? The descendants of the barren one are now without number; and all we, the brethren of Jesus, children, like Him, of thy daughter Mary, come joyfully, led by our Mother, to offer thee our praises. In the family circle the grandmother's feast day is the most touching of all, when her grandchildren surround her with reverential love, as we gather around thee to-day. Many, alas ! know not these beautiful feasts, where the blessing of the earthly paradise seems to revive in all its freshness; but the mercy of our God has provided a sweet compensation. He, the Most High God, willed

to come so nigh to us as to be one of us in the flesh; to know the relations and mutual dependencies which are the law of our nature; the cords of Adam, with which He had determined to draw us and in which He first bound Himself. For in raising nature above itself, He did not eliminate it; He made grace take hold of it and lead it to heaven; so that, joined together on earth by their divine Author, nature and grace were to be united for all eternity. We, then, being brethren by grace of Him who is ever thy grandson by nature, are, by this loving disposition of Divine Wisdom, quite at home under thy roof; and to-day's feast, so dear to the hearts of Jesus and Mary, is our own family feast.

Smile then, dear mother, upon our chants and bless our prayers. To-day and always be propitious to the supplications which our land of sorrows sends up to thee. Be gracious to wives and mothers who confide to thee their holy desires and the secret of their sorrows. Keep up, where they still exist, the traditions of the Christian home. Over how many families has the baneful breath of this age passed, blighting all that is serious in life, weakening faith, leaving nothing but languor, weariness, frivolity, if not even worse, in the place of the true and solid joys of our fathers. How truly might the Wise Man say at the present day: *Who shall find a valiant woman?* She alone by her influence could counteract all these evils; but on condition of recognizing wherein her true strength lies: in humble household works done with her own hands; in hidden, self-sacrificing devotedness; in watchings by night; in hourly foresight; working in wool and flax, and with the spindle; all those *strong things* which win for her the confidence and praise of her husband; authority over all, abundance in the house, blessings from the poor whom she has helped, honour from strangers, reverence from her children; and for herself in the fear of the Lord, nobility and dignity, beauty and strength, wisdom, sweetness and content, and calm assurance at the latter day.[1]

[1] *Cf.* Prov. xxxi. 10-31.

O blessed Anne, rescue society, which is perishing for want of virtues like thine. The motherly kindnesses thou art ever more frequently bestowing upon us have increased the Church's confidence; deign to respond to the hopes she places in thee. Bless especially thy faithful Brittany; have pity on unhappy France, for which thou hast shown thy predilection, first, by so early confiding to it thy sacred body; later on, by choosing in it the spot whence thou wouldst manifest thyself to the world; and, again, quite recently entrusting to its sons the church and seminary dedicated to thy honour in Jerusalem. O thou who lovest the Franks, who deignest still to look on fallen Gaul as the kingdom of Mary, continue to show it that love which is its most cherished tradition. Mayest thou become known throughout the whole world. As for us, who have long known thy power and experienced thy goodness, let us ever seek in thee, O mother, our rest, security, strength in every trial; for he who leans on thee has nothing to fear on earth, and he who rests in thy arms is safely carried.

Let us offer blessed Anne a wreath gathered from the liturgy. We will first cull from the Menæa of the Greeks, as being the earliest in date:

MENSIS JULII DIE XXV

Ex Officio Vespertino

En splendida solemnitas et dies clara, universo mundo jucunda, venerabilis atque laudanda dormitio Annæ gloriosæ, ex qua prodiit Mater vitæ.

O brilliant solemnity, day full of light and joy to the whole world! This day we celebrate the venerable and praiseworthy passage of the glorious Anne, of whom was born the Mother of life.

Quæ prius infecunda et sterilis, primitias nostræ salutis germinavit, Christum rogat ut culparum veniam largiatur his qui cum fide eum collaudant.

She who was once unfruitful and barren brought forth the firstfruits of our salvation; she beseeches Christ to grant pardon of their sins to them that sing His praises with faith.

Salve, avis spiritualis, verni nuntia gratiæ. Salve, ovis agnam parta, quæ Agnum tollentem peccata mundi, Verbum, verbo genuit.

Hail, spiritual bird, announcing the springtime of grace! Hail, sheep, mother of the ewe-lamb, who by a word conceived the Word, the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world!

Salve, terra benedicta, quæ virgam divinitus germinantem mundo florescere fecisti. Sterilitatem tuo partu fugasti, Anna in Deo beatissima, avia Christi Dei, quæ fulgentem lucernam, Dei genitricem, edidisti: quacum intercedere digneris, ut animabus nostris magna misericordia donetur.

Hail, blessed earth, whence sprang the branch that bore a divine fruit. Thy fruitfulness put an end to barrenness, O Anne, most blessed in God, grandmother of Christ our God, who didst give to the world a shining lamp, the Mother of God; together with her deign to intercede, that great may be the mercy granted to our souls.

Venite universæ creaturæ, in cymbalis psalmorum Annæ piæ acclamemus, quæ e visceribus suis genuit divinum Montem, et ad montes spirituales ac tabernacula Paradisi est translata. Ad ipsam dicamus: Beata alvus tua quæ vere gestavit illam quæ in ventre suo portavit lumen mundi: gloriosa ubera tua, quibus lactata est ea quæ Christum, cibum vitæ nostræ, aluit. Hunc deprecare, ut ab omni vexatione et incursu inimici liberemur, et animæ nostræ salventur.

Come all ye creatures, let us cry out to holy Anne with cymbals and psaltery. She brought forth the mountain of God, and was borne up to the spiritual mountains, the tabernacles of Paradise. Let us say to her: Blessed is thy womb wherein she rested who herself bore the Light of the world; glorious are thy breasts which suckled her who fed Christ the food of our life. Beseech Him to deliver us from all harassing attacks of the enemy, and to save our souls.

Let us turn to our Western lands and join in the chants of the various churches. The Mozarabic liturgy thus interprets the feelings of the once barren woman, after her prayer had been so magnificently answered:

ANTIPHONA

Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo: quia exaudisti verba oris mei.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; for Thou hast heard the words of my mouth.

℟. In conspectu angelorum psallam tibi.

℣. Deus meus es tu, et confitebor tibi: Deus meus, et exaltabo te.

℟. In conspectu.

℣. Gloria et honor Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

℟. In conspectu.

℟. In the sight of angels I will sing praise to Thee.

℣. Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee: my God, and I will exalt Thee.

℟. In the sight.

℣. Glory and honour be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

℟. In the sight.

Apt shall speak in the name of all Provence, and tell of its glorious honour:

ANTIPHON

O splendor Provinciæ, nobilis mater Mariæ Virginis, et Davidis filia; avia Redemptoris. nobis opem feras veniæ ut vivamus cum beatis.

O glory of Provence, noble mother of the Virgin Mary, daughter of David, grandmother of our Redeemer, bring us the grace of pardon, that we may live with the blessed.

Brittany shall declare the confidence it places in its illustrious protectress:

RESPONSORY

Hæc est mater nobis electa a Domino, Anna sanctissima Britonum spes et tutela: * Quam in prosperis adjutricem, in adversis auxiliatricem habemus.

℣. Populi sui memor sit semper; adsitque grata filiis suis, terra marique laborantibus. * Quam in prosperis.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. * Quam in prosperis.

Behold the mother chosen for us by our Lord, most holy Anne, the hope and protection of the Bretons. * In prosperity our helper, in adversity our succour.

℣. May she be ever mindful of her people, ever gracious to her children, whether on land or toiling o'er the sea. * In prosperity.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. * In prosperity.

Let us all unite with Brittany in the following hymn:

HYMN

Lucis beatæ gaudiis
Gestit parens Ecclesia,
Annamque Judææ decus
Matrem Mariæ concinit.

Mother Church exults with the joy of this blessed day, and sings the praise of Anne, the beauty of Judea, the mother of Mary.

Regum piorum sanguini
Jungens sacerdotes avos,
Illustris Anna splendidis
Vincit genus virtutibus.

Uniting the blood of holy kings with that of pontiffs, the glory of her ancestry is far outstripped by Anne's resplendent virtues.

Cœlo favente nexuit
Vincli jugalis fœdera,
Alvoque sancta condidit
Sidus perenne virginum.

Neath heaven's smile she ties the nuptial bond; and in her holy tabernacle hides the unwaning star of virgins.

O mira cœli gratia!
Annæ parentis in sinu
Concepta virgo conterit
Sævi draconis verticem.

O wondrous grace of heaven! Scarce is the Virgin conceived in the womb of her mother when she there crushes the head of the cruel dragon.

Tanto salutis pignore
Jam sperat humanum genus:
Orbi redempto prævia
Pacem columba nuntiat.

With such a pledge of salvation mankind finds hope at length; the dove has come foretelling peace to the redeemed world.

Sit laus Patri, sit Filio
Tibique Sancte Spiritus.
Annam pie colentibus
Confer perennem gratiam.
Amen.

Praise be to the Father, to the Son, and to Thee, O holy Spirit! To them that lovingly honour blessed Anne, grant everlasting grace. Amen.

We will conclude with these beautiful formulæ of praise and prayer to our Lord, from the Ambrosian Missal of Milan:

PREFACE

Æterne Deus, qui beatam Annam singulari tuæ gratiæ privilegio sublimasti. Cui desideratæ fœcunditatis munus magnificum, et excellens adeo

It is right and just to give thanks to Thee, O eternal God, who by a singular privilege of Thy grace, hast exalted the blessed Anne. To

contulisti; ut ex ipsa Virgo virginum, Maria, angelorum Domina, Regina mundi, maris stella, Mater Filii tui Dei et hominis nasceretur. Et ideo cum angelis.

whose desire of fruitfulness Thou didst give a gift so magnificent and so far surpassing all others, that from her was born Mary, the Virgin of virgins, the Lady of the angels, the Queen of the world, the star of the sea, the Mother of Thy Son, who is both God and Man. And, therefore, with the angels, etc.

ORATIO SUPER SINDONEM

Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, qui beatam Annam, diuturna sterilitate afflictam, gloriosæ prolis fœtu tua gratia fœcundasti; da, quæsumus: ut, pro nobis apud te intervenientibus ejus meritis, efficiamur sincera fide fœcundi, et salutiferis operibus fructuosi. Per Dominum.

O almighty everlasting God, who didst give to blessed Anne, after the affliction of a long barrenness, the grace to bear a glorious fruit; grant, we beseech thee, that, as her merits intercede with thee for us, we may be made rich in sincere faith and fruitful in works of salvation. Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

JULY 27

SAINT PANTALEON

MARTYR

THE East celebrates to-day one of her *great martyrs*, who was both a healer of bodies and a conqueror of souls. His name, which recalls the strength of the lion, was changed by heaven at the time of his death into Panteleemon, or *all-merciful*—a happy presage of the gracious blessings our Lord would afterwards bestow on the earth through his means. The various translations and the diffusion of his sacred relics in our West have made his cultus widespread, together with his renown as a friend in need, which has caused him to be ranked among the saints called *helpers*.

Pantaleon Nicomediensis, nobilis medicus ab Hermolao Presbytero in Jesu Christi fide eruditus, baptizatus est: qui mox patri Eustorgio persuasit, ut Christianus fieret. Quare cum Nicomediæ postea Christi Domini fidem libere prædicaret, et ad ejus doctrinam omnes cohortaretur, Diocletiano imperatore equuleo tortus, et admotis ad ejus corpus laminis candentibus, cruciatus est: quam tormentorum vim æquo et forti animo ferens, ad extremum gladio percussus, martyrii coronam adeptus est.

Pantaleon was a nobleman of Nicomedia and a physician. He was instructed in the faith and baptized by the priest Hermolaus, and soon persuaded his father Eustorgius to become a Christian. Afterwards he freely preached the faith of our Lord Christ in Nicomedia, and encouraged all to embrace his doctrine. This was in the reign of Diocletian. He was tortured on the rack and red-hot plates were applied to his body. He bore the violence of these tortures calmly and bravely, and being finally beheaded, obtained the crown of martyrdom.

What is stronger than a lion, and what is sweeter than honey?[1] Greater than Samson, thou, O martyr, didst

[1] Judg. xiv. 18.

in thy own person propose and solve the riddle: *Out of the strong came forth sweetness.*[1] O lion, who didst follow so fearlessly the Lion of Juda, thou didst imitate His ineffable gentleness; and as He deserved to be called eternally the Lamb, so did He will His divine *mercy* to shine forth in the everlasting heavenly name, into which He changed thy earthly name. Justify that title more and more for the honour of Him who gave it to thee. Be merciful to those who call on thee: to the sufferers whom a weary consumption brings daily nearer to the tomb; to physicians, who, like thee, spend themselves in the care of their brethren; assist them in giving relief to physical suffering, in restoring corporal health; teach them still better to heal moral wounds, and lead souls to salvation.

[1] Judg. xiv. 14.

July 28

SS. NAZARIUS, CELSUS, AND VICTOR

MARTYRS, AND

SAINT INNOCENT

POPE AND CONFESSOR

NAZARIUS and Celsus bring glory to the Church of Milan by appearing on the cycle to-day. After lying forgotten for three centuries in the obscure tomb that had received their precious remains in the time of Nero, they now receive the united homage of East and West. It was nine years since the triumphal day when Gervase and Protase, no less forgotten by the city once witness of their combat, had come to console and strengthen an illustrious bishop who was persecuted for his profession of the divine consubstantiality of the same Christ who had had all their love and faith. Ambrose, loved by the martyrs, though denied their palm, was soon to receive the white wreath of confession in reward for his holy works, when heaven revealed to him a new treasure, the discovery of which was again ' to illustrate the times of his episcopate.'[1] Theodosius was no more; Ambrose was about to die; the barbarians were at the gates. But as if simultaneous with the threat of imminent destruction to the ancient world, the hour for the first resurrection spoken of by St. John had sounded, the martyrs rose from their tombs to reign a thousand years with Christ on the renovated earth.

That great Babylon is fallen, is fallen, which made all nations to drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication ; and in her was found the blood of prophets and of

[1] Amb. Ep. xxii.

saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.[1] The great Pope Innocent I, whose memory seems to have been purposely united with that of the martyrs, bears witness to the deluge, wherein, during his pontificate, pagan Rome at length perished utterly, and made way for the new Jerusalem come down from heaven. Like the ancient Sion, the Rome of the Cæsars would not yield to the offers of that God who alone could fulfil her desires of immortality. Ever since the triumph of the Cross under Constantine, no city of the empire had remained so obstinately given to the worship of idols, or shed so much of that noble blood which might have renewed her youth. And yet after the defeat of her vain idols God, in His patience, determined to wait a century longer, the last decade of which was a series of salutary threats and merciful interventions, the evident work of the Christ whom she still obstinately repulsed. The incursions of the Goths, allies one day, enemies the next, everywhere spreading anarchy, gave her an opportunity of returning to superstitions which the Christian emperors had not tolerated; and in her dotage she welcomed the Tuscan soothsayers who had come to help her against Alaric, and allowed them to re-establish the worship of idols. Terrible was her awakening when, on the morning of August 24, 410, the true God of armies took His revenge; and while the barbarians were engaged in wholesale massacre and pillage, lightning set fire to the town and destroyed the statues in which she had so long placed her confidence and her glory.

The avengers of God, destroying Babylon, spared the tombs of the two founders of the eternal Rome. On these apostolic foundations Innocent began to rebuild the Holy City. Soon on her seven hills, purified by fire, she rose again, more brilliant than ever, the destined centre of the world of mind. It was in the year 417, the last of Innocent's pontificate, that St. Augustine, hearing that the Pelagian heresy was condemned, cried out: ' Letters have arrived from Rome;

[1] Apoc. xiv. 8; xvii. 24.

the dispute is at an end.' The Councils of Carthage and Milevis, which on this occasion had requested the confirmation of their decree by the Apostolic See, did in this but continue the uninterrupted tradition of the churches with regard to the supremacy of their mother and mistress. This fact is eloquently attested by the holy Pope Victor, who shares with the martyrs the honours of to-day. His great name calls to mind the Councils of the second century, held by his orders throughout the Church to treat of the celebration of Easter; the condemnation he pronounced, or intended to pronounce, against the churches of Asia, without anyone questioning his right to do so; lastly, the uncontroverted anathemas he hurled against Montanus and the precursors of Arius.

Let us read the notice of our four saints given in to-day's office:

Nazarius a beato Lino Papa baptizatus, cum in Galliam profectus esset, ibi Celsum puerum, a se christianis præceptis prius instructum, baptizavit: qui una Trevirim euntes, Neronis persecutione in mare uterque dejicitur, unde mirabiliter evaserunt. Postea Mediolanum venientes, cum ibi Christi fidem disseminarent, ab Anolino præfecto, constantissime Christum Deum confitentes, capite plectuntur: quorum corpora extra portam Romanam sepulta sunt. Quæ cum diu latuissent, Dei monitu a beato Ambrosio conspersa recenti sanguine sunt inventa, tamquam si paulo ante martyrium passi essent: unde in urbem translata, honorifico sepulcro contecta sunt.

Nazarius was baptized by the blessed Pope Linus. He went into Gaul, and there baptized a child named Celsus whom he had instructed in the Christian doctrine. Together they went to Treves, and in Nero's persecution were both thrown into the sea, but were saved by a miracle. They proceeded to Milan, where they spread the faith of Christ; and as they with great constancy confessed Christ to be God, the prefect, Anolinus, condemned them to death. Their bodies were buried outside the Roman gate, and for a long time remained unknown. But through a divine revelation they were found by St. Ambrose, sprinkled with fresh blood, as if they had but just suffered martyrdom. They were translated to the city and buried in an honourable tomb.

Victor in Africa natus, Severo imperatore rexit Ecclesiam. Confirmavit decretum Pii Primi, ut sacrum Pascha die Dominico celebraretur: qui ritus ut postea in mores induceretur, habita sunt multis in locis concilia: et in Nicæna denique prima Synodo sancitum est, ut Paschæ dies festus post quartamdecimam lunam ageretur, ne Christiani Judæos imitari viderentur. Statuit, ut quavis aqua, modo naturali, si necessitas cogeret, quicumque baptizari posset. Theodotum coriarium Byzantinum docentem Christum tantummodo hominem fuisse, ejecit ex Ecclesia. Scripsit de quæstione Paschæ, et alia quædam opuscula. Creavit duabus ordinationibus mense Decembri presbyteros quatuor, diaconos septem, episcopos per diversa loco duodecim. Martyrio coronatus, sepelitur in Vaticano, quinto calendas Augusti. Sedit annos novem, mensem unum, dies viginti octo.

Victor, an African by birth, governed the Church in the time of the Emperor Severus. He confirmed the decree of Pius I, which ordered Easter to be celebrated on a Sunday. Later on, Councils were held in many places in order to bring this rule into practice, and finally the first Council of Nicea commanded that the feast of Easter should be always kept after the fourteenth day of the moon, lest the Christians should seem to imitate the Jews. Victor ordained that, in case of necessity, baptism could be given with any water, provided it was natural. He expelled from the Church the Byzantine, Theodosius the currier, who taught that Christ was only man. He wrote on the question of Easter, and some other small works. In two ordinations which he held in the month of December, he made four priests, seven deacons, and twelve bishops for different places. He was crowned with martyrdom, and buried on the Vatican on the fifth of the Calends of August, after having sat nine years, one month, and twenty-eight days.

Innocentius Albanensis, sancti Hieronymi et Augustini ætate floruit: de quo ille ad Demetriadem virginem: Sancti Innocentii, qui Apostolicæ Cathedræ, et beatæ memoriæ Anastasii successor et filius est, teneas fidem, nec peregrinam, quamvis tibi prudens, callidaque videaris, doctrinam recipias. Eum tamquam justum Lot subtractum Dei providentia ad Raven-

Innocent, by nation an Albanian, lived at the time of Saints Jerome and Augustine. Jerome, writing to the virgin Demetrias, says of him: ' Hold fast to the faith of holy Innocent, who is the son of Anastasius of blessed memory and his successor in the apostolic throne; receive no strange doctrine, however shrewd and prudent you may think yourself.' Orosius writes

nam servatum fuisse, scribit Orosius, ne Romani populi videret excidium. Is, Pelagio et Cœlestio damnatis, contra eorum hæresim decretum fecit, ut parvuli ex Christiana etiam muliere nati, per baptismum renasci deberent; ut in eis regeneratione mundetur, quod generatione contraxerunt. Probavit etiam, ut Sabbato ob memoriam Christi Domini sepulturæ jejunium servaretur. Sedit annos quindecim, mensem unum, dies dicem. Quatuor ordinationibus mense Decembri creavit presbyteros triginta, diaconos quindecim, episcopos per diversa loco quinquaginta quatuor: sepultus est in cœmeterio ad Ursum Pileatum.

that, like the just Lot, he was withdrawn by God's providence from Rome, and preserved in safety at Ravenna, that he might not be a witness of the ruin of the Roman people. After the condemnation of Pelagius and Celestinus, he decreed, contrary to their heretical teaching, that children, even though born of a Christian mother, must be born again by water, in order that their second birth may cleanse away the stain they have contracted by the first. He also approved the observance of fasting on the Saturday in memory of the burial of Christ our Lord. He sat fifteen years, one month, and ten days. He held four ordinations in the month of December, and made thirty priests, fifteen deacons, and fifty-four bishops for divers places. He was buried in the cemetery called *ad Ursum Pileatum.*

Glorious saints, who, either by shedding your blood in the arena or by promulgating decrees from the apostolic Chair, have exalted the faith of the Lord, bless our prayers. Give us to understand the teaching conveyed by your meeting to-day on the sacred cycle. We, who are neither martyrs nor pontiffs, may, nevertheless, merit to share in your glory; for the motive which explains your union to-day must be for us, each in his degree, the cause of salvation: the apostle tells us that in Christ Jesus nothing availeth *but faith that worketh by charity.*[1] It is only by that faith for which you laboured or suffered that *we wait for the hope of justice,*[2] and expect the crown.

O Nazarius, who, leaving all things, didst carry the name of Christ to countries that knew him not; and

[1] Gal. v. 6. [2] *Ibid.* 5.

thou Celsus, who, though a mere child, didst not fear to sacrifice, like him, for Jesus' sake, thy family, thy country, and thy very life: obtain for us the right appreciation of the treasure of faith, which every Christian is called upon to show to advantage by the confession of good works and of praise. Victor, jealous guardian of that divine praise with regard to the solemnity of solemnities, and avenger of the Man-God in His divine nature; Innocent, infallible teacher concerning the grace of Christ, and witness, too, of His inexorable justice, teach us to unite confidence with fear, uprightness of belief with the susceptibility a Christian ought to have with regard to his faith, the only foundation of justice and love. Martyrs and pontiffs, may your united attraction draw us along the straight road which leads to heaven.

JULY 29

SAINT MARTHA

VIRGIN

MAGDALEN this time was the first to meet our Lord. Scarce a week had elapsed since her glorious passage, when she repaid her sister's former kind office, and came in her turn saying: 'The Beloved is here and calleth for thee.' And Jesus preventing her, appeared Himself and said: 'Come, my hostess; come from exile, thou shalt be crowned.'[1] Hostess of the Lord, then, is to be Martha's title of nobility in heaven, as it was her privileged name on earth.

Into whatever city or town you shall enter, said the Man-God to His disciples, *inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide.*[2] Now St. Luke relates that as they went, our Lord Himself *entered into a certain town, and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her house.*[3] How could we give greater praise to Magdalen's sister than by bringing together these two texts of the holy Gospel?

This *certain town*, where she was found worthy to give Jesus a lodging, this village, says St. Bernard,[4] is our lowly earth, hidden like an obscure borough in the immensity of our Lord's possessions. The Son of God had come down from heaven to seek the lost sheep; He had come into the world He had made, and the world knew Him not; Israel, His own people, had not given Him so much as a stone whereon to lay His head, and had left Him in His thirst to beg water from the Samaritan. We, the Gentiles, whom He was thus seeking amid contradictions and fatigues, ought we not, like Him, to show our gratitude to her who, braving

[1] RABAN. De vita B.M. Magd. et S. Marthæ, xlvii. [2] St. Matt. x. 11.
[3] St. Luke x. 38. [4] BERN. Sermo 2 in Assump. Beatæ Mariæ Virginis.

present unpopularity and future persecution, paid our debt to Him ?

Glory, then, be to this daughter of Sion, of royal descent, who, faithful to the traditions of hospitality handed down from the patriarchs and early fathers, was blessed more than all of them in the exercise of this noble virtue ! These ancestors of our faith, pilgrims themselves and without fixed habitation, knew more or less obscurely that the Desired of Israel and the Expectation of the nations was to appear as a wayfarer and a stranger on earth; and they honoured the future Saviour in the person of every stranger that presented himself at their tent door; just as we, their sons, in the faith of the same promises now accomplished, honour Christ in the guest whom His goodness sends us. This relation between Him that was to come and the pilgrim seeking shelter made hospitality the most honoured handmaid of divine charity. More than once did God show his approval by allowing angels to be entertained in human form. If such heavenly visitations were an honour of which our earth was not worthy, how much greater was Martha's privilege in rendering hospitality to the Lord of angels ! If before the coming of Christ it was a great thing to honour Him in those who prefigured Him, and if now to shelter and serve Him in His mystical members deserves an eternal reward, how much greater and more meritorious was it to receive in person that Jesus, the very thought of whom gives to virtue its greatness and its merit. Again, as the Baptist excelled all the other prophets by having pointed out as present the Messias whom they announced as future, so Martha, by having ministered to the person of the Word made Flesh, ranks above all others who have ever exercised the works of mercy.

While Magdalen, then, keeps her better part at our Lord's feet, we must not think that Martha's lot is to be despised. *As in one body we have many members, but all the members have not the same office,*[1] so each of us

[1] Rom. xii. 4.

has a different work to perform in Christ, according to the grace we have received, whether it be to prophesy or to minister. And the apostle, explaining this diversity of vocations, says: *I say, by the grace that is given me, to all that are among you, not to be more wise than it behoveth to be wise, but to be wise unto sobriety, and according as God hath divided to every one the measure of faith.*[1] How many losses in souls, how many shipwrecks even, might be prevented by discretion, the guardian of doctrine and the mother of virtues.

'Whoever,' says St. Gregory with his usual discernment, 'gives himself entirely to God, must take care not to pour himself out wholly in works, but must stretch forward also to the heights of contemplation. Nevertheless, it is here very important to notice that there is a great variety of spiritual temperaments. One who could give himself peacefully to the contemplation of God would be crushed by works and fall; another, who would be kept in a good life by the ordinary occupations of men, would be mortally wounded by the sword of a contemplation above his powers: either for want of love to prevent repose from becoming torpor, or for want of fear to guard him against the illusions of pride or of the senses. He who would be perfect must, therefore, first accustom himself on the plain to the practice of the virtues, in order to ascend more securely to the heights, leaving behind every impulse of the senses which can only distract the mind from its purpose, every image whose outline cannot adapt itself to the figureless light he desires to behold. Action first, then, contemplation last. The Gospel praises Mary, but does not blame Martha, because the merit of the active life is great, though that of contemplation is greater.'[2]

If we would penetrate more deeply into the mystery of the two sisters, let us notice that, though the preference is given to Mary, nevertheless it is not in her house nor in that of their brother Lazarus, but in Martha's house, that the Man-God takes up His abode with those

[1] Rom. xii. 3. [2] Moral. in Job v. 26, *passim*.

He loves. *Jesus*, says St. John, *loved Martha, and her sister Mary, and Lazarus*.[1] Lazarus, a figure of the penitents whom His all-powerful mercy daily calls from the death of sin to divine life; Mary, giving herself up even in this life to the occupation of the next; and Martha, who is here mentioned first as being the eldest, as first in order of time mystically, according to what St. Gregory says, and also as being the one upon whom the other two depend in that home of which she has the care.

Here we recognize a perfect type of the Church, wherein, with the devotedness of fraternal love, and under the eye of our heavenly Father, the active ministry takes the precedence, and holds the place of government over all who are drawn by grace to Jesus. We can understand the Son of God showing a preference for this blessed house; He was refreshed from the weariness of His journeys by the devoted hospitality He there received, but still more by the sight of so perfect an image of that Church for whose love He had come on earth.

Martha, then, understood by anticipation that he who holds the first place must be the servant, as the Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to minister; and as, later on, the vicar of Jesus, the prince of prelates in the holy Church, was to call himself the servant of the servants of God. But in serving Jesus, as she served also with Him and for Him her brother and her sister, who can doubt that she had the greatest share in these promises of the Man-God: *He that ministers to Me shall follow Me, and where I am, there shall also My minister be, and My Father will honour him.*

And that beautiful rule of ancient hospitality, which created a link like that of relationship between the host and a guest once received, could not have been passed over by our Emmanuel on this occasion, since the Evangelist says: *As many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God.*[2] And He Himself

[1] St. John xi. 5. [2] St. John i. 12.

declares that whoever receives Him, receives also the Father who sent Him.

The peace promised to every house deemed worthy of receiving the apostolic messengers, that peace which cannot be without the spirit of adoption of sons, rested on Martha with surpassing fulness. The too human impetuosity she at first showed in her eager solicitude had given our Lord an opportunity of showing His divine jealousy for the perfection of a soul so devoted and so pure. The sacred nearness of the King of peace stripped her lively nature of the last remnants of restless anxiety; while her service grew even more active and was well pleasing to Him, her ardent faith in Christ, the Son of the living God, gave her the understanding of the one thing necessary, the better part which was one day to be hers. What a master of the spiritual life Jesus here showed Himself to be; what a model of discreet firmness, of patient sweetness, of heavenly wisdom in leading souls to the highest summits!

As He had counselled His disciples to remain in one house, the Man-God Himself, to the end of His earthly career, continually sought hospitality at Bethania; it was from thence He set out to redeem the world by His dolorous Passion; and when leaving this world, it was from Bethania that He ascended into heaven. Then did this dwelling, this paradise on earth, which had given shelter to God Himself, to His Virgin Mother, to the whole college of apostles, seem too lonely to its inmates. Holy Church will tell us presently how the Spirit of Pentecost, in loving-kindness to us Gentiles, led into Gaul this blessed family of our Lord's friends.

On the banks of the Rhone, Martha was still the same: full of motherly compassion for every misery, spending herself in deeds of kindness. Always surrounded by the poor, says the ancient historian of the two sisters, she fed them with tender care, with food which heaven abundantly supplied to her charity, while she herself, the only one she forgot, was contented with herbs; and as in the glorious past she had

served the Head of the Church in person, she now served Him in His members, and was full of loving-kindness to all. Meantime she delighted in practices of penance that would frighten us. Martyred thus a thousand times over, Martha with all the powers of her holy soul yearned for heaven. Her mind lost in God, she spent the whole nights absorbed in prayer. Ever prostrate, she adored Him reigning gloriously in heaven, whom she had seen without glory in her own house. Often, too, she would travel through towns and villages, announcing to the people Christ the Saviour.

Avignon and other cities of the province of Vienne were thus evangelized by her. She delivered Tarascon from the *old serpent*, who in the shape of a hideous monster, not content with tyrannizing over the souls of men, devoured even their bodies. It was here at Tarascon, in the midst of the community of virgins she had founded, that she heard our Lord inviting her to receive hospitality from Him in heaven, in return for that which she had given Him on earth.[1] Here she still rests, protecting her people of Provence, and receiving strangers in memory of Jesus. The peace of the blessed, which seems to breathe from her noble image, fills the heart of the pilgrim as he kisses her apostolic feet; and coming up from the holy crypt to continue his journey in this land of exile, he carries away with him, like a perfume of his fatherland, the remembrance of her simple, touching epitaph: SOLLICITA NON TURBATUR —*ever zealous, she is no longer troubled.*

Martha nobilibus et copiosis parentibus nata, sed Christi Domini hospitio clarior, post ejus ascensum in cœlum, cum fratre, sorore, et Marcella pedissequa, ac Maximino, uno ex septuaginta duobus discipulis Christi Domini, qui

Martha was born of noble and wealthy parents, but she is still more illustrious for the hospitality she gave to Christ our Lord. After His Ascension into heaven, she was seized by the Jews, together with her brother and sister,

[1] We are fully aware of the fact that certain writers have lately called in question the authenticity of this legend. But we are not deterred thereby from giving it here in all its simplicity. Until such time as holy Mother Church may think fit to decide on the matter, we, like the author, are unwilling to forestall her judgment.—(*Tr.*)

totam illam domum baptizaverat, multisque aliis christianis, comprehensa a Judæis, in navem sine velo ac remigio imponitur, vastissimoque mari ad certum naufragium committitur: sed navis, Deo gubernante, salvis omnibus Massiliam appulsa est.

Eo miraculo, et horum prædicatione, primum Massilienses, mox Aquenses, ac finitimæ gentes in Christum crediderunt: Lazarusque Massiliensium, et Maximinus Aquensium episcopus creatur. Magdalena vero assueta orationi et pedibus Domini, ut optima parte contemplandæ cœlestis beatitudinis, quam elegerat, frueretur, in vastam altissimi montis speluncam se contulit: ubi triginta annos vixit, ab omni hominum consuetudine disjuncta, quotidieque per id tempus ad audiendas cœlestium laudes in altum ab angelis elata.

Martha autem, mirabili vitæ sanctitate et charitate, omnium Massiliensium animis in sui amorem et admirationem adductis, in locum a viris remotum cum aliquot honestissimis feminis se recepit: ubi summa cum laude pietatis et prudentiæ diu vixit: ac demum, morte sua multo ante prædicta, miraculis clara migravit ad Dominum, quarto kalendas Augusti. Cujus corpus apud Tarascum magnam habet venerationem.

Marcella her handmaid, and Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples of our Lord, who had baptized the whole family, and many other Christians. They were put on board a ship without sails or oars, and left helpless on the open sea, exposed to certain shipwreck. But God guided the ship, and they all arrived safely at Marseilles.

This miracle, together with their preaching, brought the people of Marseilles, of Aix, and of the neighbourhood to believe in Christ. Lazarus was made Bishop of Marseilles and Maximin of Aix. Magdalen, who was accustomed to devote herself to prayer and to sit at our Lord's feet, in order to enjoy the better part which she had chosen, that is, contemplation of the joys of heaven, retired into a deserted cave on a very high mountain. There she lived for thirty years, separated from all human intercourse; and every day she was carried to heaven by the angels to hear their songs of praise.

But Martha, after having won the love and admiration of the people of Marseilles by the sanctity of her life and her wonderful charity, withdrew in the company of several virtuous women to a spot remote from men, where she lived for a long time, greatly renowned for her piety and prudence. She foretold her death long before it occurred; and at length, famous for miracles, she passed to our Lord on the fourth of the Kalends of August. Her body which lies at Tarascon is held in great veneration.

Now that, together with Magdalen, thou hast entered for ever into possession of the better part, thy place in heaven, O Martha, is very beautiful. *For they that have ministered well,* says St. Paul, *shall purchase to themselves a good degree, and much confidence in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.*[1] The same service which the deacons, here alluded to by the apostle, performed for the Church, thou didst render to the Church's Head and Spouse; thou didst *rule well thine own house,* which was a figure of that Church so dear to the Son of God. But *God is not unjust, that He should forget your work and the love which you have shown in His name, you who have ministered and do minister to the saints.*[2] And the Saint of saints Himself, who as thy guest was indebted to thee, gave us to understand something of thy greatness, when, speaking merely of a faithful servant set over the family to distribute food in due season, he cried out: *Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord shall come, He shall find so doing. Amen I say to you, He shall place him over all His goods.*[3] O Martha, the Church exults on this day, whereon our Lord found thee thus continuing to serve Him in the persons of those little ones in whom He bids us seek Him. The moment had come for Him to welcome thee eternally. Henceforth the Host, most faithful of all to the laws of hospitality, makes thee sit at His table in His own house, and, girding Himself, ministers to thee as thou didst minister to Him.

From the midst of thy peaceful rest, protect those who are now carrying on the interests of Christ on earth, in His mystical Body, which is the entire Church, and in His wearied and suffering members, the poor and the afflicted. Bless and multiply the works of holy hospitality; may the vast field of mercy and charity yield ever-increasing harvests. May the zeal displayed by so many generous souls lose nothing of its praiseworthy activity; and for this end, O sister of Magdalen, teach us all as our Lord taught thee, to place the *one thing necessary* above all else, and to value at its true worth

[1] 1 Tim. iii. 13. [2] Heb. vi. 10. [3] St. Matt. xxiv. 46, 47.

the better part. After the word spoken to thee, for our sake as well as thine own, whosoever would disturb Magdalen at the feet of Jesus, or forbid her to sit there, would deserve to have his works frustrated by offended heaven.

Let us, in union with the Church, make a commemoration of Saints Simplicius and Faustinus, martyred in the persecution of Diocletian, together with their sister Viatrice, whose name was gracefully changed into Beatrice after she had gone to heaven. The sister had had time to bury her brothers; and after her own combat she was laid to rest beside them, by the last of the celebrated Lucina. The hour for the triumph of the Church had not yet arrived; nevertheless the tomb of this illustrious trio, in the very grove of the *Dea Dia* of the Arvales, proclaims the victory of Christ over the most ancient superstitions of Rome. The holy pontiff Felix, who shares the honours paid to this glorious company, suffered in the time of the Arians.

PRAYER

Præsta, quæsumus Domine, ut sicut populus Christianus martyrum tuorum Felicis, Simplicii, Faustini, et Beatricis temporali solemnitate congaudet: ita perfruatur æterna; et quod votis celebrat, comprehendat effectu. Per Dominum.

Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord, that as thy Christian people rejoice together in the temporal solemnity of thy martyrs, Felix, Simplicius, Faustinus, and Beatrice, they may enjoy it in eternity, and may effectually attain to what they celebrate in desire. Through our Lord, etc.

JULY 30

SAINTS ABDON AND SENNEN

MARTYRS

THE decrees of eternal Wisdom ordained that the West should be honoured before the East with the glory of martyrdom. Yet when the hour had come, Jesus was to have, beyond the Tigris, millions of witnesses by no means inferior to their forerunners, astonishing heaven and earth by new forms of heroism. Impatient of the delay, two noble Persians won their palm on this day by the command of Rome. By shedding their blood they paid tribute for their native land to the eternal City; and now they protect our Latin Churches, and receive the prayers and praise of the West. France received a goodly portion of their sacred relics; and the city of Arles-sur-Tech, in Roussillon, can show to an incredulous generation the sarcophagus, from which flows a mysterious liquor, a symbol of the continual benefits bestowed on us by these holy martyrs.

Abdon et Sennen Persæ, Decio imperatore accusati, quod corpora Christianorum, quæ inhumata projiciebantur, in suo prædio sepelissent, jussu imperatoris comprehenduntur, et diis jubentur sacrificare. Quod cum facere negligerent, et Jesum Christum Deum constantissime prædicarent: traditos in arctam custodiam, Romam postea rediens Decius vinctos duxit in triumpho. Qui cum in urbe ad simulacra attracti essent, ea detestati conspuerunt. Quamobrem ur-

During the reign of Decius, two Persians, Abdon and Sennen, were accused of burying on their own estate the bodies of the Christians which had been exposed. By order of the Emperor they were apprehended and commanded to sacrifice to the gods. As they refused to obey, and moreover with the greatest constancy proclaimed Jesus Christ to be God they were placed in close confinement, and when later Decius returned to Rome they were

sis ac leonibus objecti sunt: quos feræ non audebant attingere. Demum gladiis trucidati, colligatis pedibus tracti sunt ante solis simulacrum: quorum corpora clam inde asportata, Quirinus diaconus sepelivit in suis ædibus.

led in chains in his triumphal march. They were dragged to the Roman idols, but to show their hatred of the demons, they spat upon them. Upon this they were exposed to the fury of lions and bears, but the beasts did not dare to touch them; at length they were put to death by the sword. Their bodies were dragged by the feet before the statue of the sun, but they were secretly carried away and buried by Quirinus the deacon in his own house.

Hearken to our earnest prayers, O blessed martyrs! May the faith at length triumph in that land of Persia whence so many flowers of martyrdom have been culled for heaven. Before the time appointed for the struggle to begin in your native land, ye went to meet death elsewhere, and thus ye gained a new fatherland whereon to bestow your love. Bless us, the fellow-citizens of your choice, and bring us all to the eternal fatherland of all the children of God.

JULY 31

SAINT IGNATIUS

CONFESSOR

ALTHOUGH the cycle of the time after Pentecost has shown us many times already the solicitude of the Holy Spirit for the defence of the Church, yet to-day the teaching shines forth with a new lustre. In the sixteenth century Satan made a formidable attack upon the Holy City, by means of a man who, like himself, had fallen from the height of heaven, a man prevented in early years by the choice graces which lead to perfection, yet unable in an evil day to resist the spirit of revolt. As Lucifer aimed at being equal to God, Luther set himself up against the Vicar of God, on the mountain of the covenant; and soon, falling from abyss to abyss, he drew after him the third part of the stars of the firmament of Holy Church. How terrible is that mysterious law whereby the fallen creature, be he man or angel, is allowed to keep the same ruling power for evil which he would otherwise have exercised for good. But the designs of eternal Wisdom are never frustrated: against the misused liberty of the angel or man is set up that other merciful law of substitution, by which St. Michael was the first to benefit.

The development of Ignatius' vocation to holiness followed step by step the defection of Luther. In the spring of 1521 Luther had just quitted Worms, and was defying the world from the Castle of Wartburg, when Ignatius received at Pampeluna the wound which was the occasion of his leaving the world and retiring to Manresa.[1] Valiant as his noble ancestors, he felt within him from his earliest years the warlike ardour which

[1] The Diet of Worms which condemned Luther was held in April, and on May 20 St. Ignatius received the wound which led to his conversion.,

they had shown on the battlefields of Spain. But the campaign against the Moors closed at the very time of his birth.[1] Were his chivalrous instincts to be satisfied with petty political quarrels? The only true King worthy of his great soul revealed Himself to him in the trial which put a stop to his worldly projects: a new warfare was opened out to his ambition; another crusade was begun; and in the year 1522, from the mountains of Catalonia to those of Thuringia, was developed that divine strategy of which the angels alone knew the secret.

In this wonderful campaign it seemed that hell was allowed to take the initiative, while heaven was content to look on, only taking care to make grace abound the more where iniquity strove to abound. As in the previous year Ignatius received his first call three weeks after Luther had completed his rebellion, so in this year, at three weeks' distance, the rival camps of hell and heaven each chose and equipped its leader. Ten months of diabolical manifestations prepared Satan's lieutenant, in the place of his forced retreat, which he called his Patmos; and on March 5 the deserter of the altar and of the cloister left Wartburg.

On the 25th of the same month, the glorious night of the Incarnation, the brilliant soldier in the armies of the Catholic kingdom, the descendant of the families of Ognes and Loyola, clad in sackcloth, the uniform of poverty, to indicate his new projects, watched his arms in prayer at Montserrat; then hanging up his trusty sword at Mary's altar, he went forth to make trial of his future combats by a merciless war against himself.

In opposition to the already proudly floating standard of the free-thinkers, he displayed upon his own this simple device: *To the greater glory of God!* At Paris, where Calvin was secretly recruiting the future Huguenots, Ignatius, in the name of the God of armies, organized his vanguard, which he destined to cover the march

[1] 1491.

of the Christian army, to lead the way, to bear the brunt, to deal the first blows. On August 15, 1534, five months after the rupture of England from the Holy See, these first soldiers sealed at Montmartre the definitive engagement which they were afterwards solemnly to renew at St. Paul's outside the walls. For Rome was to be the rallying place of the little troop which was soon to increase so wonderfully, and which was, by its special profession, to be ever in readiness, at the least sign from the Head of the Church, to exercise its zeal in whatever part of the world he should think fit, in the defence or propagation of the faith, or for the progress of souls in doctrine and Christian life.[1]

An illustrious speaker of our own day[2] has said: 'What strikes us at once in the history of the Society of Jesus is that it was matured at its very first formation. Whosoever knows the first founders of the Company knows the whole Company, in its spirit, its aim, its enterprises, its proceedings, its methods. What a generation was that which gave it birth! What union of science and activity, of interior life and military life! One may say they were universal men, men of a giant race, compared with whom we are but insects: *de genere giganteo, quibus comparati quasi locustæ videbamur*.'[3]

All the more touching, then, was the charming simplicity of those first Fathers of the Society, making their way to Rome on foot, fasting and weary, but their hearts overflowing with joy, singing with a low voice the Psalms of David.[4] When it became necessary, on account of the urgency of the times, for the new institute to abandon the great traditions of public prayer, it was a sacrifice to several of these souls; Mary could not give way to Martha without a struggle; for so many centuries the solemn celebration of the Divine Office had been the indispensable duty of every

[1] Litt. Pauli III, Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ; Julii III. Exposcit debitum, etc.
[2] Cardinal Pie, Homily delivered on the feast of the beatification of B. Peter Faber.
[3] Num. xiii. 34.
[4] P. Ribadeneira, Vita Ignatii Loiolæ, lib. ii, cap. vii.

religious family, its primary social debt, and the principal nourishment of the individual holiness of its members.

But new times had come, times of decadence and ruin, calling for an exception as extraordinary as it was grievous to the brave company that was risking its existence amid ceaseless alarms and continual sallies upon hostile territory. Ignatius understood this; and to the special aim imposed upon him, he sacrificed his personal attraction for the sacred chants; nevertheless, to the end of his life, the least note of the psalmody falling on his ears drew tears of ecstasy from his eyes.[1]

After his death, the Church, which had never known any interest to outbalance the splendour of worship due to her Spouse, wished to return from a derogation which so deeply wounded the dearest instincts of her bridal heart; Paul IV revoked it absolutely, but St. Pius V, after combating it for a long time, was at last obliged to give in. In the latter ages so full of snares, the time had come for the Church to organize special armies. But while it became more and more impossible to expect from these worthy troops, continually taken up with outside combats, the habits of those who dwelt in security, protected by the ancient towers of the Holy City, at the same time Ignatius repudiated the strange misconception which would try to reform the Christian people according to this enforced but abnormal manner of life. The third of the eighteen rules which he gives as the crowning of the Spiritual Exercises, *to have in us the true sentiments of the orthodox Church*, recommends to the faithful the chants of the Church, the Psalms, and the different Canonical Hours at their appointed times. And at the beginning of this book, which is the treasure of the Society of Jesus, where he mentions the conditions for drawing the greatest fruit from the Exercises, he ordains in his twentieth annotation that he who can do so should

[1] J. Rhous, in variis virtutum historiis, lib. iii., cap. ii.

choose for the time of his retreat a dwelling from whence he can easily go to Matins and Vespers as well as to the holy Sacrifice. What was our saint here doing, but advising that the Exercises should be practised in that same spirit in which they were composed in that blessed retreat of Manresa, where the daily attendance at solemn Mass and the evening offices had been to him the source of heavenly delights ?

But it is time to listen to the Church's account of the life of this great servant of God:

Ignatius natione Hispanus, nobili genere, Loyolæ in Cantabria natus, primo catholici regis aulam deinde militiam secutus est. In propugnatione Pampelonensi accepto vulnere graviter decumbens, ex fortuita piorum librorum lectione, ad Christi sanctorumque sectanda vestigia mirabiliter exarsit. Ad montem Serratum profectus, ante aram beatæ Virginis suspensis armis, noctem excubans, sacræ militiæ tyrocinium posuit. Inde, ut erat indutus sacco, traditis antea mendico pretiosis vestibus, Manresam secessit: ubi emendicato pane et aqua victitans, exceptisque diebus Dominicis jejunans, aspera catena cilicioque carnem domans, humi cubans, et ferreis se flagellis cruentans, per annum commoratus est: claris adeo illustrationibus a Deo recreatus, ut postea dicere solitus sit: Si sacræ litteræ non exstarent, se tamen pro fide mori paratum ex iis solum, quæ sibi Manresæ patefecerat Dominus. Quo tempore homo litterarum plane rudis admirabilem illum composuit Exercitiorum librum, sedis apostolicæ judicio et

Ignatius, by nation a Spaniard, was born of a noble family at Loyola, in Cantabria. At first he attended the court of the Catholic king, and later on embraced a military career. Having been wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, he chanced in his illness to read some pious books, which kindled in his soul a wonderful eagerness to follow in the footsteps of Christ and the saints. He went to Montserrat, and hung up his arms before the altar of the Blessed Virgin; he then watched the whole night in prayer, and thus entered upon his knighthood in the army of Christ. Next he retired to Manresa, dressed as he was in sackcloth, for he had a short time before given his costly garments to a beggar. Here he stayed for a year, and during that time he lived on bread and water, given to him in alms; he fasted every day except Sunday, subdued his flesh with a sharp chain and a hair-shirt, slept on the ground, and scourged himself with iron disciplines. God favoured and refreshed him with such wonderful spiritual

omnium utilitate comprobatum.

Ut vero se ad animarum lucra rite formaret, subsidium litterarum, a grammatica inter pueros exorsus, adhibere statuit. Cumque nihil interim omitteret de studio alienæ salutis, mirum est, quas ubique locorum ærumnas ac ludibria devoraverit, asperrima quæque, et vincula et verbera pene ad mortem usque perpessus: quibus tamen longe plura pro Domini sui gloria semper expetebat. Lutetiæ Parisiorum adjunctis sibi ex illa academia variarum nationum sociis novem, qui omnes artium magisteriis et theologiæ gradibus insignes erant, ibidem in monte Martyrum prima ordinis fundamenta jecit: quem postea Romæ instituens, ad tria consueta quarto addito de missionibus voto, sedi apostolicæ arctius adstrinxit: et Paulus tertius primo recepit confirmavitque: mox alii pontifices ac Tridentina synodus probavere. Ipse autem, misso ad prædicandum Indis Evangelium sancto Francisco Xaverio, aliisque in alias mundi plagas ad religionem propagandam disseminatis, ethnicæ su-

lights, that afterwards he was wont to say that even if the sacred Scriptures did not exist, he would be ready to die for the faith, on account of those revelations alone which the Lord had made to him at Manresa. It was at this time that he, a man without education, composed that admirable book of the Exercises, which has been approved by the judgment of the Apostolic See, and by the benefit reaped from it by all.

However, in order to make himself more fit for gaining souls, he determined to procure the advantages of education, and began by studying grammar among children. Meanwhile he relaxed nothing of his zeal for the salvation of others, and it is marvellous what sufferings and insults he patiently endured in every place, undergoing the hardest trials, even imprisonment and stripes almost unto death. But he ever desired to suffer far more for the glory of his Lord. At Paris he was joined by nine companions from that University, men of different nations, who had taken their degrees in Arts and Theology; and there at Montmartre he laid the first foundations of the order, which he was later on to institute at Rome. He added to the three usual vows a fourth concerning missions, thus binding it closely to the Apostolic See. Paul III first welcomed and approved the Society, as did later other Pontiffs and the Council of Trent. Ignatius sent St. Francis Xavier to preach the Gospel

perstitioni hæresique bellum indixit, eo successu continuatum, ut constans fuerit omnium sensus, etiam pontificio confirmatus oraculo, Deum sicut alios aliis temporibus sanctos viros, ita Luthero, ejusdemque temporis hæreticis, Ignatium et institutam ab eo Societatem objecisse.

in the Indies, and dispersed others of his children to spread the Christian faith in other parts of the world, thus declaring war against paganism, superstition, and heresy. This war he carried on with such success that it has always been the universal opinion, confirmed by the word of pontiffs, that God raised up Ignatius and the Society founded by him to oppose Luther and the heretics of his time, as formerly he had raised up other holy men to oppose other heretics.

Sed in primis inter catholicos instaurare pietatem curæ fuit. Templorum nitor, cathechismi traditio, concionum ac sacramentorum frequentia ab ipso incrementum accepere. Ipse apertis ubique locorum ad juventutem erudiendam in litteris ac pietate gymnasiis, erectis Romæ Germanorum collegio, male nuptarum et periclitantium puellarum cœnobiis, utriusque sexus tam orphanorum quam catechumenorum domibus, aliisque pietatis operibus, indefessus lucrandis Deo animis instabat; auditus aliquando dicere, Si optio daretur, malle se beatitudinis incertum vivere, et interim Deo inservire, et proximorum saluti, quam certum ejusdem gloriæ statim mori. In dæmones mirum exercuit imperium. Vultum ejus cœlesti luce radiantem sanctus Philippus Nerius aliique conspexere. Denique ætatis anno sexagesimo quinto ad Domini sui amplexum, cujus majorem gloriam in ore semper habuerat, semper in omnibus quæsierat, emigravit. Quem

He made the restoration of piety among Catholics his first care. He increased the beauty of the sacred buildings, the giving of catechetical instructions, the frequentation of sermons and of the sacraments. He everywhere opened schools for the education of youth in piety and letters. He founded at Rome the German College, refuges for women of evil life, and for young girls who were in danger, houses for orphans and catechumens of both sexes, and many other pious works. He devoted himself unweariedly to gaining souls to God. Once he was heard saying that if he were given his choice he would rather live uncertain of attaining the Beatific Vision, and in the meanwhile devote himself to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbour, than die at once certain of eternal glory. His power over the demons was wonderful. St. Philip Neri and others saw his countenance shining with heavenly light. At length in the sixty-fifth year of his age he passed to the embrace of

Gregorius decimus quintus, magnis in Ecclesiam meritis e miraculis illustrem, sanctorum fastis adscripsit, et Pius undecimus, sacrorum antistitum votis obsecundans, omnium Exercitiorum Spiritualium Patronum cœlestem constituit et declaravit.

his Lord, whose greater glory he had ever preached and ever sought in all things. He was celebrated for miracles and for his great services to the Church, and Gregory XV enrolled him amongst the saints; while Pius XI, in response to the prayers of the episcopate, declared him heavenly patron of all Spiritual Exercises.

This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.[1] And thou didst prove this truth once more to the world, O thou great conqueror of the age in which the Son of God chose thee to raise up again His ensign that had been humbled before the standard of Babel. Against the ever-increasing battalions of the rebels thou didst long stand almost alone, leaving it to the God of armies to choose His own moment for engaging thee against Satan's troops, as He chose His own for withdrawing thee from human warfare. If the world had then been told of thy designs, it would have laughed them to scorn; yet now, no one can deny that it was a decisive moment in the history of the world when, with as much confidence as the most illustrious general concentrating his forces, thou gavest the word to thy nine companions to proceed three and three to the Holy City. What great results were obtained in the fifteen years during which this little troop, recruited by the Holy Ghost, had thee for its first General! Heresy was trampled out of Italy, confounded at Trent, checked everywhere, paralyzed in its very centre; immense conquests were made in new worlds, as a compensation for the losses suffered in our West; Sion herself, renewing the beauty of her youth, saw her people and her pastors raised up again, and her sons receiving an education befitting their heavenly destiny; in a word, all along the line, where he had rashly cried victory, Satan was now howling, overcome once more by the name of Jesus, which makes every knee to bow,

[1] St. John v. 4.

in heaven, on earth, and in hell! Hadst thou ever, O Ignatius, gained such glory as this in the armies of earthly kings?

From the throne thou hast won by so many valiant deeds, watch over the fruits of thy works, and prove thyself always God's soldier. In the midst of the contradictions which are never wanting to them, uphold thy sons in their position of honour and prowess which makes them the vanguard of the Church. May they be faithful to the spirit of their glorious Father; 'having unceasingly before their eyes: first, God; next, as the way leading to Him, the form of their institute, consecrating all their powers to attain this end marked out for them by God; yet each following the measure of grace he has received from the Holy Ghost, and the particular degree of his vocation.'[1] Lastly, O head of such a noble lineage, extend thy love to all religious families, whose lot in these times of persecution is so closely allied with that of thine own sons; bless, especially, the monastic order whose ancient branches overshadowed thy first steps in the perfect life, and the birth of that illustrious Society which will be thy everlasting crown in heaven. Have pity on France, on Paris, whose University furnished thee with foundations for the strong, unshaken building raised by thee to the glory of the Most High. May every Christian learn of thee to fight for the Lord, and never to betray his standard; may all men, under thy guidance, return to God, their beginning and their end.

[1] Litt. Apos. primæ Instituti approbationis, Pauli III, Regimini militantis.

August 1

SAINT PETER'S CHAINS

ROME, making a god of the man who had subjugated her, consecrated the month of August to Cæsar Augustus. When Christ had delivered her, she placed at the head of this same month, as a trophy of her regained liberty, the feast of the chains wherewith, in order to break hers, Peter the Vicar of Christ had once been bound. O divine Wisdom, who hast a better claim to reign over this month than had the adopted son of Cæsar, Thou couldst not have more authentically inaugurated Thy empire. Strength and sweetness are the attributes of Thy works, and it is in the weakness of Thy chosen ones that Thou triumphest over the powerful. Thou Thyself, in order to give us life, didst swallow death; Simon, son of John, became a captive, to set free the world entrusted to him. First Herod, and then Nero, showed him the cost of the promise he had once received, of binding and loosing on earth as in heaven: he had to share the love of the supreme Shepherd, even to allowing himself, like Him, to be bound with chains for the sake of the flock, and led where he would not.

Glorious chains! never will ye make Peter's successors tremble any more than Peter himself; before the Herods and Neros and Cæsars of all ages ye will be the guarantee of the liberty of souls. With what veneration have the Christian people honoured you, ever since the earliest times! One may truly say of the present feast that its origin is lost in the darkness of ages. According to ancient monuments,[1] St. Peter himself first consecrated on this date the basilica on the highest of the seven hills, where the citizens of

[1] Martyrolog. Hieronym., Bed., Raban., Notker.

Rome are gathered to-day. The name *Title of Eudoxia,* by which the venerable Church is often designated, seems to have arisen from certain restorations made on occasion of the events mentioned in the lessons. As to the sacred chains which are its treasure, the earliest mention now extant of honour being paid to them occurs in the beginning of the second century. Balbina, daughter of the tribune Quirinus, keeper of the prisons, had been cured by touching the chains of the holy Pope Alexander; she could not cease kissing the hands which had healed her. 'Find the chains of blessed Peter, and kiss them rather than these,' said the pontiff. Balbina, therefore, having fortunately found the apostle's chains, lavished her pious veneration upon them, and afterwards gave them to the noble Theodora, sister of Hermes.[1]

The irons which had bound the arms of the Doctor of the Gentiles, without being able to bind the word of God, were also after his martyrdom treasured more than jewels and gold. From Antioch in Syria, St. John Chrysostom, thinking with holy envy of the lands enriched by these trophies of triumphant bondage, cried out in a sublime transport: 'What more magnificent than these chains? Prisoner for Christ is a more beautiful name than that of Apostle, Evangelist, or Doctor. To be bound for Christ's sake is better than to dwell in the heavens; to sit upon the twelve thrones is not so great an honour. He that loves can understand me; but who can better understand these things than the holy choir of apostles? As for me, if I were offered my choice between these chains and the whole of heaven, I should not hesitate; for in them is happiness. Would that I were now in those places, where it is said the chains of these admirable men are still kept! If it were given me to be set free from the care of this church, and if I had a little health, I should not hesitate to undertake such a voyage only to see Paul's chains. If they said to me: Which wouldst thou prefer, to be the angel who

[1] Acta S. Alexandri.

delivered Peter or Peter himself in chains? I would rather be Peter, because of his chains.'[1]

Though always venerated in the great basilica which enshrines his tomb, St. Paul's chain has never been made, like those of St. Peter, the object of a special feast in the Church. This distinction was due to the pre-eminence of him 'who alone received the keys of the kingdom of heaven to communicate them to others,'[2] and who alone continues, in his successors, to bind and loose with sovereign power throughout the whole world. The collection of letters of St. Gregory the Great proves how universally, in the sixth century, was spread the cultus of these holy chains, a few filings of which enclosed in gold or silver keys was the richest present the Sovereign Pontiffs were wont to offer to the principal churches, or to princes whom they wished to honour. Constantinople, at some period not clearly determined, received a portion of these precious chains; she appointed a feast on January 16, honouring on that day the Apostle Peter, as the *occupant of the first See, the foundation of the faith, the immovable basis of dogma.*[3]

The following is the legend of the feast in the Roman Breviary:

Theodosio juniore imperante, cum Eudocia ejus uxor Jerosolymam solvendi voti causa venisset, ibi multis est affecta muneribus: præ cæteris insigne donum accepit ferreæ catenæ, auro gemmisque ornatæ: quam illam esse affirmabant, qua Petrus apostolus ab Herode vinctus fuerat. Eudocia catenam pie venerata, eam postea Romam ad filiam Eudoxiam misit, quæ illam pontifici maximo detulit: isque vicissim illi monstravit alteram catenam: qua, Nerone impera-

During the reign of Theodosius the younger, Eudocia, his wife, went to Jerusalem to fulfil a vow, and while there she was honoured with many gifts, the greatest of which was an iron chain adorned with gold and precious stones, and said to be that wherewith the apostle Peter had been bound by Herod. Eudocia piously venerated this chain, and then sent it to Rome to her daughter Eudoxia. The latter took it to the sovereign pontiff, who in his turn showed her another

[1] Chrys. in Ep. ad Eph., hom. viii.
[2] Op. Milev. contra Parmen., vii., iii.
[3] Menæa.

tore, idem apostolus constrictus fuerat.

Cum igitur pontifex Romanam catenam cum ea, quæ Jerosolymis allata fuerat, contulisset, factum est ut illæ inter se sic connecterentur, ut non duæ, sed una catena ab eodem artifice confecta, esse videretur. Quo miraculo tantus honor sacris illis vinculis haberi cœpit, ut propterea hoc nomine sancti Petri ad Vincula ecclesia titulo Eudoxiæ dedicata sit in Exquiliis, ejusque memoriæ dies festus institutus Kalendis Augusti.

Quo ex tempore honos, qui eo die profanis Gentilium celebritatibus tribui solitus erat, Petri vinculis haberi cœpit: quæ tacta ægros sanabant, et dæmones ejiciebant. Quo in genere anno salutis humanæ nongentesimo sexagesimo nono accidit, ut quidam comes, Othonis imperatoris familiaris, occupatus ab immundo spiritu, seipsum dentibus dilaniaret. Quare is jussu imperatoris ad Joannem pontificem ducitur: qui, ut sacra catena comitis collum attigit, erumpens nefarius spiritus hominem liberum reliquit: ac deinceps in urbe sanctorum vinculorum religio propagata est.

chain which had bound the same apostle, under Nero.

When the pontiff thus brought together the Roman chain and that which had come from Jerusalem, they joined together in such a manner that they seemed no longer two chains, but a single one, made by one same workman. On account of this miracle the holy chains began to be held in so great honour that a church at the title of Eudoxia on the Esquiline was dedicated under the name of St. Peter *ad vincula*, and the memory of its dedication was celebrated by a feast on the Kalends of August.

From that time St. Peter's chains began to receive the honours of this day, instead of a pagan festival which it had been customary to celebrate. Contact with them healed the sick, and put the demons to flight. Thus, in the year of salvation 969, a certain count, who was very intimate with the Emperor Otho, was taken possession of by an unclean spirit, so that he tore his flesh with his own teeth. By command of the emperor he was taken to the pontiff John, who had no sooner touched the count's neck with the holy chain than the wicked spirit was driven away, leaving the man entirely free. On this account devotion to the holy chains was spread throughout Rome.

Put thy feet into the fetters of Wisdom, *and thy neck into her chains,* said the Holy Spirit under the ancient alliance . . . *and be not grieved with her bands.* . . .

For in the latter end thou shalt find rest in her, and she shall be turned to thy joy. Then shall her fetters be a strong defence for thee . . . and her bands are a healthful binding. Thou shalt put her on as a robe of glory.[1] Incarnate Wisdom, applying the prophecy to thee, O prince of apostles, declared that in testimony of thy love the day would come when thou shouldst suffer constraint and bondage. The trial, O Peter, was a convincing one for eternal Wisdom, who proportions her requirements to the measure of her own love. But thou, too, didst find her faithful; in the days of the formidable combat, wherein she wished to show her power in thy weakness, she did not leave thee in bands; in her arms thou didst sleep so calm a sleep in Herod's prison; and, going down with thee *into the pit* of Nero, she faithfully kept thee company up to the hour when, subjecting the persecutors to the persecuted, she placed the sceptre in thy hands, and on thy brow the triple crown.

From the throne where thou reignest with the Man-God in heaven, as thou didst follow Him on earth in trials and anguish, loosen our bands which, alas! are not glorious ones such as thine; break these fetters of sin which bind us to Satan, these ties of all the passions which prevent us from soaring towards God. The world, more than ever enslaved in the infatuation of its false liberties which make it forget the only true freedom, has more need now of enfranchisement than in the times of pagan Cæsars: be once more its deliverer, now that thou art more powerful than ever. May Rome, especially, now fallen the lower because precipitated from a greater height, learn again the emancipating power which lies in thy chains; they have become a rallying standard for her faithful children in these latter trials.[2] Make good the word once uttered by her poets, that 'encircled with these chains she will ever be free.'[3]

[1] Eccli. vi. 25-32.
[2] Archconfraternity of St. Peter's Chains, erected June 18, 1867.
[3] Arator. De Act. Apost., L. I, v. 1070–1076.

The August heavens glitter with the brightest constellations of the sacred cycle. Even in the sixth century, the second Council of Tours remarked that this month was filled with the feasts of saints.[1] *My delights are to be with the children of men*, says Wisdom; and in the month which echoes with her teachings she seems to have made it her glory to be surrounded with blessed ones, who, walking with her in the midst of the paths of judgment, have in finding her found life and salvation from the Lord. This noble court is presided over by the Queen of all grace, whose triumph consecrates this month and makes it the delight of that Wisdom of the Father, who, once enthroned in Mary, never quitted her. What a wealth of divine favours do the coming days promise to our souls! Never were our Father's barns so well filled as at this season, when the earthly as well as the heavenly harvests are ripe.

While the Church on earth inaugurates these days by adorning herself with Peter's chains as with a precious jewel, a constellation of seven stars appears for the third time in the heavens. The seven brothers Machabees preceded the sons of Symphorosa and Felicitas in the bloodstained arena; they followed divine Wisdom even before she had manifested her beauty in the flesh. The sacred cause of which they were the champions, their strength of soul under the tortures, their sublime answers to the executioners were so evidently the type reproduced by the later martyrs, that the Fathers of the first centuries with one accord claimed for the Christian Church these heroes of the synagogue, who could have gained such courage from no other source than their faith in the Christ to come. For this reason they alone of all the holy persons of the ancient covenant have found a place on the Christian cycle; all the martyrologies and calendars of East and West attest the universality of

[1] Toto Augusto . . . festivitates sunt et missæ sanctorum. De observatione psallendi. Labbe, V, 857.

their cultus, while its antiquity is such as to rival that of St. Peter's chains in that same basilica of Eudoxia where their precious relics lie.

At the time when in the hope of a better resurrection they refused under cruel torments to redeem their lives, other heroes of the same blood, inspired by the same faith, flew to arms and delivered their country from a terrible crisis. Several children of Israel, forgetting the traditions of their nation, had wished it to follow the customs of strange peoples; and the Lord, in punishment, had allowed Judea to feel the whole weight of a profane rule to which it had guiltily submitted. But when King Antiochus, taking advantage of the treason of a few and the carelessness of the majority, endeavoured by his ordinances to blot out the divine law which alone gives power to man over man, Israel, suddenly awakened, met the tyrant with the double opposition of revolt and martyrdom. Judas Machabeus in immortal battles reclaimed for God the land of his inheritance, while by the virtue of their generous confession, the seven brothers also, his rivals in glory, *recovered*, as the Scripture says, *the law out of the hands of the nations, and out of the hands of the kings*.[1] Soon afterwards, craving mercy under the hand of God and not finding it, Antiochus died, devoured by worms, just as later on were to die the first and last persecutors of the Christians, Herod Agrippa and Galerius Maximian.

The Holy Ghost, who would Himself hand down to posterity the acts of the protomartyr of the New Law, did the same with regard to the passion of Stephen's glorious predecessors in the ages of expectation. Indeed, it was he who then, as under the law of love, inspired with both words and courage these valiant brothers, and their still more admirable mother, who, seeing her seven sons one after the other suffering the most horrible tortures, uttered nothing but burning exhortations to die. Surrounded by their mutilated bodies, she mocked the tyrant who, in false pity, wished her

[1] 1 Mach. ii. 48.

to persuade at least the youngest to save his life; she bent over the last child of her tender love and said to him: *My son, have pity upon me, that bore thee nine months in my womb, and gave thee suck three years, and nourished thee, and brought thee up unto this age. I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and earth, and all that is in them: and consider that God made them out of nothing and mankind also: so thou shalt not fear this tormentor, but being made a worthy partner with thy brethren, receive death, that in that mercy I may receive thee again with thy brethren.*[1] And the intrepid youth ran in his innocence to the tortures; and the incomparable mother followed her sons.

PRAYER

Fraterna nos, Domine, martyrum tuorum corona lætificet: quæ et fidei nostræ præbeat incrementa virtutum, et multiplici nos suffragio consoletur. Per Dominum.

May the fraternal crown of Thy martyrs rejoice us, O Lord, and may it procure for our faith an increase of virtue, and console us with multiplied intercession. Through, etc.

[1] 2 Mach. vii. 27, 28, 29.

AUGUST 2

SAINT ALPHONSUS MARY LIGUORI

BISHOP AND DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH

YESTERDAY we admired, in Peter and the Machabees, the substructure of the palace built by Wisdom in time to endure for eternity. To-day, in conformity with the divine ways of that Wisdom, who in her playing reaches from end to end, we are suffered to contemplate the progress of the glorious building, to behold the summit of the work, the last row of stones actually laid. Now, summit and foundation, the work is all one; the materials are all priceless: witness the diamond of fine water which displays its lustre to-day.

To this great saint, great both in works and in doctrine, are directly applied these words of the Holy Ghost: *They that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.*[1] At the time he appeared an odious sect was denying the mercy and the sweetness of our heavenly Father; it triumphed in the practical conduct of even those who were shocked by its Calvinistic theories. Under pretext of a reaction against an imaginary school of laxity, and denouncing with much ado some erroneous propositions made by obscure persons, the new Pharisees had set themselves up as zealous for the law. Stretching the commandments, and exaggerating the sanction, they loaded the conscience with the same unbearable burdens which the Man-God reproached the ancient Pharisees with laying on the shoulders of men; but the cry of alarm they had raised in the name of endangered morals had none the less deceived the simple, and ended by misleading even the best. Thanks to the show of austerity displayed by its adherents, Jansenism, so clever in veiling its teachings,

[1] Dan. xii. 3.

had too well succeeded in its designs of forcing itself upon the Church in spite of the Church. Unsuspecting allies within the Holy City gave up to its mercy the sources of salvation. Soon in too many places the sacred keys were used but to open hell; the Holy Table, spread for the preservation and increase of life in all, became accessible only to the perfect; and these latter were esteemed such, according as, by a strange reversion of the apostle's words, they subjected the spirit of adoption of sons to the spirit of servitude and fear. As to the faithful, who did not rise to the height of this new asceticism, 'finding in the tribunal of penance, instead of fathers and physicians, only exactors and executioners,'[1] they had but to choose between despair and indifference. Everywhere legislatures and parliaments lent a hand to the so-called reformers, without heeding the flood of odious unbelief that was rising around them, without seeing the gathering storm-clouds.

Wo to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men, for you yourselves do not enter in; and those that are going in, you suffer not to enter. . . . Wo to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: because you go round about the sea and the land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, you make him the child of hell twofold more than yourselves.[2] Not of your conventicles was it said *that the sons of Wisdom are the Church of the just,* for it was added: *Their generation is obedience and love.*[3] Not of the fear which you preached did the psalmist sing: *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom;*[4] for even under the law of Sinai the Holy Spirit said: *Ye that fear the Lord, believe Him: and your reward shall not be made void. Ye that fear the Lord, hope in Him: and mercy shall come to you for your delight. Ye that fear the Lord, love Him: and your hearts shall be enlightened.*[5] Every deviation, whether towards rigour or weakness, offends

[1] Supplices litteræ Episcopatus pro concessione tituli Doctoris S. Alphonso Mariæ.
[2] St. Matt. xxiii. 13, 15. [3] Eccli. iii. 1. [4] Ps. cx. 10.
[5] Eccli. ii. 8-10.

the rectitude of justice; but, especially since Bethlehem and Calvary, no sin so wounds the divine Heart as distrust; no fault is unpardonable except in the despair of a Judas, saying, like Cain: *My iniquity is greater than that I may deserve pardon.*[1]

Who, then, in the sombre quietism into which the teachers then in vogue had led even the strongest minds, could find once more the key of knowledge? But Wisdom, says the Holy Ghost, kept in her treasures *the signification of discipline.*[2] Just as in other times she had raised up new avengers for every dogma that had been attacked, so now, against a heresy which, in spite of the speculative pretensions of its beginning, had only in its moral bearing any sort of duration, she brought forth Alphonsus Liguori as the avenger of the violated law and the doctor *par excellence* of Christian morality. A stranger alike to fatal rigorism and baneful indulgence, he knew how to restore to *the justices of the Lord* their rectitude, and at the same time their power of *rejoicing hearts;* to His commandments their luminous brightness, whereby they are *justified in themselves;* to His testimonies the purity which attracts souls and faithfully guides the simple and the little ones from the beginnings of Wisdom to its summits.[3] It was not only in the sphere of casuistry that Alphonsus succeeded, in his moral theology, in counteracting the poison which threatened to infect the whole Christian life. Whilst on the one hand he never left unanswered any attack made at the time against revealed truth, his ascetic and mystical works brought back piety to its traditional sources, the frequentation of the sacraments, and the love of our Lord and His blessed Mother. The Sacred Congregation of Rites, after examining in the name of the Holy See the works of our saint and declaring *that nothing deserving of censure was to be found therein,*[4] arranged his innumerable writings under forty separate titles. Alphonsus, however, resolved only late

[1] Gen. iv. 13.
[2] *Cf.* Ps. xviii. 8-10.
[3] Eccli. i. 31.
[4] Decretum, 14 and 18 Maii, 1803.

in life to give to the public, through the press, the lights which flooded his soul; his first work, the golden book of *Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin,* did not appear till the author was nearly fifty years of age. Though God prolonged his life beyond the usual limits, He spared him neither the double burden of the episcopate and the government of the Congregation he had founded, nor the most painful infirmities, nor still more grievous moral sufferings.

Let us listen to the Church's account of his life:

Alphonsus Maria de Ligorio, Neapoli nobilibus parentibus natus, ab ineunte ætate non obscura præbuit sanctitatis indicia. Eum adhuc infantem quum parentes obtulissent sancto Francisco de Hieronymo e Societate Jesu, is bene precatus edixit eumdem ad nonagesimum usque annum perventurum, ad episcopalem dignitatem evectum iri, maximoque Ecclesiæ bono futurum. Jam tum a pueritia a ludis abhorrens, nobiles ephebos ad christianam modestiam verbo et exemplo componebat. Adolescens, dato piis sodalitatibus nomine, in publicis nosocomiis ægrotis inservire, jugi in templis orationi vacare, ac sacra mysteria frequenter obire in deliciis habebat. Pietatem litterarum studiis adeo conjunxit, ut sexdecim vix annos natus utriusque juris lauream in patria universitate fuerit assecutus. Patri obtemperans causarum patrocinia suscepit, in quo munere obeundo, etsi magnam sibi laudem comparasset, fori tamen pericula expertus, ejusmodi vitæ institutum ultro dimisit. Spreto

Alphonsus Mary de Liguori was born of a noble family at Naples, and from his early youth gave clear proofs of sanctity. While he was still a child, his parents once presented him to St. Francis Jerome, of the Society of Jesus. The saint blessed him, and prophesied that he would reach his ninetieth year, that he would be raised to the episcopal dignity, and would do much good for the Church. Even as a boy he shrank from games, and both by his words and example incited noble youth to Christian modesty. When he reached early manhood he enrolled himself in pious associations, and made it his delight to serve the sick in the public hospital, to spend much time in prayer and in the church, and frequently to receive the sacred mysteries. He joined study to piety with such success that, when scarcely sixteen years of age, he took the degree of Doctor in both Canon and Civil Law, in the University of his native city. In obedience to his father's wishes, he pleaded at the bar; but, while winning himself a name in the discharge

igitur præclaro conjugio sibi a patre proposito, avia primogenitura abdicata, et ad aram Virginis de Mercede ense suspenso, divinis ministeriis se mancipavit. Sacerdos factus, tanto zelo irruit in vitia, ut apostolico munere fungens, huc illuc pervolans, ingentes perditorum hominum conversiones perageret. Pauperum præsertim et ruricolarum miseratus, congregationem presbyterorum instituit sanctissimi Redemptoris, qui ipsum Redemptorem secuti per agros, pagos et castella, pauperibus evangelizarent.

of this office, he learnt by experience what dangers beset a lawyer's life, and, of his own accord, abandoned the profession. Then he refused a brilliant marriage proposed to him by his father, renounced his right of inheritance as eldest son, and, hanging up his sword at the altar of the Virgin of Mercy, he devoted himself to the divine service. Having been made priest, he attacked vice with such great zeal that, in the exercise of his apostolic ministry, he hastened from place to place, working wonderful conversions. He had a special compassion for the poor, and particularly for country people, and founded a congregation for priests, called 'of the Holy Redeemer,' who were to follow the Redeemer through the fields, and hamlets, and villages, preaching to the poor.

Ne autem a proposito umquam diverteret, perpetuo se voto obstrinxit, nullam temporis jacturam faciendi. Hinc animarum zelo succensus, tum divini verbi prædicatione, tum scriptis sacra eruditione et pietate refertis, animas Christo lucrifacere, et ad perfectiorem vitam adducere studuit. Mirum sane quot odia exstinxerit, quot devios ad rectum salutis iter revocaverit. Dei Genitricis cultor eximius de illius laudibus librum edidit, ac de iis dum ferventius concionando disserit, a Virginis imagine in eum immisso miro splendore totus facie coruscare, et in exstasim rapi coram universo populo non semel visus est. Dominicæ passionis, et sacræ

In order that nothing might turn him from his purpose, he bound himself by a perpetual vow never to waste any time. On fire with love of souls, he strove, both by preaching the divine word and by writings full of sacred learning and piety, to win them to Christ and to make them lead more perfect lives. Marvellous was the number of quarrels he stilled and of wanderers he brought back to the path of salvation. He had the greatest devotion to the Mother of God, and published a book on the 'Glories of Mary.' More than once, while he was speaking of her with great earnestness during his sermons, a wonderful brightness came upon him

Eucharistiæ contemplator assiduus, ejus cultum mirifice propagavit. Dum vero ad ejus aram oraret, vel sacrum faceret, quod numquam omisit, præ amoris vehementia, vel seraphicis liquescebat ardoribus, vel insolitis quatiebatur motibus, vel abstrahebatur a sensibus. Miram vitæ innocentiam, quam nulla umquam lethali labe fœdavit, pari cum pœnitentia socians, corpus suum inedia, ferreis catenulis, ciliciis, cruentaque flagellatione castigabat. Inter hæc prophetiæ, scrutationis cordium, bilocationis, et miraculorum donis inclaruit.

from our Lady's image, and he was seen by all the people to be rapt in ecstasy. The Passion of our Lord and the Holy Eucharist were the objects of his unceasing contemplation, and he spread devotion to them in a wonderful degree. When he was praying before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, or celebrating Holy Mass, which he never failed to do, through the violence of his love he shed burning tears, was agitated in an extraordinary manner, and at times was carried out of his senses. He joined a wonderful innocence, which he had never stained by deadly sin, with an equally wonderful spirit of penance, and chastised his body by fasting, iron chains, hair-shirts, and scourgings even to blood. At the same time he was remarkable for the gifts of prophecy, reading of hearts, bilocation, and many miracles.

Ab ecclesiasticis dignitatibus sibi oblatis constantissime abhorruit. At Clementis decimitertii pontificis auctoritate coactus, sanctæ Agathæ Gothorum Ecclesiam gubernandam suscepit. Episcopus externum dumtaxat habitum non autem severam vivendi rationem immutavit. Eadem frugalitas, summus christianæ disciplinæ zelus, impensum in vitiis coercendis arcendisque erroribus, et in reliquis pastoralibus muneribus obeundis studium. Liberalis in pauperes, omnes ecclesiæ proventus iisdem distribuebat, ac, urgente annonæ caritate, ipsam domesticam supellectilem in

He firmly refused the ecclesiastical dignities which were offered him, but he was compelled by the authority of Pope Clement XIII to accept the government of the Church of St. Agatha of the Goths. As bishop, though he changed his outward dress, yet he made no alteration in the severity of his life. He observed the same moderation; his zeal for Christian discipline was most ardent, and he displayed the greatest devotedness in rooting out vice, in guarding against false doctrine, and in discharging the other duties of the pastoral charge. He was most generous towards the poor, distributing

alendis famelicis erogavit. Omnibus omnia factus, sanctimoniales ad perfectiorem vivendi formam redegit, suæque congregationis monialium monasterium constituendum curavit. Episcopatu ob graves habitualesque morbos dimisso, ad alumnos suos, a quibus pauper discesserat, revertitur pauper. Demum quamvis senio, laboribusque, diuturna arthritide, aliisque gravissimis morbis fractus corpore, spiritu tamen alacrior, de cœlestibus rebus disserendi, aut scribendi finem numquam adhibuit, donec nonagenarius, Kalendis Augusti, anno millesimo septingentesimo octogesimo septimo, Nuceriæ Paganorum inter suorum alumnorum lacrymas placidissime exspiravit. Eum inde virtutibus et miraculis clarum Pius septimus pontifex maximus anno millesimo octingentesimo decimo sexto beatorum fastis, novisque fulgentem signis, Gregorius Decimussextus in festo sanctissimæ Trinitatis, anno millesimo octingentesimo trigesimo nono solemni ritu sanctorum catalogo accensuit; tandem Pius nonus, pontifex maximus, ex Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis consulto, universalis Ecclesiæ Doctorem declaravit.

to them all the revenues of his see, and in a time of scarcity of corn he sold even the furniture of his house to feed his starving people. He was all things to all men. He brought religious women to lead a more perfect life, and took care to erect a monastery for nuns of his Congregation. Severe and continual sickness forced him to resign his bishopric, and he returned to his children as poor as when he had left them. Though worn out in body by old age, labours, chronic gout, and other painful maladies, his mind was fresh and clear, and he never ceased speaking or writing of heavenly things till at length, on the Kalends of August, he most peacefully expired, at Nocera dei Pagani, amidst his weeping children. It was in the year 1787, the ninetieth year of his age. His virtues and miracles made him famous, and on this account, in 1816, Pope Pius VII enrolled him amongst the Blessed. God still glorified him with new signs and wonders, and, on the feast of the Most Blessed Trinity, in the year 1839, Gregory XVI solemnly inscribed his name on the list of the saints; finally, Pope Pius IX, after consulting the Congregation of Sacred Rites, declared him a doctor of the universal Church.

'I have not hid Thy justice within my heart: I have declared Thy truth and Thy salvation.'[1] Thus sings the Church in thy name to-day, in gratitude for the great service thou didst render her in the days of sinners,

[1] Gradual of the Mass, Ps. xxxix. 11.

when godliness seemed to be lost. Exposed to the attacks of an extravagant pharisaism, and watched by a sceptical and mocking philosophy, even the good wavered as to which was the way of the Lord. While the moralists of the day could but forge fetters for consciences, the enemy had a good chance of crying: *Let us break their bonds asunder: and let us cast away their yoke from us.* The ancient wisdom revered by their fathers, now that it was compromised by these foolish teachers, seemed but a ruined edifice to people eager for emancipation. In this unprecedented extremity, thou, O Alphonsus, wast the prudent man whom the Church needed, whose mouth uttered words to strengthen men's hearts.

Long before thy birth, a great Pope had said that it belongs to doctors to enlighten the Church, to adorn her with virtues, to form her manners; by them, he added, she shines in the midst of darkness as a morning star; their word, made fruitful from on high, solves the enigmas of the Scriptures, unravels difficulties, clears obscurities, interprets what is doubtful; their profound works, beautified by eloquence of speech, are so many priceless pearls which ennoble no less than adorn the House of God. Thus did Boniface VIII speak in the thirteenth century, when he was raising to the rank of doubles the feasts of the apostles and evangelists, and of the four then recognized doctors, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome. But is it not a description, striking as a prophecy, faithful as a portrait, of all that thou wert ?

Glory, then, be to thee, who in our days of decadence renewest the youth of the Church, and through whom justice and peace once more embrace one another at the meeting of mercy and truth. For this object thou didst literally give unreservedly thy time and thy strength. 'The love of God,' says St. Gregory, 'is never idle: where it exists it does great things: if it refuses to act, it is not love.'[1] What fidelity was thine

[1] GREG. IN EV., hom. XXX.

in accomplishing that awful vow, whereby thou didst deny thyself the possibility of even a moment's relaxation. When suffering intolerable pain, which would appear to anyone else to justify, if not to command, some rest, thou wouldst hold to thy forehead with one hand a piece of marble, which seemed to give some slight relief, and with the other wouldst continue thy precious writings.

But still greater was the example God set before the world, when, in thine old age, He suffered thee, through the treason of one of thine own sons, to be disgraced by that Apostolic See, for which thou hadst worn away thy life, and which in return withdrew thee, as unworthy, from the very institute thou hadst founded! Then hell was permitted to join its stripes with those of heaven; and thou, the doctor of peace, didst endure terrible temptations against faith and holy hope. Thus was thy work made perfect in that weakness which is stronger than strength; and thus didst thou merit for troubled souls the support of the virtue of Christ. Nevertheless, having become a child once more in the blind obedience required under such painful trials, thou wast near at once to the kingdom of heaven and to the Crib, which thou didst celebrate in such sweet accents. And the virtue which the Man-God felt going out from Him during His mortal life escaped from thee, too, in such abundance that the little sick children presented by their mothers for thy blessing were all healed.

Now that thy tears and thy toils are over, watch over us evermore. Preserve in the Church the fruits of thy labours. The religious family begotten by thee has not degenerated; more than once, in the persecutions of last century, the enemy has honoured it with special tokens of his hatred; already, too, has the aureole of the blessed passed from the father to his sons; may they ever cherish these noble traditions! May the eternal Father, who in baptism *made us all worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light,* lead

us all happily by thy example and teachings[1] in the footsteps of our most holy Redeemer *into the kingdom of this Son of His love.*[2]

The commemoration of the illustrious Pope and Martyr, Stephen I, adds a perfume of antiquity to the holiness of this day dedicated to the honour of a comparatively modern saint. Stephen's special glory in the Church is to have been the guardian of the dignity of holy baptism. Baptism once given can never be repeated; for the character of child of God, which it imprints upon the Christian, is everlasting; and this unspeakable dignity of the first sacrament in no wise depends upon the disposition or state of the minister conferring it. According to the teaching of St. Austin, whether Peter, or Paul, or Judas, baptize, it is He upon whom the divine Dove descended in the Jordan, it is He alone and always that baptizes by them in the Holy Ghost. Such is the adorable munificence of our Lord, with regard to this indispensable means of salvation, that the very pagan who belongs not to the Church and the schismatic or heretic separated from her can administer it with full validity, on the one condition of fulfilling the exterior rite in its essence, and of wishing to do thereby what the Church does.

In the time of Stephen I this truth was not so universally known as now. Great bishops, whose learning and holiness had justly won them the admiration of their age, wished to make the converts from various sects pass again through the laver of salvation. But the assistance promised to Peter was not wanting to his successor; and by maintaining the traditional discipline, Rome, through Stephen, saved the faith of the churches. Let us testify our gratitude to the holy pontiff for his fidelity in guarding the sacred deposit, which is the treasure of all men; and let us beg him to preserve no less effectually in us also the nobility and the rights of our holy baptism.

[1] Collect of the Feast. [2] Col. i. 12, 13.

PRAYER

Deus, qui nos beati Stephani martyris tui atque pontificis annua solemnitate lætificas: concede propitius; ut cujus natalitia colimus, de ejusdem etiam protectione gaudeamus. Per Dominum.

O God, who givest us joy by the annual solemnity of blessed Stephen, Thy martyr and bishop, mercifully grant that we may rejoice in the protection of him whose festival we celebrate. Through our Lord, etc.

AUGUST 3

FINDING OF SAINT STEPHEN

PROTOMARTYR

URGED by the approach of Laurence's triumph, Stephen rises to assist at his combat; it is a meeting full of beauty and strength, revealing the work of eternal Wisdom in the arrangement of the sacred cycle. But the present feast has other teachings also to offer us.

The first resurrection, of which we spoke above, continues for the saints. After Nazarius and Celsus, and all the martyrs whom the victory of Christ has shown to be partakers of His glory according to the divine promise, the standard-bearer of the white-robed army himself rises glorious from his tomb to lead the way for new triumphs. The fierce auxiliaries of God's anger against idolatrous Rome, after reducing the false gods to powder, must in their turn be subjugated; and this second victory will be the work of the martyrs aiding the Church by their miracles, as the first was that of their faith despising death and tortures. The received method of writing history in our days ignores such considerations; that is no reason why we should follow the fashion; the exactitude of its data, on which the science of this age plumes itself, is but one more proof that falsehood is as easily nurtured by omissions as by positive misstatements. Now the more profound the present silence on the question, the more certain it is that the very years which beheld the barbarians invading and overturning the empire were signalized by an effusion of virtue from on high, comparable in more than one respect to that which marked the times of the apostolic preaching. Nothing less was required to reassure the faithful on the one hand, and on the other

to inspire with respect for the Church these brutal invaders, who knew no right but might, and felt nothing but disdain for the race they had conquered.

The divine intention in surrounding the fall of Rome in 410 with discoveries of saints' bodies was clearly manifested in the most important of these discoveries, the one we celebrate to-day. The year 415 had opened. Italy, Gaul, and Spain were being invaded; Africa was about to share their fate. Amidst the universal ruin the Christians, in whom alone resided the hope of the world, put up their petitions at every sanctuary to obtain at least, according to the expression of the Spanish priest Avitus, 'that the Lord would inspire with gentleness those whom He suffered to prevail.'[1] It was then that took place that marvellous revelation which the severe critic Tillemont, convinced by the testimony of all the chronicles, histories, letters, and discourses of the time,[2] allows to be 'one of the most celebrated events of the fifth century.'[3] Through the intermediary of the priest Lucian, John, Bishop of Jerusalem, received from St. Stephen the first martyr and his companions in the tomb a message couched in these terms: 'Make haste to open our sepulchre, that by our means God may open to the world the door of His clemency, and may take pity on His people in the universal tribulation.' The discovery, accomplished in the midst of prodigies, was published to the whole world as the sign of salvation.[4] St. Stephen's relics, scattered everywhere in token of security and peace,[5] wrought astonishing conversions;[6] innumerable miracles, 'like those of ancient times,' bore witness to the same faith of Christ which the martyr had confessed by his death four centuries earlier.[7]

Such was the extraordinary character of this manifestation, so astonishing was the number of resurrections

[1] Aviti Epist. ad Palchon, De reliquiis S. Stephani.
[2] Idatii, Marcellini, Sozomenis, Augustini, etc. [3] Mem. Eccl., ii., p. 12.
[4] Luciani Epist. ad omnem Ecclesiam, De revelatione S. Stephani.
[5] Aviti Epist.
[6] Severi Epist. ad omnem Eccl., De virtutibus S. Stephani.
[7] Aug. De Civit. Dei, xxii. 8, 9.

of the dead, that St. Augustine, addressing his people, deemed it prudent to lift their thoughts from Stephen the servant to Christ his Master. 'Though dead,' said he, 'he raises the dead to life, because in reality he is not dead.[1] But as heretofore in his mortal life, so now, too, he acts solely in the name of Christ; all that ye see now done by the memory of Stephen is done in that name alone, that Christ may be exalted, Christ may be adored, Christ may be expected as Judge of the living and the dead.'[2]

Let us conclude with this praise addressed to St. Stephen a few years later by Basil of Seleucia, which gives so well in a few words the reason of the feast: 'There is no place, no territory, no nation, no far-off land, that has not obtained the help of thy benefits. There is no one, stranger or citizen, barbarian or Scythian, that does not experience, through thy intercession, the greatness of heavenly realities.'[3]

The following legend epitomizes and completes the history given by the priest Lucian:

Sanctorum corpora Stephani Protomartyris, Gamalielis, Nicodemi et Abibonis, quæ diu in obscuro ac sordido loco jacuerant, Honorio imperatore, Luciano presbytero divinitus admonito, inventa sunt prope Jerosolymam. Cui Gamaliel, cum in somnis apparuisset, gravi quadam et præclara senis specie, locum jacentium corporum commonstravit, imperans, ut Joannem Jerosolymitanum antistitem adiret, ageretque cum eo, ut honestius illa corpora sepelirentur.

Quibus auditis Jerosolymorum antistes, finitimarum urbium episcopis presbyterisque convocatis, ad locum pergit:

During the reign of the Emperor Honorius the bodies of St. Stephen the Protomartyr, Gamaliel, Nicodemus, and Abibo were found near Jerusalem. They had long lain buried, unknown and neglected, when they were revealed by God to a priest named Lucian. While he was asleep, Gamaliel appeared to him as a venerable and majestic old man, and showed him the spot where the bodies lay, commanding him to go to Bishop John of Jerusalem, and persuade him to give these bodies more honourable burial.

On hearing this, the Bishop of Jerusalem assembled the neighbouring bishops and clergy, and went to the spot

[1] Sermo 319, al. De diversis 51. [2] Sermo 316, al. De diversis 94.
[3] Basil Seleuc. Oratio 41, De S. Stephano.

defossos loculos invenit, unde suavissimus odor efflabatur. Cujus rei fama commota, magna hominum multitudo eo convenit, multique ex variis morbis ægroti ac debiles, sani et integri domum redierunt. Sacrum autem sancti Stephani corpus, quod summa tunc celebritate in sanctam ecclesiam Sion illatum est, sub Theodosio juniore Constantinopolim, inde Romam Pelagio Primo Summo Pontifice translatum, in agro Verano in sepulcro sancti Laurentii Martyris collocatum est.

indicated. The tombs were found, and from them exhaled a most sweet odour. At the rumour of what had occurred, a great crowd came together, and many of them who were sick and weak from various ailments went away perfectly cured. The sacred body of St. Stephen was then carried with great honour to the holy church of Sion. Under Theodosius the younger it was carried to Constantinople, and from thence it was translated to Rome under Pope Pelagius I and placed in the tomb of St. Laurence the Martyr, *in Agro Verano.*

What a precious addition to thy history in the sacred books is furnished us, O Protomartyr, by the story of thy finding! We now know who were those 'God-fearing men who buried Stephen and made great mourning over him.' Gamaliel, the master of the Doctor of the Gentiles, had been, before his disciple, conquered by our Lord; inspired by Jesus to whom in dying thou didst commend thy soul, he honoured after thy death the humble soldier of Christ with the same cares which had been lavished by Joseph of Arimathea, the noble counsellor, on the Man-God, and laid thy body in the new tomb prepared for himself. Soon Nicodemus, Joseph's companion in the pious work of the great Friday, hunted by the Jews in that persecution in which thou wert the first victim, found refuge near thy sacred relics, and dying a holy death was laid to rest beside thee. The respected name of Gamaliel prevailed over the angry synagogue; while the family of Annas and Caiphas kept in its hands the priestly power through the precarious favour of Rome, the grandson of Hillel left to his descendants pre-eminence in knowledge, and his eldest line remained for four centuries the depositories of the only moral authority

then recognized by the dispersed Israelites. But more fortunate was he in having, by hearing the apostles and thyself, O Stephen, passed from the science of shadows to the light of the realities, from the Law to the Gospel, from Moses to Him whom Moses announced; more happy than the eldest born was the beloved son Abibo, baptized with his father at the age of twenty, who, passing away to God, filled the tomb next to thine with the sweet odour of heavenly purity. How touching was the last will of the illustrious father, when, his hour being come, he ordered the grave of Abibo to be opened for himself, that father and son might be seen to be twin brothers born together to the only true light!

The munificence of our Lord had placed thee in death, O Stephen, in worthy company. We give thanks to the noble person who showed thee hospitality for thy last rest; and we are grateful to him for having, at the appointed time, himself broken the silence kept concerning him by the delicate reserve of the Scriptures. Here again we see how the Man-God wills to share His own honours with His chosen ones. Thy sepulchre, like His, was glorious; and when it was opened, the earth shook, the bystanders believed that heaven had come down; the world was delivered from a desolating drought, and amid a thousand evils hope sprang up once more. Now that our West possesses thy body and Gamaliel has yielded to Laurence the right of hospitality, rise up once more, O Stephen; and together with the great Roman deacon deliver us from the new barbarians, by converting them, or wiping them off the face of the earth given by God to his Christ.

August 4

SAINT DOMINIC

CONFESSOR

In that clime
Where springs the pleasant west wind to unfold
The fresh leaves, with which Europe sees herself
New-garmented; nor from those billows far,
Beyond whose chiding, after weary course,
The sun doth sometimes hide him; safe abides
The happy Calaroga under guard
Of the great shield, wherein the lion lies
Subjected and supreme. And there was born
The loving minion of the Christian faith,
The hallowed wrestler, gentle to his own,
And to his enemies terrible. So replete
His soul with lively virtue, that when first
Created, even in the mother's womb,
It prophesied. When, at the sacred font,
The spousals were complete 'twixt faith and him,
Where pledge of mutual safety was exchanged,
The dame, who was his surety, in her sleep
Beheld the wondrous fruit, that was from him
And from his heirs to issue. And that such
He might be construed, as indeed he was,
She was inspired to name him of his owner,
Whose he was wholly; and so called him Dominic.

. . . . .

O happy father! Felix rightly named.
O favoured mother! rightly named Joanna;
If that do mean as men interpret it.[1]

. . . . .

Then, with sage doctrine and goodwill to help,
Forth on his great apostleship he fared,
Like torrent bursting from a lofty vein;
And dashing 'gainst the stocks of heresy,
Smote fiercest, where resistance was most stout.
Thence many rivulets have since been turned,
Over the garden Catholic to lead
Their living waters, and have fed its plants.[2]

[1] Dominic, belonging to the Lord; Felix, happy; Joanna, grace.
[2] Dante, Divina Commedia, Paradiso, Canto xii. (Cary's translation).

THIS eulogium, truly worthy of heaven, is placed by Dante, in his 'Paradiso,' on the lips of the most illustrious son of the poor man of Assisi. In the great poet's journey through the upper world, it was fitting that Bonaventure should extol the patriarch of the Preachers as in the preceding canto Thomas Aquinas, Dominic's son, had celebrated *the father of the family humbly girt with the cord.*

> The Providence that governeth the world,
> In depth of counsel by created ken
> Unfathomable, to the end that she,
> Who with loud cries was spoused in precious Blood,
> Might keep her footing towards her well-beloved,
> Safe in herself and constant unto him,
> Hath two ordained, who should on either hand
> In chief escort her: one, seraphic all
> In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,
> The other, splendour of cherubic light.[1]

O Wisdom of the Father, thou wast the one love of both; Francis' poverty, the true treasure of the soul, and Dominic's faith, the incomparable light of our exile, are but two aspects of Thee from below, expressing to us, in our time of trial and shadow, Thy adorable beauty. Speaking with no less profoundness and with greater authority, the immortal pontiff Gregory IX says: 'The Fountain of Wisdom, the Word of the Father, our Lord Jesus Christ, whose nature is goodness, whose work is mercy, does not abandon in the course of ages the vine He has brought out of Egypt; He comes to the aid of wavering souls by new signs, He adapts His wonders to the weakness of the incredulous. When therefore the day was declining towards evening, and while charity was becoming frozen by the abundance of wickedness, the light of justice was beginning to wane, the Father of the family gathered together workmen fitted for the labours of the eleventh hour; to clear His vineyard of the thorns that had overgrown it, and to drive away the multitude of mischievous little foxes that were doing their best to destroy it, He raised up the

[1] DANTE, Paradiso, Canto xi.

companies of Friars Preachers and Minors with the chiefs armed for battle.'[1] In this expedition of the Lord of hosts, Dominic was ' His glorious charger, full of fire in his faith, fearlessly neighing by preaching the divine word.'[2] In October we shall see the great share in the combat taken by his brother-at-arms, who appeared as a living standard of Christ crucified, in the midst of a society where the triple concupiscence was in league with every error, striving to overthrow Christianity itself.

Finding everywhere this union of sensuality with heresy, which was henceforth to be the principal strength of false preachers, Dominic, like Francis, prescribed to his sons the most absolute renunciation of this world's goods, and he too became a beggar for Christ's sake. The time was past when the people, rejoicing in all the consequences of the Incarnation, made over to the Man-God the most extensive territorial domain that ever was, and at the same time placed his Vicar at the head of kings. The unworthy descendants of these high-minded Christians, after having vainly attempted to humiliate the Bride by subjecting the priesthood to the empire, reproached the Church with possessing those goods of which she was but the depository in the name of our Lord; the time had come for the Dove of the Canticle to begin, by abandoning the earth, her return journey towards heaven.

But if the two leaders of the campaign which arrested for a time the progress of the enemy were but one in their love of holy poverty, this last was the special choice of the Assisian Patriarch. Dominic's more direct means for obtaining the glory of God and the salvation of souls was science; this was his excellent portion, more fertile than that of Caleb's daughter. Less than fifty years after Dominic had bequeathed this inheritance to his descendants, the wisely combined irrigation, by the *upper and the nether waters* of faith and reason, had brought to full growth the tree of theological science,

[1] Bulla Fons Sapientiæ, de canonizatione S. Dominici.
[2] *Ibid.*

with its powerful roots and branches loftier than the clouds, whereon the birds of all tribes under heaven loved to perch without fear and gaze upon the sun.

'The father of the Preachers,' said the Eternal Father to St. Catherine of Siena, 'established his principle on the light, by making it his aim and his armour; he took upon him the office of the Word My Son, sowing My word, dispelling darkness, enlightening the earth; Mary, by whom I gave him to the world, made him the *extirpator of heresies*.'[1] In the same way, as we have already seen, spoke the Florentine poet half a century earlier. The order, called to become the chief support of the sovereign pontiff in uprooting pernicious doctrines, ought, if possible, to justify that name even more than its patriarch: the first of the tribunals of Holy Church, the Holy Roman Universal Inquisition, the Holy Office, truly invested with the office of the Word with His two-edged sword, to convert or to chastise, could find no instrument more trusty or more sure.

Little thought the virgin of Siena, or the illustrious author of the 'Divina Commedia,' that the chief title of the Dominican family to the grateful love of the people would be discussed in a certain apologetic school, and there discarded as insulting, or dissembled as unpleasant. The present age glories in a liberalism which has given proofs of its power by multiplying ruins, and which rests on no better philosophical basis than a strange confusion between licence and liberty; only such intellectual grovelling could have failed to understand that, in a society which has faith for the basis of its institutions as well as the principle of salvation for all, no crime could equal that of shaking the foundation on which thus rest both social interest and the most precious possession of individuals. Neither the idea of justice, nor still less that of liberty, could consist in leaving to the mercy of evil or evil men the weak who are unable to protect themselves: this truth was the axiom and the glory of chivalry: the brothers of Peter

[1] Dialogue, clviii.

the Martyr devoted their lives to protect the safety of the children of God against the surprises of the strong armed one, and the *business that walketh about in the dark*:[1] it was the honour of the 'saintly flock led by Dominic along a way where they thrive well who do not go astray.'[2]

Who could be truer knights than those *athletes of the faith*,[3] taking their sacred vow in the form of allegiance,[4] and choosing for their Lady her who, terrible as an army, alone crushes heresies throughout the whole world? To the buckler of truth and the sword of the word, she who keeps in Sion the armour of valiant men, added for her devoted liegemen the Rosary, the special mark of her own militia; she, as being their true commander-in-chief, assigned them the habit of her choice, and in the person of Blessed Reginald, anointed them with her own hands for the battle. She herself, too, watched over the recruiting of the holy band, attracting to it from among the *élite* youth of the universities souls the purest, the most generously devoted, and of the noblest intellect. At Paris, the capital of theology, and Bologna, of law and jurisprudence, masters and scholars, disciples of every branch of science, were pursued and overtaken by the sweet Queen amid incidents more heavenly than earthly. How graceful were those beginnings, wherein Dominic's virginal serenity seemed to surround all his children! It was indeed in this the Order of light that the Gospel word was seen verified: *Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.*[5] Eyes enlightened from above beheld the foundations of the Friars Preachers under the figure of fields of lilies; and Mary, by whom the Splendour of eternal Light came down to us, became their heavenly mistress and led them from every science to Wisdom, the friend of pure hearts. She came, accompanied by Cecilia and Catherine, to bless their rest at

[1] Ps. xc. 6.
[2] DANTE, Paradiso, Canto x.
[3] HONORIUS III., Diploma confirmans ordinem.
[4] Promitto obedientiam Deo et B. Mariæ, Constitutiones Fratr. Ord. Prædicat. I[2] Distinctio, cap. xv. de Professione.
[5] St. Matt. v. 8.

night, and covered them all with her royal mantle beside the throne of our Lord. After this we are not astonished at the freshness and purity, which continued even after St. Dominic, under the generalship of Jordan of Saxony, Raymund of Pennafort, John the Teuton, and Humbert de Romans, in those 'Lives of the Brethren,' and 'Lives of the Sisters,' so happily handed down to us. It is instructive to note that in the Dominican family, apostolic in its very essence, the Sisters were founded ten years before the Brethren, which shows how, in the Church of God, action can never be fruitful unless preceded and accompanied by contemplation, which obtains for it every blessing and grace.

Notre Dame de Prouille, at the foot of the Pyrenees, was not only by this right of primogeniture the beginning of the whole order; it was here also that the first companions of St. Dominic made with him their choice of a rule, and divided the world amongst them, going from here to found the convents of St. Romanus at Toulouse, St. James at Paris, St. Nicholas at Bologna, St. Sixtus and St. Sabina in the Eternal City. About the same period the establishment of the *Militia of Jesus Christ* placed under the direction of the Friars Preachers secular persons, who undertook to defend, by all the means in their power, the goods and liberty of the Church against the aggressions of heresy; when the sectaries had laid down their arms, leaving the world in peace for a time, the association did not disappear: it continued to fight with spiritual arms, and changed its name into that of the Third Order *of Brothers and Sisters of Penance of St. Dominic.*

Let us read in the Church's book the abridged life of the holy patriarch:

Dominicus, Calarogæ in Hispania ex nobili Guzmanorum familia natus, Palentiæ liberalibus disciplinis et theologiæ operam dedit: quo in studio cum plurimum profecisset, prius Oxomensis eccle-

Dominic was born at Calaruega, in Spain, of the noble family of the Guzmans, and went through his liberal and theological studies at Palencia. He made great progress in learning, and became a Canon

siæ canonicus regularis, deinde ordinis Fratrum Prædicatorum auctor fuit. Hujus mater gravida sibi visa est in quiete continere in alvo catulum ore præferentem facem, qua editus in lucem, orbem terrarum incenderet. Quo somnio significabatur, fore ut splendore sanctitatis ac doctrinæ, gentes ad christianam pietatem inflammarentur. Veritatem exitus comprobavit: id enim et præstitit per se, et per sui ordinis socios deinceps est consecutus.

Hujus autem ingenium ac virtus maxime enituit in evertendis hæreticis, qui perniciosis erroribus Tolosates pervertere conabantur. Quo in negotio septem consumpsit annos. Postea Romam venit ad Lateranense concilium cum episcopo Tolosano, ut ordo, quem instituerat, ab Innocentio tertio confirmaretur. Quæ res dum in deliberatione versatur, Dominicus hortatu pontificis ad suos revertitur, ut sibi regulam deligeret. Romam rediens, ab Honorio tertio, qui proximus Innocentio successerat, confirmationem ordinis Prædicatorum impetrat. Romæ autem duo instituit monasteria, alterum virorum, mulierum alterum. Tres etiam mortuos ad vitam revocavit, multaque alia edidit miracula, quibus Ordo Prædicatorum mirifice propagari cœpit.

Verum cum ejus opera ubique terrarum monasteria jam ædi-

Regular of the church of Osma, and afterwards instituted the order of Friars Preachers. While his mother was with child, she dreamt she was carrying in her womb a little dog holding a torch in his mouth, with which, as soon as he was born, he would set fire to the world. This dream signified that he would enkindle Christian piety among the nations by the splendour of his sanctity and teaching. Events proved its truth: for he fulfilled the prophecy both in person and later on by the brethren of his order.

His genius and virtue shone forth especially in confounding the heretics who were attempting to infect the people of Toulouse with their baneful errors. He was occupied for seven years in this undertaking. Then he went to Rome for the Council of Lateran, with the Bishop of Toulouse, to obtain from Innocent III the confirmation of the order he had instituted. But while the matter was under consideration that Pope advised Dominic to return to his disciples, and choose a rule. On his return to Rome, he obtained the confirmation of the Order of Preachers from Honorius III, the immediate successor of Innocent. In Rome itself he founded two monasteries, one for men and the other for women. He raised three dead to life, and worked many other miracles, in consequence of which the Order of Preachers began to spread in a wonderful manner.

Monasteries were built by his means in every part of the

ficarentur, innumerabilesque homines religiosam ac piam vitam instituerent, Bononiæ anno Christi ducentesimo vigesimo primo supra millesimum, in febrem incidit: ex qua cum se moriturum intelligeret, convocatis fratribus et alumnis suæ disciplinæ, eos ad innocentiam et integritatem cohortatus est. Postremo caritatem, humilitatem, paupertatem, tamquam certum patrimonium eis testamento reliquit: fratribusque orantibus, in illis verbis, Subvenite sancti Dei, occurrite Angeli, obdormivit in Domino, octavo idus Augusti: quem postea Gregorius nonus pontifex retulit in sanctorum numerum.

world, and through his teaching numbers of men embraced a holy and religious manner of life. At length, in the year of Christ 1221, he fell into a fever at Bologna. When he saw he was about to die, calling together his brethren and children, he exhorted them to innocence and purity of life, and left them as their true inheritance the virtues of charity, humility, and poverty. While the brethren were praying round him, at the words, 'Come to his aid, ye saints of God, run to meet him, O ye angels,' he fell asleep in the Lord, on the eighth of the Ides of August. Pope Gregory IX placed him among the saints.

How many sons and daughters surround thee on the sacred cycle! This very month, Rose of Lima and Hyacinth keep thee company, and thy coming has long since been heralded in the liturgy by Raymund of Pennafort, Thomas Aquinas, Vincent Ferrer, Peter the Martyr, Catherine of Siena, Pius V, and Antoninus. And now at length appears in the firmament the new star whose brightness dispels ignorance, confounds heresy, increases the faith of believers. O Dominic, thy blessed mother, who preceded thee to heaven, now penetrates in all its fulness the happy meaning of that mysterious vision which once excited her fears. And that other Dominic, the glory of ancient Silos, at whose tomb she received the promise of thy blessed birth, rejoices at the tenfold splendour given by thee for all eternity to the beautiful name he bequeathed thee. But what a special welcome dost thou receive from the Mother of all grace, who heretofore, embracing the feet of her angered Son, stood surety that thou wouldst bring back the world to its Saviour! A few years passed away; and error, put to confusion, felt that a deadly struggle was engaged between itself and thy

family; the Lateran Church saw its walls, which were threatening to fall, strengthened for a time; and the two princes of the apostles, who had bidden thee go and preach, rejoice that the word has gone forth once more into the whole world.

Stricken with barrenness, the nations, which the Apocalypse likens to great waters, seemed to have become once for all corrupt; the prostitute of Babylon was setting up her throne before the time; when, in imitation of Eliseus, putting the salt of Wisdom into the new vessel of the order founded by thee, thou didst cast this divine salt into the unhealthy waters, neutralize the poison of the beast so soon risen up again, and, in spite of the snares which will never cease, didst render the earth habitable once more. How clearly thy example shows us that they alone are powerful before God and over the people, who give themselves up to Him without seeking anything else, and only give to others out of their own fulness. Despising, as thine historians tell us, every opportunity and every science where eternal Wisdom was not to be seen, thy youth was charmed with her alone; and she, who prevents those that seek her, inundated thee from thy earliest years with the light and the anticipated sweetness of heaven. It is from her that overflowed upon thee that radiant serenity, which so struck thy contemporaries, and which no occurrence could ever alter. In heavenly peace thou didst drink long draughts from the ever-flowing fountain springing up into eternal life; but while thine inmost soul was thus slaking the thirst of its love, the divine source produced a marvellous fecundity; and its streams becoming thine, thy *fountains* were *conveyed abroad in the streets*, thou didst *divide thy waters*. Thou hadst welcomed Wisdom, and she exalted thee; not content to adorn thy brow with the rays of the mysterious star, she gave thee also the glory of patriarchs, and multiplied thy years and thy works in those of thy sons. In them thou hast not ceased to be one of the strongest stays of the Church. Science has made

thy name wonderful among the nations, and because of it their youth is honoured by the ancients; may it ever be for them, as it was for their elders, both the fruit of Wisdom and the way that leads to her; may it be fostered by prayer; for thy holy order so well keeps up the beautiful traditions of prayer as to approach the nearest, in that respect, to the ancient monastic orders. *To praise, to bless, and to preach* will be to the end its loved motto; for its apostolate must be, according to the word of the Psalm, the overflowing of the *abundance of sweetness* tasted in communication with God. Thus strengthened in Sion, thus blessed in its glorious rôle of propagator and guardian of the truth, thy noble family will ever deserve to hear, from the mouth of our Lady herself, that encouragement above all praise: '*Fortiter, fortiter, viri fortes*!—Courage, courage, ye men of courage!'

August 5

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

ROME, delivered from slavery by Peter on the first of this month, offers to the world a wonderful spectacle. O Wisdom, who, since the glorious Pentecost, hast spread over the whole world, where could it be more true to sing of thee that thou hast trodden the proud heights under thy victorious feet? On seven hills had pagan Rome set up her pageantry and built temples to her false gods; seven churches now appear at the summits on which purified Rome rests her now truly eternal foundations.

By their very site, the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, of St. Laurence and St. Sebastian, placed at the four outer angles of the city of the Cæsars, recall the long siege continued for three centuries around the ancient Rome, while the new Rome was being founded. Helena and her son Constantine, recommencing the work of the foundations of the Holy City, carried the trenches further out; nevertheless, the churches which were their own peculiar work—viz., Holy Cross in Jerusalem, and St. Saviour's on the Lateran, are still at the very entrance of the pagan stronghold, close to the gates, and leaning against the ramparts; just as a soldier, setting foot within a tremendous fortress which has been long invested, advances cautiously, surveying both the breach through which he has just passed, and the labyrinth of unknown paths opening before him.

Who will plant the standard of Sion in the centre of Babylon? Who will force the enemy into his last retreat, and casting out the vain idols, set up his palace in their temples? O thou to whom was said this word of the Most High: *Thou art My Son, I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance,* thou mighty One with

thy sharp arrows routing armies, listen to the cry re-echoing from the whole redeemed world: *With thy comeliness and thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously, and reign!* But the Son of the Most High has a Mother on earth; the song of the Psalmist inviting Him to the triumph extols also the Queen standing at His right hand in a vesture of gold; if it is from His Father that He holds His power, it is from His Mother that He receives His crown, and He leaves her in return the spoils of the mighty. Go forth, then, ye daughters of the new Sion, and behold King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his Mother crowned him on the joyful day, when, taking possession through her of the capital of the world, he espoused the Gentile race.

Truly that was a day of joy, when Mary, in the name of Jesus, claimed her right as sovereign and heiress of the Roman soil! To the East, at the highest point of the Eternal City, she appeared on that blessed morning literally like the rising dawn; beautiful as the moon shining by night; more powerful than the August sun, surprised to see her tempering his heat, and doubling the brightness of his light with her mantle of snow; more terrible than an army; for from that date, daring what neither apostles nor martyrs had attempted, and what Jesus Himself would not do without her, she dispossessed the deities of Olympus of their usurped thrones. As was fitting, the haughty Juno whose altar disgraced the Esquiline, the false queen of these lying gods, was the first to flee before Mary's face, leaving the splendid columns of her polluted sanctuary to the only true Queen of earth and heaven.

Forty years had passed since the days of St. Sylvester, when the 'image of our Saviour, depicted on the walls of the Lateran, appeared for the first time to the Roman people.'[1] Rome, still half pagan, beheld to-day the Mother of our Saviour; under the influence of the pure symbol, at which she gazed in surprise, she felt die down within her the evil ardour which made her once the

[1] Lectiones ii. Noct. in Dedic. Basilicæ Salvatoris.

scourge of nations, whereas now she was to become their mother; and in the joy of her renewed youth she beheld her once sullied hills covered with the white garment of the Bride.

Even from the times of the apostolic preaching, the elect, who gathered in large numbers in Rome in spite of herself, knew Mary and paid to her in those days of martyrdom a homage such as no other creature could ever receive; witness in the catacombs those primitive frescoes of our Lady, either alone or holding her divine Child, but always seated, receiving from her place of honour the praise, messages, prayers, or gifts of prophets, archangels, and kings.[1] In the Trastevere, where in the reign of Augustus a mysterious fountain of oil had sprung up, announcing the coming of the Anointed of the Lord, Callixtus in 222 had built a church in honour of her who is ever the true *fons olei*, the source whence sprang Christ, and together with him all unction and all grace. The basilica raised by Liberius, the beloved of our Lady, on the Esquiline, was not, then, the most ancient monument dedicated by the Christians of Rome to the Mother of God; but it at once took, and has always kept, the first place among our Lady's churches in the city, and indeed in the world, on account of the solemn and miraculous circumstances of its origin.

Hast thou entered, said the Lord to Job, *into the storehouses of the snow, or hast thou beheld the treasures of the hail; which I have prepared for the time of the enemy, against the day of battle and war?*[2] On August 5, then, at God's command, the treasures were opened and the snow was *scattered like birds lighting upon the earth*, and its coming was the signal *for the lightnings of His judgments* upon the gods of the nations. The Tower of David now dominates over all the towers of the earthly city; from her impregnable position our Lady will never cease her victorious sallies till she has taken the last hostile fort. How beautiful will thy steps be in these

[1] Cemeteries of Priscilla, of Nereus and Achilleus, etc. [2] Job xxxviii. 22, 23.

warlike expeditions, O daughter of the prince, O Queen, whose standard, by the will of thine adorable Son, must wave over the whole world rescued from the power of the cursed serpent! The ignominious goddess, overthrown from her impure pedestal by one glance of thine, left Rome still dishonoured by the presence of many vain idols. But thou, all-conquering Lady, didst continue thy triumphal march. The Church of St. Mary *in Ara cœli* replaced, on the Capitol, the odious temple of Jupiter; the sanctuaries and groves dedicated to Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, and Proserpine hastened to take the title of one who had been shown in their fabulous history under disfigured and degraded forms. The deserted Pantheon awaited the day when it was to receive the noble and magnificent name of St. Mary *ad Martyres*. What a preparation for thy glorious Assumption is the series of earthly triumphs which this day inaugurates! The basilica of St. Mary of the Snow, called also *of Liberius*, from its founder, and also *of Sixtus*, after Sixtus III, who restored it, owed to this last the honour of becoming the monument of the divine Maternity proclaimed at Ephesus; the name of *St. Mary Mother*, which it received on that occasion, became, under Theodore I, who enriched it with the most precious relic, *St. Mary of the Crib:* all these noble titles were afterwards gathered into that of *St. Mary Major*, which is amply justified by the facts we have related, by universal devotion, and by the pre-eminence always assigned to it by the sovereign pontiffs. Though the last in order of time of the seven churches upon which Christian Rome is founded, it nevertheless ranked in the middle ages next to that of *St. Saviour;* in the procession of the greater Litanies on April 25 the ancient *Roman Ordo* assigned to the Cross of St. Mary's its place between that of St. Peter's and that of the Lateran.[1] The important and numerous liturgical Stations appointed at the basilica on the Esquiline

[1] Museum Italicum: Joan. Diac. Lib. de Eccl., Lateran XVI, de Episcopis et Cardinal. per patriarchatus dispositis; Romani Ordin. xi., xii.

testify to the devotion of the Romans and of all Catholics towards it. It was honoured by having councils celebrated and Vicars of Christ elected within its walls; the pontiffs for a time made it their residence, and were accustomed on the Ember Wednesdays, when the Station is always held there, to publish the names of the Cardinal Deacons or Cardinal Priests whom they had resolved to create.[1]

As to the annual solemnity of its dedication, which is the object of the present feast, there can be no doubt that it was celebrated on the Esquiline at a very early date. It was, however, not yet kept by the whole Church in the thirteenth century; for Gregory IX, in the bull of canonization of St. Dominic, whose death occurred on August 6, anticipated his feast on the fifth of the month, as being at that time vacant, whereas the sixth was already occupied, as we shall see to-morrow, by another solemnity. It was Paul IV who in 1558 definitely fixed the feast of the holy founder on August 4; and the reason he gives is, that the feast of St. Mary of the Snow having since been made universal and taking precedence of the other, the honour due to the holy patriarch might be put in the shade if his feast continued to be kept on the same day. The breviary of St. Pius V soon after promulgated to the entire world the office, of which the following is the legend:

Liberio summo Pontifice, Joannes patricius Romanus, et uxor pari nobilitate, cum liberos non suscepissent, quos bonorum hæredes relinquerent, suam hæreditatem sanctissimæ Virgini Dei Matri voverunt, ab ea summis precibus assidue petentes, ut in quod pium opus eam pecuniam potissimum erogari vellet, aliquo modo significaret. Quorum preces et vota exanimo facta beata Virgo Maria benigne

Under the pontificate of Liberius, John, a Roman patrician, and his wife, who was of an equally noble race, having no children to whom they might leave their estates, vowed their whole fortune to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, begging her most earnestly and continually to make known to them by some means in what pious work she wished them to employ the money. The Blessed Virgin Mary graciously

[1] Paulus de Angelis, Basilicæ S. Mariæ Maj., descriptio vi, v.

audiens, miraculo comprobavit.

Nonis igitur augusti, quo tempore in urbe maximi calores esse solent, noctu nix partem collis Exquilini contexit. Qua nocte Dei Mater separatim Joannem et conjugem in somnis admonuit, ut quem locum nive conspersum viderent, in eo ecclesiam ædificarent, quæ Mariæ Virginis nomine dedicaretur: se enim ita velle ab ipsis hæredem institui. Quod Joannes ad Liberium pontificem detulit, qui idem per somnium sibi contigisse affirmavit.

Quare solemni sacerdotum et populi supplicatione ad collem venit nive coopertum, et in eo locum ecclesiæ designavit, quæ Joannis et uxoris pecunia exstructa est, postea a Xysto tertio restituta. Variis nominibus primum est appellata, basilica Liberii, sancta Maria ad Præsepe. Sed cum multæ jam essent in urbe ecclesiæ sub nomine sanctæ Mariæ Virginis: ut quæ basilica novitate miraculi ac dignitate cæteris ejusdem nominis basilicis præstaret, vocabuli etiam excellentia significaretur, ecclesia sanctæ Mariæ majoris dicta est. Cujus dedicationis memoria ex nive, quæ hac die mirabiliter cecidit, anniversaria celebritate colitur.

heard their heartfelt prayers and vows, and answered them by a miracle.

On the Nones of August, usually the hottest time of the year in Rome, a part of the Esquiline hill was covered with snow during the night. That same night the Mother of God appeared in a dream to John and his wife separately, and told them to build a church on the spot they should find covered with snow, and to dedicate it to the Virgin Mary; for it was in this manner that she wished to become their heiress. John related this to Pope Liberius, who said he had dreamt the same thing.

He went, therefore, with a solemn procession of priests and people to the snow-clad hill, and chose the site of a church, which was built with the money of John and his wife. It was afterwards rebuilt by Sixtus III. At first it was called by different names, the Liberian basilica, St. Mary at the Crib. But, since there are many churches in Rome dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and as this one surpasses all other basilicas in dignity and by its miraculous beginning, it is distinguished from them also by its title of St. Mary Major. On account of the miraculous fall of snow, the anniversary of the dedication is celebrated by a yearly solemnity.

What recollections, O Mary, does this feast of thy greatest basilica awaken within us! And what worthier praise, what better prayer, could we offer thee to-day than to remind thee of the graces we have received

within its precincts, and implore thee to renew them and confirm them for ever? United with our Mother-Church in spite of distance, have we not, under its shadow, tasted the sweetest and most triumphant emotions of the cycle now verging on to its term?

On the first Sunday of Advent it was here that we began the year, as in the place 'most suitable for saluting the approach of the Divine Birth, which was to gladden heaven and earth and manifest the sublime portent of a Virgin Mother.'[1] Our hearts were overflowing with desire on that holy Vigil, when from early morning we were invited to the bright basilica where the 'mystical Rose was soon to bloom and fill the world with its fragrance. The grandest of all the churches which the people of Rome have erected in honour of the Mother of God, it stood before us rich in its marble and gold, but richer still in possessing, together with the portrait of our Lady painted by St. Luke, the humble yet glorious Crib of Jesus, of which the inscrutable designs of God have deprived Bethlehem. During that blessed night an immense concourse of people assembled in the basilica awaiting the happy moment when that monument of the love and the humiliation of a God was to be brought in, carried on the shoulders of the priests as an ark of the New Covenant, whose welcome sight gives the sinner confidence and makes the just man thrill with joy.'[2] Alas! a few months passed away, and we were again in the noble sanctuary, this time compassionating our 'holy Mother, whose heart was filled with poignant grief at the foresight of the sacrifice which was preparing.'[3] But soon the august basilica was filled once more with new joys, when Rome 'justly associated with the Paschal solemnity the memory of her who, more than all other creatures, had merited its joys, not only because of the exceptional share she had had in all the sufferings of Jesus, but also because of the unshaken faith wherewith, during those long and cruel hours of His lying in the tomb, she had awaited

[1] Advent, p. 123.
[2] Christmas, Vol. I., pp. 140, 141.
[3] Passiontide, p. 276. Station of Wednesday in Holy Week.

His Resurrection."[1] Dazzling as the snow which fell from heaven to mark the place of thy predilection on earth, O Mary, a white-robed band of neophytes coming up from the waters formed thy graceful court and enhanced the triumph of that great day. Obtain for them and for us all, O Mother, affections as pure as the white marble columns of thy loved church, charity as bright as the gold glittering on its ceiling, works shining as the Paschal Candle, that symbol of Christ the conqueror of death, which offered thee the homage of its first flames.

[1] Paschal Time, Vol. I, p. 157.

August 6

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD

'O GOD, who in the glorious Transfiguration of Thine only-begotten Son, didst confirm the mysteries of the faith by the testimony of the fathers: and who, in the voice which came from the bright cloud, didst in a wonderful manner fore-signify our adoption as sons: mercifully vouchsafe to make us fellow-heirs of that King of glory, and the sharers of His bliss.' Such is the formula which sums up the prayer of the Church and shows us her thoughts on this day of attestation and of hope.

We must first notice that the glorious Transfiguration has already been twice brought before us on the sacred cycle—viz., on the second Sunday of Lent, and on the preceding Saturday. What does this mean, but that the object of the present solemnity is not so much the historical fact already known, as the permanent mystery attached to it; not so much the personal favour bestowed on Simon Peter and the sons of Zebedee, as the accomplishment of the great message then entrusted to them for the Church? *Tell the vision to no man, till the Son of Man be risen from the dead.*[1] The Church, born from the open side of the Man-God on the Cross, was not to behold Him face to face on earth; after His Resurrection, when He had sealed His alliance with her in the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, it is on faith alone that her love was to be fed. But by the testimony which takes the place of sight, her lawful desires to know Him were to be satisfied. Wherefore, for her sake, giving truce, one day of His mortal life, to the ordinary law of suffering and obscurity He had taken upon Him for the world's salvation, He allowed the glory which filled His blessed soul to transpire.

[1] St. Matt. xvii. 9.

The King of Jews and Gentiles revealed Himself upon the mountain, where His calm splendour eclipsed for evermore the lightnings of Sinai; the covenant of the eternal alliance was declared, not by the promulgation of a law of servitude engraven upon stone, but by the manifestation of the Lawgiver Himself, coming as Bridegroom to reign in grace and beauty over hearts. Elias and Moses, representing the prophets and the Law whereby His coming was prepared, from their different starting-points, met beside Him like faithful messengers reaching their destination; they did homage to the Master of their now finished mission, and effaced themselves before Him at the voice of the Father: This is My beloved Son! Three witnesses the most trustworthy of all assisted at this solemn scene: the disciple of faith, the disciple of love, and that other son of thunder who was to be the first to seal with His blood both the faith and the love of an apostle. By His order they kept religiously, as beseemed them, the secret of the King, until the day when the Church could be the first to receive it from their predestined lips.

But did this precious mystery take place on August 6? More than one doctor of sacred rites affirms that it did.[1] At any rate, it was fitting to celebrate it in the month dedicated to Eternal Wisdom. It is she, *the brightness of eternal light, the unspotted mirror and image of God's goodness*,[2] who, shedding grace upon the Son of man, made Him on this day the most beautiful amongst all His brethren, and dictated more melodiously than ever to the inspired singer the accents of the Epithalamium: *My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the king*.[3]

Seven months ago the mystery was first announced by the gentle light of the Epiphany; but by the virtue of the mystical seven here revealed once more, the 'beginnings of blessed hope'[4] which we then celebrated as children with the Child Jesus, have grown

[1] Sicard. Cremon. Mitrale, ix. 38; Beleth. Rationale, cxliv.; Durand, vii., xxii., etc.
[2] Alleluia verse fr. Wisd. vii. 26.
[3] Gradual fr. Ps. xliv. 2, 3.
[4] Leon. in Epiph., Sermo ii. 4.

together with Him and the Church; and the latter, established in unspeakable peace by the full growth which gives her to her Spouse, calls upon all her children to grow like her by the contemplation of the Son of God, even to the measure of the perfect age of Christ. We understand, then, why the liturgy of to-day repeats the formulas and chants of the glorious Theophany: *Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee*:[1] it is because on the mountain together with our Lord the Bride also is glorified, having *the glory of God*.

While the face of Jesus shone as the sun, *His garments became white as snow*.[2] Now these garments so snow-white, as St. Mark observes, that no fuller on earth could have bleached them so, are the just men, the royal ornament inseparable from the Man-God, the Church, the seamless robe woven by our sweet Queen for her Son out of the purest wool and most beautiful linen that the valiant woman could find. Although our Lord personally has now passed the torrent of suffering and entered for ever into His glory, nevertheless the bright mystery of the Transfiguration will not be complete until the last of the elect, having passed through the laborious preparation at the hands of the Divine Fuller and tasted death, has joined in the Resurrection of our adorable Head. O Face of our Saviour that dost ravish the heavens, then will all glory, all beauty, all love shine forth from Thee. Expressing God by the perfect resemblance of true Son by nature, Thou wilt extend the good pleasure of the Father to that reflection of His Word which constitutes the sons of adoption, and reaches in the Holy Ghost even to the lowest fringes of His garment which fills the temple below Him. According to the doctrine of the Angel of the schools, the adoption of sons of God, which consists in being conformable to the image of the Son of God by nature, is wrought in a double manner: first by grace in this life, and this is imperfect conformity;

[1] 1st Responsory of Matins from Isaias lx. 1. [2] St. Matt. xvii. 2.

and then by glory *in patria*, and this is perfect conformity, according to the words of St. John: *We are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him: because we shall see Him as He is.*[1] The word of eternity, *Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee*, has had two echoes in time, at the Jordan and on Thabor; and God, who never repeats Himself, did not herein make an exception to the rule of saying but once what He says. For although the terms used on the two occasions are identical, they do not tend, as St. Thomas says, to the same end, but show the different ways in which man participates in the resemblance of the eternal filiation. At the baptism of our Lord, where the mystery of the first regeneration was declared, as at the Transfiguration which manifested the second, the whole Trinity appeared: the Father in the voice, the Son in His Humanity, the Holy Ghost under the form, first of a dove, and afterwards of a bright cloud; for if in baptism this Holy Spirit confers innocence symbolized by the simplicity of the dove, in the Resurrection he will give to the elect the brightness of glory and the refreshment after suffering which are signified by the luminous cloud.

But without waiting for the day when our Saviour will renew our very bodies conformable to the bright glory of His own divine Body, the mystery of the Transfiguration is wrought in our souls already here on earth. It is of the present life that St. Paul says and the Church sings to-day: *God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus.*[2] Thabor, holy and divine mountain rivalling heaven,[3] how can we help saying with Peter: 'It is good for us to dwell on thy summit!' For thy summit is love; it is charity which towers above the other virtues, as thou towerest in gracefulness, and loftiness, and fragrance over the other mountains of Galilee, which

[1] 1 John iii. 2. [2] 8th Responsory of Matins fr. 2 Cor. iv. 6.
[3] JOAN. DAMASC. Orat. in Transfig. iii.

saw Jesus passing, speaking, praying, working prodigies, but did not know Him in the intimacy of the perfect. It is after six days, as the Gospel observes, and therefore in the repose of the seventh which leads to the eighth of the resurrection, that Jesus reveals Himself to the privileged souls who correspond to His love. The Kingdom of God is within us; when, leaving all impressions of the senses as it were asleep, we raise ourselves above the works and cares of the world by prayer, it is given us to enter with the Man-God into the cloud: *there beholding the glory of the Lord with open face*, as far as is compatible with our exile, *we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.*[1] 'Let us then,' cries St. Ambrose, 'ascend the mountain; let us beseech the Word of God to show Himself to us in His splendour, in His beauty; to grow strong and proceed prosperously, and reign in our souls. For behold a deep mystery! According to thy measure, the Word diminishes or grows within thee. If thou reach not that summit, high above all human thought, Wisdom will not appear to thee; the Word shows Himself to thee as in a body without brightness and without glory.'[2]

If the vocation revealed to thee this day be so great and so holy, 'reverence the call of God,' says St. Andrew of Crete:[3] 'do not ignore thyself, despise not a gift so great, show not thyself unworthy of the grace, be not so slothful in thy life as to lose this treasure of heaven. Leave earth to the earth, and let the dead bury their dead; disdaining all that passes away, all that dies with the world and the flesh, follow even to heaven, without turning aside, Christ who leads the way through this world for thee. Take to thine assistance fear and desire, lest thou faint or lose thy love. Give thyself up wholly; be supple to the Word in the Holy Ghost, in order to attain this pure and blessed end: thy deification, together with the enjoyment of unspeakable goods. By zeal for the virtues, by contemplation of the truth,

[1] Capit. of Sext, fr. 2 Cor. iii. 18.
[2] Ambr. in Luc., lib. vii., 12.
[3] Andr. Hierosolymitani, Archiepisc. Cretensis, Oratio in Transfig.

by wisdom, attain to Wisdom, who is the principle of all, and in whom all things subsist.'

The feast of the Transfiguration has been kept in the East from the earliest times. With the Greeks, it is preceded by a vigil and followed by an octave, and on it they abstain from servile work, from commerce, and from law-suits. Under the graceful name of ROSE-FLAME, *rosæ coruscatio*, we find it in Armenia at the beginning of the fourth century supplanting Diana and her feast of flowers, by the remembrance of the day when the divine Rose unfolded for a moment on earth its brilliant corolla. It is preceded by a whole week of fasting, and counts among the five principal feasts of the Armenian cycle, where it gives its name to one of the eight divisions of the year. Although the Menology of this Church marks it on the sixth of August like that of the Greeks and the Roman Martyrology, it is nevertheless always celebrated there on the seventh Sunday after Pentecost; and by a coincidence full of meaning, they honour on the preceding Saturday the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, a figure of the Church.

The origin of to-day's feast in the West is not so easy to determine. But the authors who place its introduction into our countries as late as 1457, when Callixtus III promulgated by precept a new Office enriched with indulgences, overlook the fact that the pontiff speaks of the feast as already widespread and 'commonly called *of the Saviour*.'[1] It is true that in Rome especially the celebrity of the more ancient feast of St. Sixtus II, with its double Station at the two cemeteries which received respectively the relics of the pontiff-martyr and those of his companions, was for a long time an obstacle to the acceptance of another feast on the same day. Some churches, to avoid the difficulty, chose another day in the year to honour the mystery. As the feast of our Lady of the Snow, so that of the Transfiguration had to spread more or less privately, with various offices and masses,[2] until the supreme

[1] CALLIXT. III Const. Inter Divinæ dispensationis arcana.
[2] SCHULTING, on this date; TOMMASI, Antiphoner.

authority should intervene to sanction and bring to unity the expressions of the devotion of different Churches. Callixtus III considered that the hour had come to consecrate the work of centuries; he made the solemn and definitive insertion of this feast of triumph on the universal Calendar the memorial of the victory which arrested, under the walls of Belgrade in 1456, the onward march of Mahomet II, conqueror of Byzantium, against Christendom.

Already in the ninth century, if not even earlier, martyrologies and other liturgical documents[1] furnish proofs that the mystery was celebrated with more or less solemnity, or at least with some sort of commemoration, in divers places. In the twelfth century Peter the Venerable, under whose government Cluny took possession of Thabor, ordained that 'in all the monasteries or churches belonging to his order, the Transfiguration should be celebrated with the same degree of solemnity as the Purification of our Lady'; and he gave for his reason, besides the dignity of the mystery, the 'custom, ancient or recent, of many churches throughout the world, which celebrate the memory of the said Transfiguration with no less honour than the Epiphany and the Ascension of our Lord.'[2]

On the other hand at Bologna, in 1233, in the juridical instruction preliminary to the canonization of St. Dominic, the death of the saint is declared to have taken place *on the feast of St. Sixtus*, without mention of any other.[3] It is true, and we believe this detail is not void of meaning, that a few years earlier, Sicardus of Cremona thus expressed himself in his *Mitrale:* 'We celebrate the Transfiguration of our Lord *on the day of St. Sixtus*.'[4] Is not this sufficient indication that while the feast of the latter continued to give its traditional name to the eighth of the Ides of August, it did not prevent a new and greater solemnity from taking its place beside it, preparatory to absorbing it altogether? For he adds: 'Therefore *on this same day*, as the Transfiguration

[1] WANDALBERT; ELDEFONS.
[2] Deposition of the Prior of St. Nicholas.
[3] Statuta Cluniac. V.
[4] SICARD. Mitrale, ix., xxxviii.

refers to the state in which the faithful will be after the resurrection, we consecrate the Blood of our Lord from new wine, if it is possible to obtain it, in order to signify what is said in the Gospel: *I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it with you new in the kingdom of My Father.*[1] But if it cannot be procured, then at least a few ripe grapes are pressed over the chalice, or else grapes are blessed and distributed to the people.'[2]

The author of the *Mitrale* died in 1215; yet he was only repeating the explanation already given in the second half of the preceding century by John Beleth, Rector of the Paris University.[3] We must admit that the very ancient *benedictio uvæ* found in the Sacramentaries on the day of St. Sixtus has nothing corresponding to it in the life of the great pope which could justify our referring to him. The Greeks, who have also this blessing of grapes fixed for August 6,[4] celebrate on this day the Transfiguration alone, without any commemoration of Sixtus II. Be it as it may, the words of the Bishop of Cremona and of the Rector of Paris prove that Durandus of Mende, giving at the end of the thirteenth century the same symbolical interpretation,[5] did but echo a tradition more ancient than his own time.

St. Pius V did not alter the ancient office of the feast, except the lessons of the first and second Nocturns, which were taken from Origen,[6] and the three hymns for Vespers, Matins, and Lauds, which resembled somewhat in structure the corresponding hymns of the Blessed Sacrament.[7] The hymn now used for Vespers and Matins, which we here give, is borrowed from the beautiful canticle of Prudentius on the Epiphany in his Cathemerinon:

[1] St. Matt. xxvi. 29.
[2] Sicard. *Ibid.*
[3] Beleth. Rationale, cxliv.
[4] Euchолog.
[5] Durand. Rationale, vii., xxii.
[6] Homil. xii. in Exod. De vultu Moysi glorificato et velamine quod ponebat in facie sua.
[7] *Gaude, mater pietatis. Exultet laudibus sacrata concio. Novum sidus exoritur.*

HYMN

Quicumque Christum quæritis Oculos in altum tollite: Illic licebit visere Signum perennis gloriæ.	All ye who seek Christ, lift up your eyes to heaven; there ye may behold the token of His eternal glory.
Illustre quiddam cernimus, Quod nesciat finem pati, Sublime, celsum, interminum, Antiquius cœlo et chao.	A certain brilliance we perceive that knows no ending, sublime, noble, interminable, older than heaven and chaos.
Hic ille Rex est Gentium, Populique Rex Judaici, Promissus Abrahæ patri, Ejusque in ævum semini.	This is the King of the Gentiles, and King of the Jewish people, who was promised to Abraham our father, and to his seed for ever.
Hunc et prophetis testibus Iisdemque signatoribus Testator et Pater jubet Audire nos et credere.	The prophets testify to Him, and the Father, who testifies with them for His witnesses, bids us hear and believe Him.
Jesu, tibi sit gloria, Qui te revelas parvulis, Cum Patre et almo Spiritu In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.	O Jesus, glory be to Thee who revealest Thyself to little ones, with the Father and with the Holy Spirit, through everlasting ages. Amen.

Adam of St. Victor has also sung of this glorious mystery:

SEQUENCE

Lætabundi jubilemus Ac devote celebremus Hæc sacra solemnia; Ad honorem summi Dei Hujus laudes nunc diei Personet Ecclesia.	Come, let us sing with joy, and devoutly celebrate these sacred solemnities; let the Church resound with the praises of this day to the honour of the most high God.
In hac Christus die festa Suæ dedit manifesta Gloriæ indicia; Ut hoc possit enarrari Hic nos suos salutari Repleat et gratia !	For on this festal day did Christ give manifest signs of His great glory; that we may recount the same, may He give us His aid and fill us with His grace.

Christus ergo, Deus fortis,
Vitæ dator, victor mortis,
Verus sol justitiæ,
Quam assumpsit carnem de Virgine,
Transformatus in Thabor culmine,
Glorificat hodie.

Christ, then, the mighty God, the giver of life, and conqueror of death, the true Sun of justice, to-day transfigured on Thabor's height, did glorify the flesh He had taken of the Virgin.

O quam felix sors bonorum!
Talis enim beatorum
Erit resurrectio.
Sicut fulget sol pleni luminis,
Fulsit Dei vultus et hominis,
Teste Evangelio.

O how happy the lot of the good! For such will be the resurrection of the blessed. As shines the sun in fulness of his light, so shone the countenance of God and Man, as the Gospel testifieth.

Candor quoque sacræ vestis
Deitatis fuit testis
Et futuræ gloriæ.
Mirus honor et sublimis:
Mira, Deus, tuæ nimis
Virtus est potentiæ.

The brightness, too, of His sacred robe gave testimony of His Godhead and of the glory to come. Wondrous the honour and sublime; wondrous exceedingly, O God, is the power of Thine almightiness.

Cumque Christus, virtus Dei,
Petro, natis Zebedæi
Majestatis gloriam
Demonstraret manifeste,
Ecce vident, Luca teste,
Moysen et Eliam.

And when Christ, the power of God, to Peter and the sons of Zebedee did clearly show the glory of His majesty, lo! they beheld, as Luke doth testify, Moses and Elias.

Hoc habemus ex Matthæo,
Quod loquentes erant Deo
Dei Patris Filio:
Vere sanctum, vere dignum
Loqui Deo et benignum,
Plenum omni gaudio.

This we learn of Matthew, that they were seen speaking with God, the Son of God the Father. Oh! how noble and how holy, how good and full of all joy, to speak to God!

Hujus magna laus diei,
Quæ sacratur voce Dei,
Honor est eximius;
Nubes illos obumbravit,
Et vox Patris proclamavit:
Hic est meus Filius.

Great is the glory of this day, consecrated by the voice of God, and exceeding is its honour; a cloud did overshadow them, and the Father's voice proclaimed: 'This is my Son.'

Hujus vocem exaudite:
Habet enim verba vitæ,
Verbo potens omnia.

Hear ye His voice: for the words of life hath He, Who can do all things by His word.

Hic est Christus, rex cunctorum.
Mundi salus, lux sanctorum,
Lux illustrans omnia.

This is Christ, the King of all, the world's salvation and the light of saints, the light enlightening all things.

Hic est Christus, Patris Verbum,
Per quem perdit jus acerbum
Quod in nobis habuit
Hostis nequam, serpens dirus,
Qui, fundendo suum virus
Evæ, nobis nocuit.

This is Christ, the Father's Word, by whom He destroys the bitter law set in us by the wicked enemy, the cruel serpent, who, pouring out his poison upon Eve, did work our ruin.

Moriendo nos sanavit
Qui surgendo reparavit
Vitam Christus et damnavit
Mortis magisterium.
Hic est Christus, pax æterna,
Ima regens et superna,
Cui de cœlis vox paterna
Confert testimonium.

Christ by dying healed us, who by rising restored our life and condemned the tyranny of death. This is Christ, the eternal peace, ruling both depths and height; to whom from heaven the Father's voice bore testimony.

Cujus sono sunt turbati
Patres illi tres præfati
Et in terram sunt prostrati
Quando vox emittitur.
Surgunt tandem, annuente
Sibi Christo, sed intente
Circumspectant, cum repente
Solus Jesus cernitur.

At His voice those three aforesaid fathers were afraid, and prostrated on the earth when the word was uttered. At length they rise, Christ bidding them; they gaze around intently, but at once see none but Jesus.

Volens Christus hæc celari
Non permisit enarrari,
Donec, vitæ reparator,
Hostis vitæ triumphator,
Morte victa, surgeret.
Hæc est dies laude digna
Qua tot sancta fiunt signa;
Christus, splendor Dei Patris
Prece sancta suæ matris
Nos a morte liberet.

Wishing these things to be concealed, Christ suffers them not to be uttered, until the restorer of life and conqueror of life's enemy should rise triumphant over death. This is the day so worthy of praise, whereon are wrought so many holy signs; may Christ, the splendour of God the Father, by the prayer of His holy Mother, deliver us from death.

Tibi, Pater, tibi, Nate,
Tibi, Sancte Spiritus,
Sit cum summa potestate
Laus et honor debitus!
Amen.

To Thee, O Father, Thee, O Son, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, be, together with highest power, the praise and honour due! Amen.

The Menæa of the Greeks offers us these stanzas from St. John Damascene:

MENSIS AUGUSTI DIE VI

In Matutino

Qui manibus invisibilibus formasti secundum imaginem tuam, Christe, hominem, archetypam in figmento pulchritudinem ostendisti non ut in imagine, sed ut hoc ipse exsistens per substantiam, Deus simul et homo.

Quam magnum et terribile visum est spectaculum hodie! e cœlo sensibilis, e terra vero incomparabilis effulsit sol justitiæ, intelligibilis, in monte Thabor.

Regnantium es Rex pulcherrimus, et ubique dominantium Dominus, princeps beatus, et lumen habitans inaccessibile, cui discipuli stupefacti clamabant: Pueri, benedicite; sacerdotes, concinite; populus, superexaltate per omnia sæcula.

Tamquam cœlo dominanti, et terræ regnanti, et subterraneorum dominium habenti, Christe, tibi adstiterunt: e terra quidem apostoli; tamquam e cœlo autem, Thesbites Elias; Moyses vero ex mortuis, canentes incessanter: Pueri, benedicite; sacerdotes, concinite; populus, superexaltate per omnia sæcula.

Segnitiem parientes curæ in terra derelictæ sunt, apostolorum delectu, o humane, ut te secuti sunt ad sublimem e terra divinam politiam, unde et jure divinæ tuæ manifesta-

O Christ, who with invisible hands didst form man to Thine own image, Thou hast shown Thine original beauty in the human frame, not as in an image, but as being this Thyself, both God and Man.

How grand and awful was the spectacle beheld this day! from heaven the visible sun, but from earth the incomparable spiritual Sun of justice shone upon Mount Thabor.

Thou art the King of kings most beautiful, and Lord of all lords, O blessed Prince, dwelling in inaccessible light; to Thee the disciples, beside themselves, cried out: Ye children, bless Him; ye priests, sing to Him; ye people, exalt Him above all for ever.

As before the Lord of heaven and King of earth and Ruler of the regions under the earth, before Thee, O Christ, there stood the apostles as from the earth, Elias the Thesbite as from heaven, Moses as from the dead; and they sang unceasingly: Ye children, bless Him; ye priests, sing to Him; ye people, exalt Him above all for ever.

Leaving to the earth its wearying cares, the chosen apostles having followed Thee, O loving one, to the divine city far above the earth, are justly admitted to behold Thy

tionis participes effecti, canebant: Pueri, benedicite; sacerdotes, concinite; populus, superexaltate per omnia sæcula.

Agite mihi, parete mihi, populi ascendentes in montem sanctum, cœlestem: abjecta materia stemus in civitate viventis Dei, et inspiciamus mente divinitatem materiæ expertem Patris et Spiritus, in Filio unigenito effulgentem.

Demulsisti desiderio me, Christe, et alterasti divino tuo amore, sed combure igne a materia remoto peccata mea, et impleri eis quæ in te deliciis dignum fac, ut duos saltando magnificem, o bone, adventus tuos.

divine manifestation, singing: Ye children, bless Him; ye priests, sing to Him; ye people, exalt Him above all for ever.

Come to me, attend to me, ye people, ascending the holy, heavenly mountain; casting away material things, let us stand in the city of the living God, and mentally behold the immaterial divinity of the Father and the Spirit, shining forth in the only-begotten Son.

Thou, O Christ, hast won me with desire, and inebriated me with Thy divine love; but burn away my sins with immaterial fire, and make me worthy to be satiated with the delights that are in Thee; that exulting I may sing Thy two comings, O Thou who art so good.

It will be well to borrow also from the Church of Armenia, which celebrates this feast with so much solemnity:

IN TRANSFIGURATIONE DOMINI

Qui transfiguratus in monte vim divinam ostendisti, te glorificamus, intelligibile Lumen.

Ast ipsum deitatis ineffabile Lumen propriis visceribus provide portasti, Maria Mater Virgoque: te glorificamus et benedicimus.

Lumine abbreviato chorus apostolorum terretur; ast in te plenius habuisti ignem divinitatis, Maria Mater Virgoque: te glorificamus et benedicimus.

Apostolis nubes lucida tenditur desuper; ast in te Spiritu Sanctus, virtus Altissimi, dif-

O Light intelligible, who, transfigured on the mountain, didst show Thy divine power, we glorify Thee.

But this ineffable Light of the Godhead thou didst happily bear in thy womb, O Mary, Mother and Virgin: we glorify and bless thee.

The choir of the apostles trembled before the diminished Light; but in thee dwelt fully the fire of the divinity, O Mary, Mother and Virgin: we glorify and bless thee.

A bright cloud was spread over the apostles; but upon thee was poured the Holy

funditur obumbrans, sancta Dei Mater: te glorificamus et benedicimus.

Spirit, the Power of the Most High, overshadowing thee, O holy Mother of God: we glorify and bless thee.

Christe, Deus noster, da ut cum Petro et filiis Zebedæi tua divina visione digni habeamur.

O Christ our God, grant that with Peter and the sons of Zebedee we may be deemed worthy of Thy divine vision.

Ultra montem terrenum aufer nos ad intelligibile tabernaculum cœlo celsius.

Lift us above the earthly mountain to the spiritual tabernacle higher than the heavens.

Exsultant hodie montes Dei Creatori obviam procedentes, apostolorum agmina et prophetarum montibus æternis sociata.

To-day the mountains of God exult, going to meet the Creator, the troops of apostles and prophets associated to the divine mountains.

Hodie sponsa Regis immortalis, Sion excelsa lætatur, adspiciens coelestem Sponsum lumine decorum in gloria Patris.

To-day the bride of the immortal King, the lofty Sion rejoices, beholding her heavenly Spouse adorned with light in the glory of the Father.

Hodie virga de radice Jesse floruit in monte Thabor.

To-day the rod of the root of Jesse blossomed on Mount Thabor.

Hodie immortalitatis odore manat, inebrians discipulos.

To-day it breathes forth the perfume of immortality, inebriating the disciples.

Te benedicimus, consubstantialem Patri, qui venisti salvare mundum.

We bless Thee, O consubstantial Son of the Father, who didst come to save the world.

Let us conclude by addressing to God this prayer of the Ambrosian Missal:

ORATIO SUPER SINDONEM

Illumina, quæsumus Domine, populum tuum, et splendore gratiæ tuæ cor eorum semper accende: ut Salvatoris mundi, æterni luminis gloria famulante, manifestata celebritas mentibus nostris reveletur semper, et crescat. Per eumdem Dominum.

Enlighten, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy people, and ever kindle their hearts by the brightness of Thy grace: that through the glory of the Saviour of the world, the eternal Light, the mystery here manifested may be ever more and more revealed, and may grow in our souls. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SAME DAY

SAINT SIXTUS II

POPE AND MARTYR; AND

SS. FELICISSIMUS AND AGAPITUS

MARTYRS

'*XISTUM in cimiterio animadversum sciatis octavo iduum augustarum die.* Know that Sixtus has been beheaded in the cemetery on the eighth of the Ides of August.'[1] These words of St. Cyprian mark the opening of a glorious period, both for the cycle and for history. From this day to the feast of St. Cyprian himself, taking in that of the deacon Laurence, how many holocausts in a few weeks does the earth offer to the most high God! One would think that the Church, on the feast of our Lord's Transfiguration, was impatient to join her testimony as Bride to that of the prophets, of the apostles, and of God Himself. Heaven proclaims Him well-beloved, the earth also declares its love for Him: the testimony of blood and of every sort of heroism is the sublime echo awakened by the Father's voice through all the valleys of our lowly earth, to be prolonged throughout all ages.

Let us, then, to-day salute this noble pontiff, the first to go down into the arena opened wide by Valerian to all the soldiers of Christ. Among the brave leaders who, from Peter down to Melchiades, have headed the struggle whereby Rome was both vanquished and saved, none is more illustrious as a martyr. He was seized in the catacomb lying to the left of the Appian Way, in the very chair wherein, in spite of the recent edicts, he was presiding over the assembly of the brethren; and after the sentence had been pronounced by the judge, he was brought back to the sacred crypt. There in that same chair, in the midst of the martyrs sleeping

[1] CYPRIAN, Epist. lxxxii.

in the surrounding tombs their sleep of peace, the good and peaceful pontiff[1] received the stroke of death. Of the seven deacons of the Roman Church six died with him;[2] Laurence alone was left, inconsolable at having this time missed the palm, but trusting in the invitation given him to be at the heavenly altar in three days' time.

Two of the pontiff's deacons were buried in the cemetery of Prætextatus, where the sublime scene had taken place. Sixtus and his blood-stained chair were carried to the other side of the Appian Way into the crypt of the Popes, where they remained for long centuries an object of veneration to pilgrims. When Damasus, in the days of peace, adorned the tombs of the saints with his beautiful inscriptions, the entire cemetery of Callixtus, which includes the burial-place of the Popes, received the title 'of Cæcilia and of Sixtus,' two glorious names inscribed by Rome upon the venerable diptychs of the Mass. Twice over on this day did the holy Sacrifice summon the Christians to honour, at each side of the principal way to the Eternal City, the triumphant victims of the eighth of the Ides of August.[3]

Xystus secundus, Atheniensis, ex philosopho Christi discipulus, in persecutione Valeriani accusatus quod publice Christum prædicaret, comprehensus trahitur in templum Martis, proposita ei capitali pœna, nisi illi simulacro sacrificaret. Qua impietate constantissime recusata, cum ad martyrium duceretur, occurrenti sancto Laurentio, et dolenter in hunc modum interroganti: Quo progrederis sine filio pater? quo sacerdos sancte sine ministro properas?

Sixtus II, an Athenian, was first a philosopher, and then a disciple of Christ. In the persecution of Valerian, he was accused of publicly preaching the faith of Christ; and was seized and dragged to the temple of Mars, where he was given his choice between death and offering sacrifice to the idols. As he firmly refused to commit such an impiety, he was led away to martyrdom. As he went, St. Laurence met him, and with great sorrow, spoke to him in this manner:

[1] Pontius Diac. De vita et passione S. Cypriani, xiv.
[2] Liber Pontific. in Sixt. II.
[3] Sacramentaria Leon. et Gregor.

Respondit: Non ego te desero fili: majora te manent pro Christi fide certamina: post triduum me sequeris, sacerdotem levita: interea, si quid in thesauris habes, pauperibus distribue. Eodem igitur die interfectus est una cum Felicissimo et Agapito diaconis, Januario, Magno, Vincentio et Stephano subdiaconis, et in cœmeterio Callisti sepultus octavo idus Augusti: cæteri vero in cœmeterio Prætextati. Sedit menses undecim, dies duodecim. Quo tempore habuit ordinationem mense Decembri, creatis presbyteris quatuor, diaconis septem, episcopis duobus.

'Whither goest thou, Father, without thy son? Whither art thou hastening, O holy priest, without thy deacon?' Sixtus answered: 'I am not forsaking thee, my son, a greater combat for the faith of Christ awaiteth thee. In three days thou shalt follow me, the deacon shall follow his priest. In the meanwhile distribute amongst the poor whatever thou hast in the treasury.' He was put to death that same day, the eighth of the Ides of August, together with the deacons Felicissimus and Agapitus, and the subdeacons Januarius, Magnus, Vincent, and Stephen. The Pope was buried in the cemetery of Callixtus, but the other martyrs in the cemetery of Prætextatus. He sat eleven months and twelve days; during which time he held an ordination in the month of December, and made four priests, seven deacons, and two bishops.

The following Preface from the Leonine Sacramentary breathes the freshness of the Church's triumph over persecution:

PREFACE

Vere dignum. Cognoscimus enim, Domine, tuæ pietatis effectus, quibus nos adeo gloriosi sacerdotis et martyris tui Xysti semper honoranda solemnia, nec inter præteritas mundi tribulationes, omittere voluisti, et nunc reddita præstas libertate venerari.

It is truly just to return thanks to Thee, O Lord. For we know the effects of Thy loving-kindness, whereby Thou wouldst not suffer us to omit the ever honourable solemnity of Thy glorious pontiff and martyr, Sixtus, during the past tribulations of the world, and dost enable us to celebrate it now that liberty is restored.

The Prayer now in use is that found in the Gregorian Sacramentary for Saints Felicissimus and Agapitus, the name of Saint Sixtus having been placed before theirs:

PRAYER

Deus, qui nos concedis sanctorum Martyrum tuorum Xysti, Felicissimi et Agapiti natalitia colere: da nobis in æterna beatitudine de eorum societate gaudere. Per Dominum.

O God, who permittest us to keep the festivals of Thy holy martyrs, Sixtus, Felicissimus and Agapitus, grant us to rejoice in their society in eternal happiness. Through our Lord, etc.

August 7

SAINT CAJETAN OF TIENE

CONFESSOR

CAJETAN appeared in all his zeal for the sanctuary at the time when the false reform was spreading rebellion throughout the world. The great cause of the danger had been the incapacity of the guardians of the Holy City, or their connivance by complicity of heart or of mind with pagan doctrines and manners introduced by an ill-advised revival. Wasted by the wild boar of the forest, could the vineyard of the Lord recover the fertility of its better days? Cajetan learned from eternal Wisdom the new method of culture required by an exhausted soil.

The urgent need of those unfortunate times was that the clergy should be raised up again by worthy life, zeal, and knowledge. For this object men were required who, being clerks themselves in the full acceptation of the word, with all the obligations it involves, should be to the members of the holy hierarchy a permanent model of its primitive perfection, a supplement to their shortcomings, and a leaven, little by little raising the whole mass. But where, save in the life of the counsels with the stability of its three vows, could be found the impulse, the power, and the permanence necessary for such an enterprise? The inexhaustible fecundity of the religious life was no more wanting in the Church in those days of decadence than in the periods of her glory. After the monks, turning to God in their solitudes and drawing down light and love upon the earth seemingly so forgotten by them; after the mendicant Orders, keeping up in the midst of the world their claustral habits of life and the austerity of the desert: the Regular Clerks entered upon the battle-

field, where by their position in the fight, their exterior manners of life, their very dress, they were to mingle with the ranks of the secular clergy; just as a few veterans are sent into the midst of a wavering troop, to act upon the rest by word and example and dash.

Like the initiators of the great ancient forms of religious life, Cajetan was the patriarch of the Regular Clerks. Under this name, Clement VII, by a brief dated June 24, 1524, approved the institute he had founded that very year in concert with the Bishop of Chieti, from whom the new religious were also called Theatines. Soon the Barnabites, the Society of Jesus, the Somaschans of St. Jerome Æmilian, the Regular Clerks Minor of St. Francis Caracciolo, the Regular Clerks Ministering to the Sick, the Regular Clerks of the Pious Schools, the Regular Clerks of the Mother of God, and others, hastened to follow in the track, and proved that the Church is ever beautiful, ever worthy of her Spouse; while the accusation of barrenness, hurled against her by heresy, rebounded upon the thrower.

Cajetan began and carried forward his reform chiefly by means of detachment from riches, the love of which had caused many evils in the Church. The Theatines offered to the world a spectacle unknown since the days of the apostles; pushing their zeal for renouncement so far as not to allow themselves even to beg, but to rely on the spontaneous charity of the faithful. While Luther was denying the very existence of God's Providence, their heroic trust in it was often rewarded by prodigies.

Let us now read the life of this new patriarch:

Cajetanus, nobili Thienæa gente Vicentiæ ortus, statim a matre Deiparæ Virgini oblatus est. Mira a teneris annis morum innocentia in eo eluxit, adeo ut sanctus ab omnibus

Cajetan was born at Vicenza of the noble house of Tiene, and was at once dedicated by his mother to the Virgin Mother of God. His innocence appeared so wonderful from

nuncuparetur. Juris utriusque lauream Patavii adeptus, Romam profectus est: ubi inter prælatos a Julio secundo collocatus, et sacerdotio initiatus, tanto divini amoris æstu succensus est, ut relicta aula se totum Deo mancipaverit. Nosocomiis proprio ære fundatis, etiam morbi pestilenti laborantibus, suis ipse manibus inserviebat. Proximorum saluti assidua cura incumbebat, dictus propterea venator animarum.

Collapsam ecclesiasticorum disciplinam ad formam apostolicæ vitæ instaurare desiderans, ordinem Clericorum Regularium instituit, qui, abdicata rerum omnium terrenarum sollicitudine, nec reditus possiderent, nec vitæ subsidia a fidelibus peterent, sed solis eleemosynis sponte oblatis viverent. Itaque approbante Clemente septimo ad aram maximam basilicæ Vaticanæ una cum Joanne Petro Carafa episcopo Theatino, qui postea Paulus quartus pontifex maximus fuit, et aliis duobus eximiæ pietatis viris, vota solemnia emisit. In urbis direptione a militibus crudelissime vexatus ut pecuniam proderet, quam dudum in cœlestes thesauros manus pauperum deportaverant, verbera, tormenta, et carceres invicta patientia sustinuit. In suscepto vitæ instituto constantissime perseveravit, soli divinæ providentiæ inhærens, quam sibi numquam defuisse

his very childhood that everyone called him 'the saint.' He took the degree of Doctor in canon and civil law at Padua, and then went to Rome, where Julius II made him a prelate. When he received the priesthood, such a fire of divine love was enkindled in his soul, that he left the court to devote himself entirely to God. He founded hospitals with his own money and himself served the sick, even those attacked with pestilential maladies. He displayed such unflagging zeal for the salvation of his neighbour that he earned the name of the 'hunter of souls.'

His great desire was to restore ecclesiastical discipline, then much relaxed, to the form of the apostolic life, and to this end he founded the Order of Regular Clerks. They lay aside all care of earthly things, possess no revenues, do not beg even the necessaries of life from the faithful, but live only on alms spontaneously offered. Clement VII having approved this institution, Cajetan made his solemn vows at the High Altar of the Vatican basilica, together with John Peter Caraffa, Bishop of Chieti, who was afterwards Pope Paul IV, and two other men of distinguished piety. During the sack of Rome, he was most cruelly treated by the soldiers, to make him deliver up his money, which the hands of the poor had long ago carried into the heavenly treasures. He endured with the utmost patience stripes, torture, and imprisonment. He persevered unfalteringly in the kind of

aliquando miracula comprobarunt.

Divini cultus studium, nitorem domus Dei, sacrorum rituum observantiam, et sanctissimæ Eucharistiæ frequentiorem usum maxime promovit. Hæresum monstra et latebras non semel detexit, ac profligavit. Orationem ad octo passim horas jugibus lacrymis protrahebat: sæpe in exstasim raptus, ac prophetiæ dono illustris. Romæ nocte natalitia ad præsepe Domini, infantem Jesum accipere meruit a Deipara in ulnas suas. Corpus integras noctes interdum verberationibus affligebat; nec umquam adduci potuit, ut vitæ asperitatem emolliret, testatus, in cinere et cilicio velle se mori. Denique ex animi dolore concepto morbo, quod offendi plebis seditione Deum videret, cœlesti visione recreatus, Neapoli migravit in cœlum: ibique corpus ejus in ecclesia sancti Pauli magna religione colitur. Quem multis miraculis in vita et post mortem gloriosum, Clemens decimus pontifex maximus sanctorum numero adscripsit.

life he had embraced, relying entirely upon Divine Providence: and God never failed him, as was sometimes proved by miracle.

He was a great promoter of assiduity at the divine worship, of the beauty of the House of God, of exactness in holy ceremonies, and of frequent communion. More than once he detected and foiled the wicked subterfuges of heresy. He would prolong his prayer for eight hours, without ceasing to shed tears; he was often rapt in ecstasy and was famous for the gift of prophecy. At Rome, one Christmas night, while he was praying at our Lord's crib, the Mother of God was pleased to lay the Infant Jesus in his arms. He would spend whole nights in chastising his body with disciplines, and could never be induced to relax anything of the austerity of his life; for he would say, he wished to die in sackcloth and ashes. At length he fell into an illness caused by the intense sorrow he felt at seeing the people offend God by a sedition; and at Naples, after being refreshed by a heavenly vision, he passed to heaven. His body is honoured with great devotion in the church of St. Paul in that town. As many miracles worked by him both living and dead made his name illustrious, Pope Clement X enrolled him amongst the saints.

Who has ever obeyed so well as thou, O great saint, that word of the Gospel: *Be not solicitous therefore saying: What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or*

wherewith shall we be clothed?[1] Thou didst understand, too, that other divine word: *The workman is worthy of his meat,*[2] and thou knewest that it applied principally to those *who labour in word and doctrine.*[3] Thou didst not ignore the fact that other sowers of the word had before thee founded on that saying the right of their poverty, embraced for God's sake, to claim at least the bread of alms. Sublime right of souls eager for opprobrium in order to follow Jesus and to satiate their love! But Wisdom, who gives to the desires of the saints the bent suitable to their times, caused the thirst for humiliation to be overruled in thee by the ambition to exalt in thy poverty the holy Providence of God; this was needed in an age of renewed paganism, which, even before listening to heresy, seemed to have ceased to trust in God. Alas! even of those to whom the Lord had given Himself for their possession in the midst of the children of Israel, it could be truly said that they sought the goods of this world like the heathen. It was thy earnest desire, O Cajetan, to justify our heavenly Father and to prove that He is ever ready to fulfil the promise made by His adorable Son: *Seek ye therefore the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.*[4]

Circumstances obliged thee to begin in this way the reformation of the sanctuary, whereunto thou wast resolved to devote thy life. It was necessary, first, to bring back the members of the holy militia to the spirit of the sacred formula of the ordination of clerks, when, laying aside the spirit of the world together with its livery, they say in the joy of their hearts: *The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup: it is Thou, O Lord, that wilt restore my inheritance to me.*[5]

The Lord, O Cajetan, acknowledged thy zeal and blessed thine efforts. Preserve in us the fruit of thy labour. The science of sacred rites owes much to thy sons; may they prosper, in renewed fidelity to the

[1] St. Matt. vi. 31. [2] *Ibid.* x. 10. [3] 1 Tim. v. 17. [4] St. Matt. vi. 33.
[5] Pontificale Romanum. De clerico faciendo, ex Ps. xv. 5.

traditions of their father. May thy patriarchal blessing ever rest upon the numerous families of Regular Clerks which walk in the footsteps of thine own. May all the ministers of Holy Church experience the power thou still hast, of maintaining them in the right path of their holy state, or, if necessary, of bringing them back to it. May the example of thy sublime confidence in God teach all Christians that they have a Father in heaven, whose Providence will never fail His children.

Let us honour the holy memory of the Bishop of Arezzo, whom the persecution of Julian the Apostate sent on this day to heaven. The following prayer, wherein the Church expresses her unchanging confidence in his powerful intercession, is found so far back as in the Gelasian Sacramentary; though the title of Confessor is there used instead of Martyr, it is beyond all question that Donatus died for Christ.

PRAYER

Deus, tuorum gloria sacerdotum: præsta quæsumus; ut sancti martyris tui et episcopi Donati, cujus festa gerimus, sentiamus auxilium. Per Dominum.

O God, the glory of Thy priests, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may experience the succour of Thy holy martyr and bishop, Donatus, whose festival we celebrate. Through our Lord, etc.

August 8

SS. CYRIACUS, LARGUS, AND SMARAGDUS

MARTYRS

TO-DAY a precursor of Laurence appears on the cycle, the deacon Cyriacus, whose power over the demon made hell tremble, and entitles him to a place among the saints called *helpers*. He and his companions in martyrdom form one of the noblest groups of Christ's army in that last and decisive battle, wherein the eagerness of the faithful to show that they knew how to die won victory for the Cross. Rome, baptized in the blood she had shed, found herself Christian in spite of herself; all her honours were now to be lavished upon the very men whom in the time of her folly she had put to the sword. Such are Thy triumphs, O Wisdom of God!

Mention of the three martyrs celebrated to-day is to be found in the most authentic calendars of the Church that have come down to us from the fourth century.[1] If then, as Baronius acknowledges,[2] there is some reason for calling in question certain details of the legend, their cultus is none the less immemorial upon earth; and the unwavering devotion of which they are the objects, especially in the sanctuaries enriched with their holy relics, proves that they have great power before the throne of the Lamb.

Cyriacus diaconus, cum Sisinio, Largo, et Smaragdo diutius inclusus in carcere, multa edidit miracula, in quibus Arthemiam Diocletiani filiam precibus a dæmone liberavit: missusque ad Saporem Persarum regem, Jobiam etiam ejus filiam a nefario spiritu

Cyriacus, a deacon, underwent a long imprisonment together with Largus, Sisinius and Smaragdus, and worked many miracles. Amongst others, by his prayers, he freed Arthemia, a daughter of Diocletian, from the possession of the devil. He was sent to

[1] Calendarium Bucherii.

[2] Annal. ad An. 309, vi.

eripuit. Rege vero ejus patre cum quadringentis ac triginta aliis baptizatis Romam rediit: ubi Maximiani imperatoris jussu comprehensus, catenis vinctus ante rhedam suam trahitur: et post dies quatuor e carcere eductus, pice liquata perfusus, et in catasta extensus, demum cum Largo et Smaragdo, aliisque viginti securi percussus est via Salaria, ad hortos Sallustianos. Quorum corpora in eadem via, decimo septimo Kalendas Aprilis, sepulta a Joanne presbytero, postea sexto idus Augusti a Marcello pontifice, et Lucina nobili femina lineis velis involuta, et pretiosis unguentis condita, in ipsius Lucinæ prædium via Ostiensi, septimo ab urbe lapide translata sunt.

Sapor, King of Persia, and delivered his daughter, Jobia, in like manner from the devil. He baptized the king, her father, and four hundred and thirty others, and then returned to Rome. There he was seized by command of the Emperor Maximian, and dragged in chains before his chariot. Four days afterwards he was taken out of prison, boiling pitch was poured over him, he was stretched on the rack, and at length he was put to death by the axe, with Largus, Smaragdus, and twenty others at Sallust's Gardens on the Salarian Way. A priest named John buried their bodies on that same way, on the seventeenth of the Kalends of April, but on the sixth of the Ides of August Pope Marcellus and the noble lady Lucina wrapt them in linen with precious spices, and translated them to Lucina's estate on the Ostian Way, seven miles from Rome.

The Church to-day recites this prayer in their honour:

PRAYER

Deus, qui nos annua sanctorum martyrum tuorum Cyriaci, Largi et Smaragdi solemnitate lætificas: concede propitius; ut quorum natalitia colimus, virtutem quoque passionis imitemur. Per Dominum.

O God, who dost rejoice us by the annual solemnity of Thy holy martyrs, Cyriacus, Largus and Smaragdus, mercifully grant that we may imitate the virtue with which they suffered, whose festival we celebrate. Through, etc.

August 9

VIGIL OF SAINT LAURENCE

SAINT ROMANUS

MARTYR

'FEAR not, My servant, for I am with thee, saith the Lord. If thou pass through fire, the flame shall not hurt thee, and the odour of fire shall not be in thee. I will deliver thee out of the hand of the wicked, and I will redeem thee out of the hand of the mighty.'[1] It was the hour of combat; and Wisdom, more powerful than flame, was calling upon Laurence to win the laurels of victory presaged by his very name. The three days since the death of Sixtus had passed at length, and the deacon's exile was about to close: he was soon to stand beside his pontiff at the altar in heaven, and never more to be separated from him. But before going to perform his office as deacon in the eternal sacrifice, he must on this earth, where the seeds of eternity are sown, give proof of the brave faithfulness which becomes a Levite of the law of love. Laurence was ready. He had said to Sixtus: 'Try the fidelity of the minister to whom thou didst intrust the dispensation of the Blood of our Lord.' He had now, according to the pontiff's wish, distributed to the poor the treasures of the Church; as the chants of the liturgy tell us on this very morning.[2] But he knew that *if a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing*,[3] and he longed to give himself as well. Overflowing with joy in his generosity he hailed the holocaust, whose sweet perfume he seemed already to perceive rising up to heaven And well might he have sung

[1] 2nd Resp. of Matins fr. Isaias xliii. and Jerem. xv.
[2] Introit and Gradual of the Vigil fr. Ps. xci.
[3] Cant. viii. 7.

the offertory of this Vigil's Mass: 'My prayer is pure, and therefore I ask that a place be given to my voice in heaven: for my judge is there, and He that knoweth my conscience is on high: let my prayer ascend to the Lord."[1]

Sublime prayer of the just man which pierces the clouds! Even now we can say with the Church: *His seed shall be mighty upon earth,*[2] the seed of new Christians sprung from the blood of martyrdom; for to-day we greet the firstfruits thereof in the person of Romanus, the neophyte whom his first torments won to Christ, and who preceded him to heaven. Let us, with the Church, unite the soldier and the deacon in our prayers:

PRAYER

Adesto, Domine, supplicationibus nostris: et, intercessione beati Laurentii, martyris tui, cujus prævenimus festivitatem, perpetuam nobis misericordiam benignus impende. Per Dominum.

Attend, O Lord, to our supplications, and by the intercession of blessed Laurence, Thy martyr, whose festival we anticipate, graciously extend to us perpetual mercy. Through our Lord, etc.

PRAYER

Præsta, quæsumus omnipotens Deus: ut, intercedente beato Romano, martyre tuo, et a cunctis adversitatibus liberemur in corpore, et a pravis cogitationibus mundemur in mente. Per Dominum.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that by the intercession of blessed Romanus, Thy martyr, we may both be delivered from all adversities in body and be purified from all evil thoughts in mind. Through our Lord, etc.

[1] Offertory fr. Job xvi.

[2] Verse of Gradual fr. Ps. cxi.

August 10

SAINT LAURENCE

DEACON AND MARTYR

'ONCE the mother of false gods, but now the bride of Christ, O Rome, it is through Laurence thou art victorious! Thou hast conquered haughty monarchs and subjected nations to thine empire; but though thou hadst overcome barbarism, thy glory was incomplete till thou hadst vanquished the unclean idols. This was Laurence's victory, a combat bloody yet not tumultuous like those of Camillus or of Cæsar; it was the contest of faith, wherein self is immolated, and death is overcome by death. What words, what praises suffice to celebrate such a death? How can I worthily sing so great a martyrdom?'[1]

Thus opens the sublime poem of Prudentius, composed little more than a century after the saint's martyrdom. In this work the poet has preserved to us the traditions existing in his own day, whereby the name of the Roman deacon was rendered so illustrious. About the same time St. Ambrose, with his irresistible eloquence, described the meeting of Sixtus and his deacon on the way to martyrdom.[2] But, before both Ambrose and Prudentius, Pope St. Damasus chronicled the victory of Laurence's faith, in his majestic monumental inscriptions, which have such a ring of the days of triumph.[3]

Rome was lavish in her demonstrations of honour towards the champion who had prayed for her deliverance upon his red-hot gridiron. She inserted his name in the Canon of the Mass, and moreover celebrated the anniversary of his birth to heaven with as much solem-

[1] Prudent. Peristephanon, Hymn ii. [2] Ambr. De offic. i. 41.
[3] De Rossi, Inscript. ii. 82.

nity as those of the glorious apostles her founders, and with the same privileges of a Vigil and an Octave. She has been dyed with the blood of many other witnesses of Christ, yet as though Laurence had a special claim upon her gratitude, every spot connected with him has been honoured with a church. Amongst all these sanctuaries dedicated to him, the one which contains the martyr's body ranks next after the churches of St. John Lateran, St. Mary's on the Esquiline, St. Peter's on the Vatican, and St. Paul's on the Ostian Way. St. Laurence outside the Walls completes the number of the five great basilicas that form the appanage and exclusive possession of the Roman Pontiff. They represent the patriarchates of Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, which divide the world between them, and express the universal and immediate jurisdiction of the Bishops of Rome over all the churches. Thus through Laurence the Eternal City is completed, and is shown to be the centre of the world and the source of every grace.

Just as Peter and Paul are the riches, not of Rome alone, but of the whole world, so Laurence is called the honour of the world, for he, as it were, personified the courage of martyrdom. At the beginning of this month we saw Stephen himself come to blend his dignity of Protomartyr with the glory of Sixtus II's deacon, by sharing his tomb. In Laurence, it seemed that both the struggle and the victory of martyrdom reached their highest point; persecution, it is true, was renewed during the next half-century, and made many victims, yet his triumph was considered as the death-blow to paganism.

'The devil,' says Prudentius, 'struggled fiercely with God's witness, but he was himself wounded and prostrated for ever. The death of Christ's martyr gave the death-blow to the worship of idols, and from that day Vesta was powerless to prevent her temple from being deserted. All these Roman citizens, brought up in the superstitions taught by Numa, hasten, O Christ,

to Thy courts, singing hymns to Thy martyr. Illustrious senators, flamens and priests of Lupercus, venerate the tombs of apostles and saints. We see patricians and matrons of the noblest families vowing to God the children in whom their hopes are centred. The pontiff of the idols, whose brow but yesterday was bound with the sacred fillet, now signs himself with the Cross, and the vestal virgin Claudia visits thy sanctuary, O Laurence.'[1]

It need not surprise us that this day's solemnity carries its triumphant joy from the city of the seven hills to the entire universe. 'As it is impossible for Rome to be concealed,' says St. Augustine, 'so it is equally impossible to hide Laurence's crown.' Everywhere, in both East and West, churches were built in his honour; and in return, as the Bishop of Hippo testifies, 'the favours he conferred were innumerable, and prove the greatness of his power with God; who has ever prayed to him and has not been graciously heard?'[2]

Let us, then, conclude with St. Maximus of Turin that 'in the devotion wherewith the triumph of St. Laurence is being celebrated throughout the entire world, we must recognize that it is both holy and pleasing to God to honour, with all the fervour of our souls, the birth to heaven of the martyr who by his radiant flames has spread the glory of his victory over the whole Church. Because of the spotless purity of soul which made him a true Levite, and because of that fulness of faith which earned him the martyr's palm, it is fitting that we should honour him almost equally with the apostles.'[3]

FIRST VESPERS

Laurence has entered the lists as a martyr, and has confessed the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such is the antiphon wherewith the Church opens the first Vespers of the feast; and in fact, by this hour he has already

[1] PRUDENT. [2] AUG. Serm. 303 and 302.
[3] MAXIM. TAURIN. Homil. 75 and 74.

entered the arena; with noble irony he has challenged the authorities, and has even shed his blood.

On the very day of the martyrdom of Sixtus II, Cornelius Secularis,[1] prefect of Rome, summoned Laurence before his tribunal, but granted him the delay necessary for gathering together the riches required by the imperial treasury. Valerian did not include the obscure members of the Church in his edicts of persecution; he aimed at ruining the Christians by prohibiting their assemblies, putting their chief men to death, and confiscating their property. This accounts for the fact that, on August 6, the faithful assembled in the cemetery of Pretextatus were dispersed, the pontiff executed, and the chief deacon arrested and ordered to deliver up the treasures which the Government knew to be in his keeping. 'Acknowledge my just and peaceable claims,' said the prefect. 'It is said that at your orgies your priests are accustomed, according to the laws of your worship, to make libations in cups of gold; that silver vessels smoke with the blood of the victims, and that the torches that give light to your nocturnal mysteries are fixed in golden candlesticks. And then you have such love and care for the brotherhood: report says you sell your lands in order to devote to their service thousands of sesterces; so that while the son is disinherited by his holy parents and groans in poverty, his patrimony is piously hidden away in the secrecy of your temples. Bring forth these immense treasures, the shameful spoils you have won by deceiving the credulous; the public good demands them; render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, that he may have wherewith to fill his treasury and pay his armies.'

Laurence, untroubled by these words, and as if quite willing to obey, gently answered: 'I confess you speak the truth; our Church is indeed wealthy; no one in the world, not even Augustus himself, possesses such riches. I will disclose them all to you, and I will show you the treasures of Christ. All I ask for is a short delay, which

[1] Elenchus, PHILOCAL.

will enable me the better to perform what I have promised. For I must make an inventory of all, count them up, and value each article.'

The prefect's heart swelled with joy, and gloating over the gold he hoped soon to possess, he granted him a delay of three days. Meanwhile Laurence hastened all over the town and assembled the legions of poor whom their Mother the Church supported; lame and blind, cripple and beggars, he called them all. None knew them better than the archdeacon. Next he counted them, wrote down their names, and arranged them in long lines. On the appointed day he returned to the judge and thus addressed him: 'Come with me and admire the incomparable riches of the sanctuary of our God.' They went together to the spot where the crowds of poor were standing, clothed in rags and filling the air with their supplications. 'Why do you shudder?' said Laurence to the prefect. 'Do you call that a vile and contemptible spectacle? If you seek after wealth, know that the brightest gold is Christ, who is the light, and the human race redeemed by Him; for they are the sons of the light, all these who are shielded by their bodily weakness from the assault of pride and evil passion; soon they will lay aside their ulcers in the palace of eternal life, and will shine in marvellous glory, clothed in purple and bearing golden crowns upon their heads. See, here is the gold which I promised you—gold of a kind that fire cannot touch or thief steal from you. Think not, then, that Christ is poor: behold these choice pearls, these sparkling gems that adorn the temple, these sacred virgins, I mean, and these widows who refuse second marriage; they form the priceless necklace of the Church, they deck her ears, they are her bridal ornaments, and win for her Christ's love. Behold, then, all our riches; take them: they will beautify the city of Romulus, they will increase the Emperor's treasures and enrich you yourself.'[1]

[1] PRUDENT.

From a letter of Pope St. Cornelius, written a few years after these events, we learn that the number of widows and poor persons that the Church of Rome supported exceeded 1,500.[1] By thus exhibiting them before the magistrate, Laurence knew that he endangered no one but himself, for the persecution of Valerian, as we have already observed, overlooked the inferior classes and attacked the leading members of the Church. Divine Wisdom thus confronted Cæsarism and its brutality with Christianity which it so despised, but which was destined to overcome and subdue it.

This happened on August 9, 258. The first answer the furious prefect made was to order Laurence to be scourged and tortured upon the rack. But these tortures were only a prelude to the great ordeal he was preparing for the noble-hearted deacon. We learn this tradition from St. Damasus, for he says that, besides the flames, Laurence triumphed over 'blows, tortures, torments, and chains.'[2]

We have also the authority of the notice inserted by Ado of Vienne in his martyrology in the ninth century, and taken from a still more ancient source. The conformity of expression proves that it was partly from this same source that the Gregorian Antiphonal had already taken the antiphons and responsories of the feast.

Besides the details which we learn from Prudentius and the Fathers, this office alludes to the converts Laurence made while in prison, and to his restoring sight to the blind. This last seems to have been the special gift of the holy deacon during the days preceding his martyrdom.

1. ANT. Laurentius ingressus est martyr, et confessus est nomen Domini Jesu Christi.

1. ANT. Laurence has entered the lists as a martyr, and has confessed the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ps. Dixit Dominus, *page* 35.

[1] CORNELIUS ad Fabium Antioch.

[2] Verbera, carnifices, flammas, tormenta, catenas.
Vincere Laurenti sola fides potuit.
Hæc Damasus cumulat supplex altaria donis,
Martyris egregium suspiciens meritum.

2. ANT. Laurentius bonum opus operatus est, qui per signum crucis cæcos illuminavit.

2. ANT. Laurence has wrought a good work, who by the sign of the Cross gave sight to the blind.

Ps. Confitebor tibi Domine, *page* 37.

3. ANT. Adhæsit anima mea post te, quia caro mea igne cremata est pro te Deus meus.

3. ANT. My soul has cleaved to Thee, for my flesh has been burnt with fire for Thy sake, O my God.

Ps. Beatus vir, *page* 38.

4. ANT. Misit Dominus angelum suum, et liberavit me de medio ignis, et non sum æstuatus.

4. ANT. The Lord sent His angel and delivered me from the midst of the fire, and I have not been consumed.

Ps. Laudate pueri, *page* 39.

5. ANT. Beatus Laurentius orabat, dicens: Gratias tibi ago, Domine, quia januas tuas ingredi merui.

5. ANT. Blessed Laurence prayed, saying: I give Thee thanks, O Lord, that I have been found worthy to enter Thy gates.

PSALM 116

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes: * laudate eum, omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus: * et veritas Domini manet in æternum.

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise Him, all ye people.

For His mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.

CAPITULUM

(2 *Cor.* ix.)

Fratres: Qui parce seminat, parce et metet: et qui seminat in benedictionibus, de benedictionibus et metet.

Brethren: He who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly: and he who soweth in blessings, shall also reap blessings.

HYMN

Deus tuorum militum
Sors, et corona, præmium,
Laudes canentes martyris
Absolve nexu criminis.

O God! Thou the inheritance, crown, and reward of Thy soldiers! absolve from the bonds of our sins us who sing the praises of Thy martyr.

Hic nempe mundi gaudia,
Et blanda fraudum pabula
Imbuta felle deputans,
Pervenit ad cœlestia.

For counting the joys of the world and the deceitful bait of its caresses as things embittered with gall, Thy martyr obtained the delights of heaven.

Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,
Et sustulit viriliter,
Fundensque pro te sanguinem,
Æterna dona possidet.

Bravely did he go through, and manfully did he bear, his pains: and shedding his blood for Thy sake, he now possesses Thy eternal gifts.

Ob hoc precatu supplici
Te poscimus, piissime:
In hoc triumpho martyris
Dimitte noxam servulis.

Therefore, most merciful Father! we beseech Thee, in most suppliant prayer, forgive us, Thy unworthy servants, our sins, for it is the feast of Thy martyr's triumph.

Laus et perennis gloria
Patri sit, atque Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

Praise and eternal glory be to the Father, and to the Son, as also to the Holy Paraclete, for everlasting ages.
Amen.

℣. Gloria et honore coronasti eum, Domine.
℟. Et constituisti eum super opera manuum tuarum.

℣. Thou hast crowned him, O Lord, with glory and honour.
℟. And hast placed him over the works of Thy hands.

ANTIPHON OF THE MAGNIFICAT

Levita Laurentius bonum opus operatus est, qui per signum crucis cæcos illuminavit, et thesauros Ecclesiæ dedit pauperibus.

Laurence the Levite hath wrought a good work: he restored sight to the blind by the sign of the Cross, and distributed to the poor the treasures of the Church.

The Canticle, Magnificat, *page* 43.

COLLECT

Da nobis, quæsumus, omnipotens Deus: vitiorum nostrorum flammas exstinguere; qui beato Laurentio tribuisti tormentorum suorum incendia superare. Per Dominum.

Grant us, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, to extinguish the flames of our vices: Thou who unto blessed Laurence didst give a strength that overcame the fire of his torments. Through, etc.

The August sun has set behind the Vatican, and the life and animation, which his burning heat had stilled for a time, begin once more upon the seven hills. Laurence was taken down from the rack about midday. In his prison, however, he took no rest, but wounded and bleeding as he was, he baptized the converts won to Christ by the sight of his courageous suffering. He confirmed their faith, and fired their souls with a martyr's intrepidity. When the evening hour summoned Rome to its pleasures, the prefect recalled the executioners to their work, for a few hours' rest had sufficiently restored their energy to enable them to satisfy his cruelty.

Surrounded by this ill-favoured company, the prefect thus addressed the valiant deacon: 'Sacrifice to the gods, or else the whole night long shall be witness of your torments.' 'My night has no darkness,' answered Laurence, 'and all things are full of light to me.' They struck him on the mouth with stones, but he smiled and said: 'I give Thee thanks, O Christ.'

Then an iron bed or gridiron with three bars was brought in and the saint was stripped of his garments and extended upon it while burning coals were placed beneath it. As they were holding him down with iron forks, Laurence said: 'I offer myself as a sacrifice to God for an odour of sweetness.' The executioners continually stirred up the fire and brought fresh coals, while they still held him down with their forks. Then the saint said: 'Learn, unhappy man, how great is the power of my God; for your burning coals give me refreshment, but they will be your eternal punishment. I call Thee, O Lord, to witness: when I was accused, I did not deny Thee; when I was questioned, I confessed Thee, O Christ; on the red-hot coals I gave Thee thanks.' And with his countenance radiant with heavenly beauty, he continued: 'Yea, I give Thee thanks, O Lord Jesus Christ, for that Thou hast deigned to strengthen me.' He then raised his eyes to his judge, and said: 'See, this side is well roasted; turn me on the

other and eat.' Then continuing his canticle of praise to God: 'I give Thee thanks, O Lord, that I have merited to enter into Thy dwelling-place.'[1] As he was on the point of death, he remembered the Church. The thought of the eternal Rome gave him fresh strength, and he breathed forth this ecstatic prayer: 'O Christ, only God, O Splendour, O Power of the Father, O Maker of heaven and earth and builder of this city's walls! Thou hast placed Rome's sceptre high over all; Thou hast willed to subject the world to it, in order to unite under one law the nations which differ in manners, customs, language, genius, and sacrifice. Behold the whole human race has submitted to its empire, and all discord and dissensions disappear in its unity. Remember thy purpose: Thou didst will to bind the immense universe together into one Christian Kingdom. O Christ, for the sake of Thy Romans, make this city Christian; for to it Thou gavest the charge of leading all the rest to sacred unity. All its members in every place are united—a very type of Thy Kingdom; the conquered universe has bowed before it. Oh! may its royal head be bowed in turn! Send Thy Gabriel and bid him heal the blindness of the sons of Iulus that they may know the true God. I see a prince who is to come—an Emperor who is a servant of God. He will not suffer Rome to remain a slave; he will close the temples and fasten them with bolts for ever.'

Thus he prayed, and with these last words he breathed forth his soul. Some noble Romans who had been conquered to Christ by the martyr's admirable boldness, removed his body: the love of the most high God had suddenly filled their hearts and dispelled their former errors. From that day the worship of the infamous gods grew cold; few people went now to the temples, but hastened to the altars of Christ. Thus Laurence, going unarmed to the battle, had wounded the enemy with his own sword.[2]

The Church, which is always grateful in proportion

[1] ADON. Martyrol. [2] PRUDENT.

to the service rendered her, could not forget this glorious night. At the period when her children's piety vied with her own, she used to summon them together at sunset on the evening of August 9 for a first Night Office. At midnight the second Matins began, followed by the first Mass called '*of the night or of the early morning.*'[1] Thus the Christians watched around the holy deacon during the hours of his glorious combat. 'O God, Thou hast proved my heart, and visited it by night, Thou hast tried me by fire, and iniquity hath not been found in me. Hear, O Lord, my justice; attend to my supplication.'[2] Such is the grand Introit which, immediately after the night Vigils, hallowed the dawn of August 10, at the very moment when Laurence entered the eternal sanctuary to fulfil his office at the heavenly altar.

Later on certain churches observed on this feast a custom similar to one in use at the Matins of the commemoration of St. Paul; it consisted in reciting a particular versicle before repeating each antiphon of the Nocturns. The doctors of the sacred liturgy tell us that the remarkable labours of the Doctor of the Gentiles and those of St. Laurence earned for them this distinction.[3]

Our forefathers were greatly struck by the contrast between the endurance of the holy deacon under his cruel tortures and his tender-hearted, tearful parting with Sixtus II three days before. On this account, they gave to the periodical showers of 'falling stars,' which occur about August 10, the graceful name of *St. Laurence's tears:* a touching instance of that popular piety which delights in raising the heart to God through the medium of natural phenomena.

MASS

The deacon has followed his Pontiff beyond the veil; the faithful Levite is standing beside the ark

[1] *De nocte, in primo mane:* Sacramentar. Greg. *apud* H. MENARD.
[2] Introit, ex Ps. xvi: Antiphona *apud* TOMMASI.
[3] BELETH. CXIV; SICARD. IX, XXXIX; DURAND. VII, XXIII.

of the eternal covenant. He now gazes on the splendour of that tabernacle not made with hands, feebly figured by that of Moses, and but partially revealed by the Church herself.

And yet to-day, though still an exile, Mother Church thrills with a holy pride, for she has added something to the glory and the sanctity of heaven. She triumphantly advances to the altar on earth, which is one with that in heaven. Throughout the night she has had her eyes and her heart fixed on her noble son; and now she dares to sing of the beauty, the holiness, the magnificence of our fatherland as though they were already hers; for the rays of eternal light seem to have fallen upon her as the veil lifted to admit Laurence into the Holy of Holies.

The Introit and its verse are taken from Psalm xcv.:

INTROIT

Confessio et pulchritudo in conspectu ejus: sanctitas et magnificentia in sanctificatione ejus.	Praise and beauty are before him: Holiness and majesty in His sanctuary.
Ps. Cantate Domino canticum novum: cantate Domino omnis terra. Gloria Patri. Confessio.	*Ps.* Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle; sing to the Lord all the earth. ℣. Glory, etc. Praise.

No doubt our weakness will not be called upon to endure the ordeal of a red-hot gridiron; nevertheless, we are tried by flames of a different kind, which, if we do not extinguish them in this life, will feed the eternal fire of hell. The Church, therefore, asks on this feast of St. Laurence that we may be gifted with prudence and courage.

COLLECT

Da nobis, quæsumus, omnipotens Deus: vitiorum nostrorum flammas exstinguere; qui beato Laurentio tribuisti tormentorum suorum incendia superare. Per Dominum.	Grant us, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, to extinguish the flames of our vices; who didst grant to blessed Laurence to overcome the fire of his torments. Through our Lord, etc.

EPISTLE

Lectio Epistolæ beati Pauli Apostoli ad Corinthios.

II. Cap. ix.

Fratres, qui parce seminat, parce et metet: et qui seminat in benedictionibus, de benedictionibus et metet. Unusquisque prout destinavit in corde suo, non ex tristitia, aut ex necessitate: hilarem enim datorem diligit Deus. Potens est autem Deus omnem gratiam abundare facere in vobis: ut in omnibus semper omnem sufficientiam habentes, abundetis in omne opus bonum, sicut scriptum est: Dispersit, dedit pauperibus: justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi. Qui autem administrat semen seminanti: et panem ad manducandum præstabit, et multiplicabit semen vestrum, et augebit incrementa frugum justitiæ vestræ.

Lesson of the Epistle of St. Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians.

II. Ch. ix.

Brethren, he who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth in blessings shall also reap of blessings. Every one as he has determined in his heart; not with sadness, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace abound in you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work, as it is written: He hath dispersed abroad; He hath given to the poor; His justice remaineth for ever. And He that ministereth seed to the sower, will both give you bread to eat and will multiply your seed, and increase the growth of the fruits of your justice.

He hath dispersed abroad; He hath given to the poor; His justice remaineth for ever. The Roman Church loves to repeat these words of Psalm cxi. in honour of her great archdeacon. Yesterday she sang them in the Introit and Gradual of the Vigil; again they were heard last night in the responsories, and this morning in the versicle of her triumphant Lauds. Indeed, the Epistle we have just read, which also furnishes the Little Chapters for the several Hours, was selected for to-day because of this same text being therein quoted by the apostle. Evidently the choice graces which won for Laurence his glorious martyrdom were, in the Church's estimation, the outcome of the brave and cheerful fidelity wherewith he distributed to the poor the treasures in his keeping. *He who soweth sparingly, shall also reap*

sparingly; and he who soweth in blessings, shall also reap of blessings; such is the supernatural economy of the Holy Ghost in the distribution of His gifts, as exemplified in the glorious scenes we have witnessed during these three days.

We may add with the apostle: What touches the heart of God, and moves Him to multiply His favours, is not so much the work itself as the spirit that prompts it. *God loveth a cheerful giver.* Noble-hearted, tender, devoted, and self-forgetful, heroic with a heroism born of simplicity no less than of courage, gracious and smiling even on his gridiron: such was Laurence towards God, towards his father Sixtus II, towards the lowly; and the same he was towards the powerful and in the very face of death. The closing of his life did but prove that he was as faithful in great things as he had been in small. Seldom are nature and grace so perfectly in harmony as they were in the young deacon, and though the gift of martyrdom is so great that no one can merit it, yet his particularly glorious martyrdom seems to have been the development, as if by natural evolution, of the precious germs planted by the Holy Ghost in the rich soil of his noble nature.

The words of Psalm xvi., which formerly composed the Introit of the Mass of the night, are repeated in the Gradual of the morning Mass. The Alleluia Verse reminds us of the miracles wrought by St. Laurence upon the blind; let us ask him to cure our spiritual blindness, which is more terrible than that of the body.

GRADUAL

Probasti, Domine, cor meum, et visitasti nocte.

℣. Igne me examinasti, et non est inventa in me iniquitas.

Alleluia, alleluia.

℣. Levita Laurentius bonum opus operatus est: qui per signum crucis cæcos illuminavit. Alleluia.

Thou hast proved my heart O Lord, and visited it by night.

℣. Thou hast tried me by fire, and iniquity hath not been found in me.

Alleluia, alleluia.

℣. The Levite Laurence wrought a good work, who gave sight to the blind by the sign of the Cross. Alleluia.

GOSPEL

Sequentia sancti Evangelii secundum Joannem.

Cap. xii.

In illo tempore: Dixit Jesus discipulis suis: Amen, amen dico vobis, nisi granum frumenti cadens in terram, mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet: si autem mortuum fuerit, multum fructum affert. Qui amat animam suam, perdet eam; et qui odit animam suam in hoc mundo, in vitam æternam custodit eam. Si quis mihi ministrat, me sequatur: et ubi sum ego, illic et minister meus erit. Si quis mihi ministraverit, honorificabit eum Pater meus.

Sequel of the Holy Gospel according to John.

Ch. xii.

At that time: Jesus said to His disciples: Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world keepeth it unto life eternal. If any man minister to Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there also shall My minister be. If any man minister to Me, him will My Father honour.

The Gospel we have just read was thus commented by St. Augustine on this very feast: 'Your faith recognizes the grain that fell into the earth, and, having died, was multiplied. Your faith, I say, recognizes this grain, for the same dwelleth in your souls. That it was concerning Himself Christ spake these words no Christian doubts. But now that that seed is dead and has been multiplied, many grains have been sown in the earth; among them is the blessed Laurence, and this is the day of his sowing. What an abundant harvest has sprung from these grains scattered over all the earth! We see it, we rejoice in it, nay, we ourselves are the harvest; if so be, by his grace, we belong to the granary. For not all that grows in the field belongs to the granary. The same useful, nourishing rain feeds both the wheat and the chaff. God forbid that both should be laid up together in the granary; although they grew together in the field, and were threshed together in the threshing-floor.

Now is the time to choose. Let us now, before the winnowing, separate ourselves from the wicked by our manner of life, as in the floor the grain is threshed out of the chaff, though not yet separated from it by the final winnowing. Hear me, ye holy grains, who, I doubt not, are here; for if I doubted, I should not be a grain myself: hear me, I say; or rather, hear that first grain speaking by me. Love not your life in this world: love it not if you truly love it, so that by not loving you may preserve it; for by not loving, you love the more. *He that loveth his life in this world, shall lose it.*[1]

Thus because Laurence was as an enemy to himself and lost his life in this world, he found it in the next. Being a minister of Christ by his very title, for *deacon* means *minister*, he followed the Man-God, as the Gospel exhorts; he followed Him to the altar, and to the altar of the Cross. Having fallen with Him into the earth, he has been multiplied in Him. Though separated from St. Laurence by distance of time and place, yet we are ourselves, as the Bishop of Hippo teaches, a part of the harvest that is ever springing from him. Let this thought excite us to gratitude towards the holy deacon; and let us all the more eagerly unite our homage with the honour bestowed on him by our heavenly Father for *having ministered to His Son.*

The Offertory repeats the words of the Introit to a different melody; it is earth's echo to the music of heaven. The beauty and sanctity that so magnificently enhance the worship of praise around the eternal altar ought to shine by faith in the souls of the Church's ministers, as the angels beheld them shining in Laurence's soul while he was still on earth.

OFFERTORY

Confessio et pulchritudo in conspectu ejus: sanctitas et magnificentia in sanctificatione ejus.	Praise and beauty are before Him: holiness and majesty are in His sanctuary.

[1] Aug. Sermo cccv, *al.* xxvi, in Nat. S. Laurent.

At this point of the mysteries it was once Laurence's duty to present the offerings; the Church, while now presenting them, claims the suffrage of his merits.

SECRET

Accipe, quæsumus Domine, munera dignanter oblata, et beati Laurentii suffragantibus meritis, ad nostræ salutis auxilium provenire concede. Per Dominum.

Graciously accept the offerings made to Thee, O Lord, we beseech Thee; and by the merits of blessed Laurence Thy martyr, which plead for us, grant them to become a help to our salvation. Through, etc.

Laurence worthily fulfilled his august ministry at the Table of his Lord; and He, to whom he thus devoted himself, keeps His promise made in the Gospel, by calling him to live for ever where He is Himself.

COMMUNION

Qui mihi ministrat, me sequatur: et ubi ego sum, illic et minister meus erit.

If any man minister to Me, let him follow Me: and where I am, there also shall My minister be.

After feasting at the sacred banquet of which Laurence was once the dispenser, we beg that the homage of our own service may draw down upon us, through his intercession, an increase of grace.

POSTCOMMUNION

Sacro munere satiati, supplices te, Domine, deprecamur: ut, quod debitæ servitutis celebramus officio, intercedente beato Laurentio martyre tuo, salvationis tuæ sentiamus augmentum. Per Dominum.

Replenished with Thy sacred gifts, we suppliantly beseech Thee, O Lord, that what we celebrate with due service, by the intercession of blessed Laurence Thy martyr, we may perceive to contribute towards our salvation. Through our Lord, etc.

SECOND VESPERS

This morning, as soon as Laurence had given up his brave soul to his Creator, his body was taken, like precious gold from the crucible, and wrapt in linen cloths with sweet spices. As in the case of Stephen the protomartyr, and of Jesus the King of martyrs, so now, too, noble persons vied with each other in paying honour to the sacred remains. In the evening of August 10[1] the noble converts mentioned by Prudentius bowed their heads beneath the venerable burden; and followed by a great company of mourners, they carried him along the Tiburtian Way, and buried him in the cemetery of Cyriacus. The Church on earth mourned for her illustrious son; but the Church in heaven was already overflowing with joy, and each anniversary of the glorious triumph was to give fresh gladness to the world.

The Office of Second Vespers is the same as that of the First, except for the last psalm, the versicle, and the Magnificat antiphon. This psalm, which the Church sings for all her martyrs, is the 115th. It admirably expresses Laurence's exulting gratitude: his confession of faith was the cause of his triumph over suffering and over snares; he filled with his own blood the chalice committed to his care, thus proving himself a true deacon, a minister of God's altar, and a son of the Church, the handmaid of the Lord. And now that his bonds are broken, he has begun his everlasting service in the company of the saints, *in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.*

PSALM 115

Credidi, propter quod locutus sum: * ego autem humiliatus sum nimis.

Ego dixi in excessu meo: * Omnis homo mendax.

Quid retribuam Domino:

I have believed, therefore have I spoken: but I have been humbled exceedingly.

I said in my excess: Every man is a liar.

What shall I render unto

[1] Adon. Martyrolog.

* pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi ?

Calicem salutaris accipiam: * et nomen Domini invocabo.

Vota mea Domino reddam coram omni populo ejus: * pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.

O Domine, quia ego servus tuus: * ego servus tuus, et filius ancillæ tuæ.

Dirupisti vincula mea: * tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis, et nomen Domini invocabo.

Vota mea Domino reddam in conspectu omnis populi ejus: * in atriis domus Domini, in medio tui, Jerusalem.

the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered unto me ?

I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows to the Lord before all His people; precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

O Lord, for I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant, and the son of Thy handmaid.

Thou hast broken my bonds: I will sacrifice unto Thee the sacrifice of praise, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows to the Lord in the sight of all His people: in the courts of the house of the Lord, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

After the hymn the following versicle is sung, and then the Magnificat antiphon:

℣. Levita Laurentius bonum opus operatus est.

℟. Qui per signum crucis cæcos illuminavit.

℣. The Levite Laurence wrought a good work.

℟. Who gave sight to the blind by the sign of the Cross.

ANTIPHON OF THE MAGNIFICAT

Beatus Laurentius dum in craticula superpositus ureretur, ad impiissimum tyrannum dixit: Assatum est jam, versa, et manduca: nam facultates ecclesiæ, quas requiris, in cœlestes thesauros manus pauperum deportaverunt.

While blessed Laurence was burning, stretched upon the gridiron, he said to the wicked tyrant: I am now roasted, turn and eat: as to the goods of the Church which thou demandest, the hands of the poor have already conveyed them into the heavenly treasures.

The Greeks in their Menæa echo the homage paid by the West to the conqueror:

MENSIS AUGUSTI. DIE X

In Matutino

Diaconus Verbi, Verbo decorus, vitam amore Verbi sponte litat, et cum Verbo jure nunc regnat, ipsius lætitia gloriaque inebriatus.

The deacon of the Word, adorned with the beauty of the Word, freely lays down his life for love of the Word, and justly now he reigneth with the Word, inebriated with his joy and glory.

Contra errantium impias redargutiones, veritatis pietatisque armatura firmatus, falsitatis munimentum fide tua dictisque ex sententia evertisti in finem.

Strengthened with the armour of truth and of piety against the wicked contradictions of the erring, thou by thy faith and thy wise words hast destroyed for ever the stronghold of falsehood.

In Dei pulchritudine, Laurenti, fixus oculos, terræ blanditias necnon et cruciatus contempsisti, o admirande.

With thine eyes fixed, O Laurence, on the beauty of God, thou didst contemn alike the flatteries of the world and its torments, O hero worthy of admiration!

Christus quum diaconus seu minister nobis donorum quæ sunt ex Patre tibi innotuisset, diaconus illius et ipse fieri cupiens, per sanguinem ad ipsum commigrasti, o invidende.

Christ, the true Deacon who dispenses to us the gifts of the Father, had revealed Himself to thee; and thou, longing to be His own deacon, didst go to Him by the path of love, O thou who art truly to be envied!

Tamquam sol felix ab Occidente oriens, stupendum et admirabile valde, universam coruscationibus, illustrasti ecclesiam, o admirande, cunctique ardore fidei tuæ calefacti sunt: ideo te omnes glorificamus.

Like an auspicious sun, rising in the West by a prodigy exceeding wonderful, thou hast enlightened the whole Church with thy brilliant light, O admirable martyr, and all mankind have received warmth from the ardour of thy faith: therefore do we all glorify thee.

Let us seek from the ancient liturgies their tribute of praise to the holy martyr. The Leonine Sacramentary offers us this preface, which in its noble brevity expresses in all their freshness the feelings of the Church towards

her glorious son: '*Perfectis gaudiis expleatur oblatio. . . . Gratias tibi, Domine, quoniam sanctum Lauretinum Martyrem tuum, te inspirante diligimus:* May our offering be made with perfect joy. . . . We give thanks to Thee, O Lord, that, by Thy inspiration, we love Thy holy martyr Laurence.' Such is the character of the formulæ which precede and follow, in the holy Sacrifice, the words we here give:

PREFACE

Vere dignum. Tuam misericordiam deprecantes, ut mentibus nostris beati Laurentii martyris tui tribuas jugiter suavitatem, qua et nos amemus ejus meritum passionis, et indulgentiam nobis semper fidelis ille patronus obtineat.

It is truly right and just to glorify Thee, O God, beseeching Thy mercy, that Thou wouldst ever bestow upon our souls the sweetness of Thy blessed martyr Laurence, whereby we may love the reward of his passion, and he, as an ever-faithful patron, may obtain pardon for us.

The so-called Gothic Missal, which represents, as we know, the liturgy of the churches of France before Pepin and Charlemagne, is to-day in full harmony with the sentiments of Mother Church.

MISSA S. LAURENTI MART.

Deus, fidelium tuorum salvator et rector, omnipotens sempiterne Deus, adesto votis solemnitatis hodiernæ; et ecclesiæ gaudiis de gloriosa martyris tui passione beati Laurentii conceptis, benignus adspira: augeatur omnium fides tantæ virtutis ortu; et corda lætantium supplicio martyrum igniantur: ut apud misericordiam tuam illius juvemur merito, cujus exsultamus exemplo. Per Dominum.

O God, the Saviour and guide of Thy faithful, almighty, eternal God, be propitious to our prayers on this day of solemnity, and lovingly favour the joys conceived by the Church for the glorious passion of Thy blessed martyr Laurence: may the faith of all be increased by the appearance of such great virtue; and may the hearts of all who rejoice be kindled by the suffering of the martyrs: that in presence of Thy mercy we may be aided by his merit, at whose example we exult. Through our Lord, etc.

IMMOLATIO MISSÆ

Vere dignum et justum est, omnipotens sempiterne Deus, tibi in tanti martyris Laurenti laudis hostias immolare: qui hostiam viventem hodie in ipsius levitæ tui beati Laurenti martyris ministerio per florem casti corporis acceptisti. Cujus vocem per hymnidicum modolamini psalmi audivimus canentis atque dicentis: Probasti cor meum, Deus, et visitasti nocte, id est in tenebris sæculi: igne me examinasti; et non est inventa in me iniquitas. O gloriosa certaminis virtus! O inconcussa constantia confitentis! Stridunt membra viventis super craticulum imposita, et prunis sævientibus anhelantis, incensum suum in modum thymiamatis divinis naribus exhibent odorem. Dicit enim martyr ipse cum Paulo: Christi bonus odor sumus Deo. Non enim cogitabat quomodo in terra positus, a passionis periculo liberaretur, sed quomodo inter martyres in cœlis coronaretur. Per Christum.

It is truly right and just, O almighty, eternal God, to offer, on the solemnity of the great martyr Laurence, sacrifices of praise to Thee: who this day, by the ministry of the same martyr Laurence, Thy blessed Levite, didst receive as a living holocaust the flower of his chaste body. We have heard his voice, attuned to the harmony of the melodious Psalm, singing and saying: 'Thou hast proved my heart, O God, and visited it by night, that is, in the darkness of this world; Thou hast tried me by fire, and iniquity hath not been found in me.' O glorious valour in the strife! O unshaken constancy of the confessor! His limbs are stretched and hiss upon the gridirons, while yet he lives, and gasping, breathes the fiery heat of the burning coals; and they send up their smoke like incense, a sweet odour to God. For the martyr himself said with Paul: 'We are the good odour of Christ to God.' For he thought not how on earth he might escape the danger of suffering, but how in heaven he would be crowned among the martyrs. Through Christ our Lord, etc.

From the Mozarabic liturgy we will take but one prayer for to-day:

CAPITULA

Domine Jesu Christe, qui beatissimum Laurentium igne charitatis tuæ ardentem, et cupiditatum et pas-

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst enable the most blessed Laurence, burning with the fire of Thy charity, to overcome

sionum incendia fecisti evincere: dum et aurum calcat et flammam, et in pauperum erogationem munificus et in combustionem sui corporis reperitur devotus; da nobis obtentu suffragii illius, ut vapore Spiritus Sancti accensi flammas superemus libidinis, et igne concrememur omnimodæ sanctitatis: quo inter sanctos illos sors nostra inveniatur post transitum, pro quibus nunc tibi dependimus famulatum.

the heat both of passions and of sufferings: for he trampled alike both on gold and the fire, and was found liberal in giving to the poor and faithful in the burning of his body; grant us, through his intercession, that being kindled by the breath of the Holy Spirit, we may overcome the flames of concupiscence and may be consumed by the fire of all sanctity, so that after our passage through this life, our lot may be found among those saints for whom we now offer Thee our homage.

Adam of St. Victor shall crown the day with one of his admirable sequences:

SEQUENCE

Prunis datum
Admiremur,
Laureatum,
Veneremur
Laudibus Laurentium;
Veneremur
Cum tremore,
Deprecemur
Cum amore
Martyrem egregium.

Let us admire Laurence laid upon hot coals: let us with praises honour the laurel-crowned: let us reverence with trembling, and beseech with love, this illustrious martyr.

Accusatus
Non negavit;
Sed pulsatus
Resultavit
In tubis ductilibus,
Cum in pœnis
Voto plenis
Exsultaret
Et sonaret
In divinis laudibus.

Being accused, he did not deny; but being struck he answered back with a long-sounding trumpet, when in his wished-for sufferings he exulted and sounded forth the divine praises.

Sicut chorda musicorum
Tandem sonum dat sonorum
Plectri ministerio;

As the musical chord struck with the plectrum gives forth its loud melody, so he, stretched

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Fac de bonis exsultare
Meritorum gratia.
Amen.

come so many evils by contemplating the good things of Christ, make us by the grace of thy merits spurn evil and rejoice in good.
Amen.

'Thrice blessed are the Roman people, for they honour thee on the very spot where thy sacred bones repose! They prostrate in thy sanctuary, and watering the ground with their tears they pour out their vows. We who are distant from Rome, separated by Alps and Pyrenees, how can we even imagine what treasures she possesses, or how rich is her earth in sacred tombs? We have not her privileges, we cannot trace the martyrs' bloody footsteps; but from afar we gaze on the heavens. O holy Laurence! it is there we seek the memorial of thy passion; for thou hast two dwelling-places, that of thy body on earth, and that of thy soul in heaven. In the ineffable heavenly city thou hast been received to citizenship, and the civic crown adorns thy brow in its eternal Senate. So brightly shine thy jewels that it seemeth the heavenly Rome hath chosen thee perpetual Consul. The joy of the Quirites proves how great is thine office, thine influence, and thy power, for thou grantest their requests. Thou hearest all who pray to thee, they ask what they will and none ever goes away sad.

'Ever assist thy children of the queen city; give them the strong support of thy fatherly love, and a mother's tender, fostering care. Together with them, O thou honour of Christ, listen to thy humble client confessing his misery and sins. I acknowledge that I am not worthy that Christ should hear me; but through the patronage of the holy martyrs, my evils can be remedied. Hearken to thy suppliant; in thy goodness free me from the fetters of the flesh and of the world.'[1]

[1] PRUDENT.

August 11

SAINTS TIBURTIUS AND SUSANNA

MARTYRS

LAURENCE is followed to-day by the son of Chromatius, prefect of Rome, Tiburtius, who also suffered upon burning coals for the confession of his faith. Though forty years intervened between the two martyrdoms, it was the same Holy Spirit that animated these witnesses of Christ and suggested to them the same answer to their executioners. Tiburtius, walking upon the fire, cried out: 'Learn that the God of the Christians is the only God, for these hot coals seem flowers to me.'

Equally near to the great archdeacon stands an illustrious virgin, so bright herself as not to be eclipsed by him. A relative of both the Emperor Diocletian, and the holy Pope Caius, Susanna, it is said, one day beheld the imperial crown at her feet. But she obtained a far greater nobility; for, by preferring the wreath of virginity, she won at the same time the palm of martyrdom.

Now, as St. Leo remarks, on the glorious solemnity whose octave we are keeping, if no one is good for himself alone, if the favours of Divine Wisdom profit not only the recipient, then no one is more wise than the martyr, no eloquence can instruct the people so well as his. It is by this excellent manner of teaching that, as the Church tells us to-day, 'Laurence enlightened the whole world with the light of his fire, and by the flames which he endured he warmed the hearts of all Christians. By the example of his martyrdom, faith is enkindled and devotion fostered in our souls. The persecutor lays no hot coals for me, but he sets me on

fire with desire of my Saviour.'[1] If, moreover, and it is not mere theory to repeat it in our days, if, as St. Augustine remarks, ' circumstances place a man in the alternative of transgressing a divine precept or losing his life, he too must know how to die for the love of God, rather than live at enmity with him.'[2] Morality does not change, neither does the justice of God, who in all ages rewards the faithful, as in all ages he chastises cowards.

The Mozarabic Missal eloquently expresses the grandeur of St. Laurence's martyrdom in this beautiful formula which precedes the Consecration on the day of his feast.

POST SANCTUS

Hosanna in excelsis: vere dignum et justum est, omni quidem tempore, sed præcipue in honorem sanctorum tuorum, nos tibi gratias, consempiterna Trinitas, et consubstantialis et co-operatrix omnium bonorum Deus, et pro beatissimi martyris tui Laurentii celeberrimo die, laudum hostias immolare. Cujus gloriosum passionis triumphum, anni circulo revolutum, ecclesia tua læta concelebrat: apostolis quidem tuis in doctrina supparem: sed in Domini confessione non imparem. Qui niveam illam stolam leviticam, martyrii cruore purpureo decoravit: cujus cor in igne tuo, quem veneras mittere super terram, ita flammasti: ut ignem istum visibilem non sentiret: et appositas corpori flammas mentis intentione superaret: ardentemque globum fide validus non timeret.

Hosanna in the highest. It is truly meet and just, at all times, but especially in honour of Thy saints, to return thanks to Thee, O God, co-eternal and consubstantial Trinity, co-operator of all good things, and to offer sacrifices of praise on this illustrious day of Thy most blessed martyr Laurence, the glorious triumph of whose passion brought round again by the circle of the year, the Church doth joyfully celebrate: for in teaching he was nearly equal to Thine apostles; but in the confession of his Lord not unequal. He adorned the snow-white robe of the Levite with the purple of the blood of martyrdom: Thou didst so inflame his heart with Thy fire which Thou camest to cast on the earth, that he felt not the visible fire; by the strong purpose of his mind he overcame the flames that surrounded his body; and strong in faith, feared not the burning coal.

[1] *Pseudo*-Aug. Sermo 30 de Sanctis.

[2] Aug. Tract. in Joan. 51.

Quique craticulæ superpositus, novum sacrificium tibi semetipsum castus minister exhibuit: et veluti super aram holocausti more decoctus, saporem Domino suavitatis ingessit. In quo incomparabilis martyr præcordiis pariter ac visceribus medullisque liquescentibus desudavit, ac defluentia membra torreri invicta virtute patientiæ toleravit. In quo extensus ac desuper fixus, subjectis jacuit ac pependit incendiis: et holocaustum pietatis cruda coxit impietas: quæ sudorem liquescentium viscerum bibulis vaporibus suscepit. Supra quam velut super altare corpus suum, novi generis sacrificium celebrandum minister imposuit: et levita prædicandus ipse sibi pontifex et hostia fuit. Et qui fuerat minister Dominici corporis, in offerendo semetipsum officio functus est sacerdotio.

Placed upon the gridiron, Thy chaste minister offered himself a new sacrifice to Thee: and burnt as a holocaust upon the altar, sent up a sweet savour to the Lord. There the incomparable martyr, while his heart and bowels and the marrow of his bones were melting away, suffered his limbs to be roasted, with invincible virtue of patience. There stretched out he lay hanging over the fire: crude impiety broiled the holocaust of piety, and inhaled the hot vapours from the liquefying members. Thy minister laid his own body on the altar, a new kind of sacrifice to be celebrated. The praiseworthy Levite was to himself both pontiff and victim. And he who had been a minister at the offering of the Lord's Body, in offering himself performed the office of priest.

Tuam igitur Domine in eo virtutem, tuamque potentiam prædicamus. Nam quis crederet corpus fragili compage conglutinatum, tantis sine te sufficere conflictibus potuisse? quis incendiorum æstibus humana æstimaret membra non cedere: nisi flagrantior a te veniens interiorem hominem lampas animasset: cujus potentia factum est, ut læta rore suo anima, coctione proprii corporis exsultaret: dum versari se martyr præcipit, et vorari: ne et paratam coronam uno moriendi genere sequeretur: et sic lenitate cruciatuum vitalis tardaret interitus, non existeret gloriosus coronatus. Per te Dominum qui es Sal-

It is therefore, O Lord, Thy power and Thy might that we praise in him. For who would believe that a body formed of fragile structure could, without Thee, endure such torments? Who would not think that human members would yield before the heat of the fire, had not a fiercer flame, coming from Thee, fired the interior man? By Thy power it was that the soul, rejoiced with spiritual dew, exulted at the broiling of its own body: the martyr bade them turn him and devour him: lest he should obtain the crown by only one death; and thus the mildness of the torments should retard life-giving death,

vator omnium et Redemptor animarum.

and he should be less gloriously crowned. Through Thee, our Lord, who art the Saviour and Redeemer of all souls.

The following commemoration is made of SS. Tiburtius and Susanna:

Ant. Istorum est enim regnum cœlorum, qui contempserunt vitam mundi, et pervenerunt ad præmia regni, et laverunt stolas suas in sanguine Agni.

Ant. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven, who, despising an earthly life, have obtained heavenly rewards, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

℣. Lætamini in Domino, et exsultate justi.
℟. Et gloriamini omnes recti corde.

℣. Be glad in the Lord and rejoice ye just.
℟. And glory all ye right of heart.

COLLECT

Sanctorum Martyrum tuorum Tiburtii et Susannæ nos, Domine, foveant continuata præsidia: quia non desinis propitius intueri, quos talibus auxiliis concesseris adjuvari. Per Dominum.

May the constant protection of Thy holy martyrs Tiburtius and Susanna, support us, O Lord; for Thou never ceasest mercifully to regard those whom Thou grantest to be assisted by such helps. Through, etc.

August 12

SAINT CLARE

VIRGIN

THE same year in which St. Dominic, before making any project with regard to his sons, founded the first establishment of the Sisters of his Order, the companion destined for him by heaven received his mission from the Crucifix in the church of St. Damian, in these words: 'Go, Francis, repair My house, which is falling to ruin.' The new patriarch inaugurated his work, as Dominic had done, by preparing a dwelling for his future daughters, whose sacrifice might obtain every grace for the great Order he was about to found. The house of the *Poor Ladies* occupied the thoughts of the seraph of Assisi, even before St. Mary of the Portiuncula, the cradle of the Friars Minor. Thus, for a second time this month, Eternal Wisdom shows us that the fruit of salvation, though it may seem to proceed from the word and from action, springs first from silent contemplation.

Clare was to Francis the *help like unto himself*, who begot to the Lord that multitude of heroic virgins and illustrious penitents soon reckoned by the Order in all lands, coming from the humblest condition and from the steps of the throne. In the new chivalry of Christ, Poverty, the chosen Lady of St. Francis, was to be the queen also of her whom God had given him as a rival and a daughter. Following to the utmost limits the Man-God humbled and stripped of all things for us, she nevertheless felt that she and her sisters were already queens in the kingdom of heaven :[1] 'In the little nest of poverty,' she used lovingly to say, 'what jewel could the bride esteem so much as conformity with a

[1] Regula Damianitarum, viii.

God possessing nothing, become a little One whom the poorest of mothers wrapt in humble swathing bands and laid in a narrow crib?'[1] And she bravely defended against the highest authorities the privilege of absolute poverty, which the great Pope Innocent III feared to grant. Its definitive confirmation, obtained two days before the saint's death, came as the long-desired reward of forty years of prayer and suffering for the Church of God.

This noble daughter of Assisi had justified the prophecy whereby, sixty years previously, her mother Hortulana had learnt that the child would enlighten the world; the choice of the name given her at her birth had been well inspired.[2] 'Oh! how powerful was the virgin's light,' said the Sovereign Pontiff in the bull of her canonization; 'how penetrating were her rays! She hid herself in the depth of the cloister, and her brightness transpiring filled the house of God.'[3] From her poor solitude, which she never quitted, the very name of Clare seemed to carry grace and light everywhere, and made far-off cities yield fruit to God and to her father St. Francis.

Embracing the whole world where her virginal family was being multiplied, her motherly heart overflowed with affection for the daughters she had never seen. Let those who think that austerity embraced for God's sake dries up the soul, read these lines from her correspondence with Blessed Agnes of Bohemia. Agnes, daughter of Ottocar I, had rejected the offer of an imperial marriage to take the religious habit, and was renewing at Prague the wonders of St. Damian's. 'O my mother and my daughter,' said our saint, 'if I have not written to you as often as my soul and yours would wish, be not surprised: as your mother's heart loved you, so do I cherish you; but messengers are scarce, and the roads full of danger. As an opportunity

[1] Regula ii; Vita S. Claræ, coæva ii.

[2] Clara claris præclara meritis, magnæ in cœlo claritate gloriæ ac in terra splendore miraculorum sublimium, clare claret.—*Bulla Canonizationis.*

[3] Bulla Canonizationis.

offers to-day, I am full of gladness, and I rejoice with you in the joy of the Holy Ghost. As the first Agnes united herself to the immaculate Lamb, so it is given to you, O fortunate one, to enjoy this union (the wonder of heaven) with Him the desire of whom ravishes every soul; whose goodness is all sweetness, whose vision is beatitude, who is the light of the eternal light, the mirror without spot! Look at yourself in this mirror, O queen! O bride! unceasingly by its reflection enhance your charms; without and within adorn yourself with virtues; clothe yourself as beseems the daughter and the spouse of the supreme King. O beloved, with your eyes on this mirror, what delight it will be given you to enjoy in the divine grace! . . . Remember, however, your poor Mother, and know that for my part your blessed memory is for ever graven on my heart.'[1]

Not only did the Franciscan family benefit by a charity which extended to all the worthy interests of this world. Assisi, delivered from the lieutenants of the excommunicated Frederick II and from the Saracen horde in his pay, understood how a holy woman is a safeguard to her earthly city. But our Lord loved especially to make the princes of Holy Church and the Vicar of Christ experience the humble power, the mysterious ascendancy, wherewith He had endowed His chosen one. St. Francis himself, the first of all, had, in one of those critical moments known to the saints, sought from her direction and light for his seraphic soul. From the ancients of Israel there came to this virgin, not yet thirty years old, such messages as this: 'To his very dear Sister in Jesus Christ, to his mother the Lady Clare, handmaid of Christ, Hugolin of Ostia, unworthy bishop and sinner. Ever since the hour when I had to deprive myself of your holy conversation, to snatch myself from that heavenly joy, such bitterness of heart causes my tears to flow, that if I did not find at the feet of Jesus the consolation which His love never refuses, my mind would fail and my soul would melt away.

[1] S. Claræ ad B. Agnetem, Epist. iv.

Where is the glorious joy of that Easter spent in your company and that of the other handmaids of Christ? . . . I knew that I was a sinner; but at the remembrance of your supereminent virtue, my misery overpowers me, and I believe myself unworthy ever to enjoy again that conversation of the saints, unless your tears and prayers obtain pardon for my sins. I put my soul, then, into your hands; to you I intrust my mind, that you may answer for me on the day of judgment. The Lord Pope will soon be going to Assisi; oh! that I may accompany him, and see you once more! Salute my sister Agnes (*i.e.*, St. Clare's own sister and first daughter in God); salute all your sisters in Christ.'[1]

The great Cardinal Hugolin, though more than eighty years of age, became soon after Gregory IX. During his fourteen years' pontificate, which was one of the most brilliant as well as most laborious of the thirteenth century, he was always soliciting Clare's interest in the perils of the Church and the immense cares which threatened to crush his weakness. For, says the contemporaneous historian of our saint: 'He knew very well what love can do, and that virgins have free access to the sacred court; for what could the King of heaven refuse to those to whom He has given Himself?'[2]

At length her exile, which had been prolonged twenty-seven years after the death of Francis, was about to close. Her daughters beheld wings of fire over her head and covering her shoulders, indicating that she, too, had reached seraphic perfection. On hearing that a loss which so concerned the whole Church was imminent, the Pope, Innocent IV, came from Perugia with the Cardinals of his suite. He imposed a last trial on the saint's humility, by commanding her to bless, in his presence, the bread which had been presented for the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff;[3] heaven approved the invitation of the Pontiff and the obedience of the saint,

[1] Wadding ad an. 1221.
[2] Vita S. Claræ coæva iii.
[3] Wadding ad an. 1253, though the fact is referred by others to the Pontificate of Gregory IX.

for no sooner had the virgin blessed the loaves than each was found to be marked with a cross.

A prediction that Clare was not to die without receiving a visit from the Lord surrounded by His disciples was now fulfilled. The Vicar of Jesus Christ presided at the solemn funeral rites paid by Assisi to her who was its second glory before God and men. When they were beginning the usual chants for the dead, Innocent would have had them substitute the Office for holy Virgins; but on being advised that such a canonization before the body was interred would be considered premature, the Pontiff allowed them to continue the accustomed chants. The insertion, however, of the virgin's name in the catalogue of the saints was only deferred for two years.

The following lines are consecrated by the Church to her memory:

Clara nobilis virgo, Assisii nata in Umbria, sanctum Franciscum concivem suum imitata, cuncta sua bona in eleemosynas et pauperum subsidia distribuit et convertit. De sæculi strepitu fugiens, in campestrem declinavit ecclesiam, ibique ab eodem beato Francisco recepta tonsura, consanguineis ipsam reducere conantibus fortiter restitit. Et denique ad ecclesiam sancti Damiani fuit per eumdem adducta, ubi ei Dominus plures socias aggregavit, et sic ipsa sacrarum sororum collegium instituit, quarum regimen, nimia sancti Francisci devicta importunitate, recepit. Suum monasterium sollicite ac prudenter in timore Domini, ac plena Ordinis observantia, annis quadraginta duobus mirabiliter gubernavit: ejus enim vita erat aliis eruditio et doc-

The noble virgin Clare was born at Assisi, in Umbria. Following the example of St. Francis, her fellow-citizen, she distributed all her goods in alms to the poor, and fleeing from the noise of the world, she retired to a country church, where blessed Francis cut off her hair. Her relations attempted to bring her back to the world, but she bravely resisted all their endeavours; and then St. Francis took her to the church of St. Damian. Here our Lord gave her several companions, so that she founded a convent of consecrated virgins, and her reluctance being overcome by the earnest desire of her holy father, she undertook its government. For forty-two years she ruled her monastery with wonderful care and prudence, in the fear of God and the full observance of

trina, unde cæteræ vivendi regulam didicerunt.

Ut carne depressa, spiritu convalesceret, nudam humum, et interdum sarmenta pro lecto habebat, et pro pulvinari sub capite durum lignum. Una tunica cum mantello de vili et hispido panno utebatur, aspero cilicio nonnumquam adhibito juxta carnem. Tanta se frænabat abstinentia, ut longo tempore tribus in hebdomada diebus nihil penitus pro sui corporis alimento gustaverit: reliquis autem diebus tali se ciborum parvitate restringens, ut aliæ, quomodo subsistere poterat, mirarentur. Binas quotannis (antequam ægrotaret) quadragesimas solo pane et aqua refecta jejunabat. Vigiliis insuper et orationibus assidue dedita, in his præcipue dies noctesque expendebat. Diutinis perplexa languoribus, cum ad exercitium corporale non posset surgere per se ipsam, sororum suffragiis levabatur, et fulcimentis ad tergum appositis, laborabat propriis manibus, ne in suis etiam esset infirmitatibus otiosa. Amatrix præcipua paupertatis, ab ea pro nulla umquam necessitate discessit, et possessiones pro sororum sustentatione a Gregorio Nono oblatas constantissime recusavit.

Multis et variis miraculis virtus suæ sanctitatis effulsit. Cuidam de sororibus sui monasterii loquelam restituit expeditam: alteri aurem surdam

the Rule. Her own life was a lesson and an example to others, showing all how to live aright.

She subdued her body in order to grow strong in spirit. Her bed was the bare ground, or, at times, a few twigs, and for a pillow she used a piece of hard wood. Her dress consisted of a single tunic and a mantle of poor coarse stuff; and she often wore a rough hair-shirt next to her skin. So great was her abstinence, that for a long time she took absolutely no bodily nourishment for three days of the week, and on the remaining days restricted herself to so small a quantity of food, that the other religious wondered how she was able to live. Before her health gave way, it was her custom to keep two Lents in the year, fasting on bread and water. Moreover, she devoted herself to watching and prayer, and in these exercises especially she would spend whole days and nights. She suffered from frequent and long illnesses; but when she was unable to leave her bed in order to work, she would make her sisters raise and prop her up in a sitting position, so that she could work with her hands, and thus not be idle even in sickness. She had a very great love of poverty, never deviating from it on account of any necessity, and she firmly refused the possessions offered by Gregory IX for the support of the sisters.

The greatness of her sanctity was manifested by many different miracles. She restored the power of speech to one of the sisters of her mona-

aperuit: laborantem febre, tumentem hydropisi, plagatam fistula, aliasque aliis oppressas languoribus liberavit. Fratrem de Ordine Minorum ab insaniæ passione sanavit. Cum oleum in monasterio totaliter defecisset, Clara accepit urceum, atque lavit, et inventus est oleo, beneficio divinæ largitatis, impletus. Unius panis medietatem adeo multiplicavit, ut sororibus quinquaginta suffecerit. Saracenis Assisium obsidentibus, et Claræ monasterium invadere conantibus, ægra se ad portam afferri voluit, unaque vas, in quo sanctissimum Eucharistiæ sacramentum erat inclusum, ibique oravit: Ne tradas, Domine, bestiis animas confitentes tibi, et custodi famulas tuas, quas pretioso sanguine redemisti. In cujus oratione ea vox audita est: Ego vos semper custodiam. Saraceni autem partim se fugæ mandarunt, partim qui murum ascenderant, capti oculis, præcipites ceciderunt. Ipsa denique virgo, cum in extremis ageret, a candido beatarum virginum cœtu (inter quas una eminentior ac fulgidior apparebat) visitata, ac sacra Eucharistia sumpta, et peccatorum indulgentia ab Innocentio Quarto ditata, pridie Idus Augusti animam Deo reddidit. Post obitum vero quamplurimis miraculis resplendentem Alexander Quartus inter sanctas virgines retulit.

stery, to another the power of hearing. She healed one of a fever, one of dropsy, one of an ulcer, and many others of various maladies. She cured of insanity a brother of the Order of Friars Minor. Once when all the oil in the monastery was spent, Clare took a vessel and washed it, and it was found filled with oil by the loving-kindness of God. She multiplied half a loaf so that it sufficed for fifty sisters. When the Saracens attacked the town of Assisi and attempted to break into Clare's monastery, she, though sick at the time, had herself carried to the gate, and also the vessel which contained the most Holy Eucharist, and there she prayed, saying: 'O Lord, deliver not unto beasts the souls of them that praise Thee; but preserve Thy handmaids whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood.' Whereupon a voice was heard, which said: 'I will always preserve you.' Some of the Saracens took to flight, others who had already scaled the walls were struck blind and fell down headlong. At length, when the virgin Clare came to die, she was visited by a white-robed multitude of blessed virgins, amongst whom was one nobler and more resplendent than the rest. Having received the Holy Eucharist and a plenary indulgence from Innocent IV, she gave up her soul to God on the day before the Ides of August. After her death she became celebrated by numbers of miracles, and Alexander IV enrolled her among the holy virgins.

O Clare, the reflection of the Spouse which adorns the Church in this world no longer suffices thee; thou now beholdest the light with open face. The brightness of the Lord plays with delight in the pure crystal of thy soul, increasing the happiness of heaven, and giving joy this day to our valley of exile. Heavenly beacon, with thy gentle shining enlighten our darkness. May we, like thee, by purity of heart, by uprightness of thought, by simplicity of gaze, fix upon ourselves the divine ray, which flickers in a wavering soul, is dimmed by our waywardness, is interrupted or put out by a double life divided between God and the world.

Thy life, O virgin, was never thus divided. *The most high poverty*, which was thy mistress and guide, preserved thy mind from that *bewitching of vanity* which takes off the bloom of all true goods for us mortals. Detachment from all passing things kept thine eye fixed upon eternal realities; it opened thy soul to that seraphic ardour wherein thou didst emulate thy Father Francis. Like the Seraphim, whose gaze is ever fixed on God, thou hadst immense influence over the earth; and St. Damian's, during thy lifetime, was a source of strength to the world.

Deign to continue giving us thine aid. Multiply thy daughters; keep them faithful in following their Mother's example, so as to be a strong support to the Church. May the various branches of the Franciscan family be ever fostered by thy rays, and may all Religious Orders be enlightened by thy gentle brightness. Shine upon us all, O Clare, and show us the worth of this transitory life and of that which never ends.

August 13

SAINT RADEGONDE

QUEEN OF FRANCE

NEVER was such a booty won as that obtained by the sons of Clovis in their expedition against Thuringia towards the year 530. *Receive this blessing from the spoils of the enemy*[1] might they well say on presenting to the Franks the orphan brought from the court of the fratricide prince whom they had just chastised. God seemed in haste to ripen the soul of Radegonde. After the tragic death of her relatives followed the ruin of her country. So vivid was the impression made in the child's heart that long afterwards the recollection awakened in the queen and the saint a sorrow and a homesickness which nought but the love of Christ could overcome. 'I have seen the plain strewn with dead and palaces burnt to the ground; I have seen women, with eyes dry from very horror, mourning over fallen Thuringia; I alone have survived to weep over them all.'[2]

The licentiousness of the Frankish kings was as unbridled as that of her own ancestors; yet in their land the little captive found Christianity, which she had not hitherto known. The faith was a healing balm to this wounded soul. Baptism, in giving her to God, sanctified, without crushing, her high-spirited nature. Thirsting for Christ, she wished to be martyred for Him; she sought Him on the cross of self-renunciation; she found Him in His poor suffering members; looking on the face of a leper, she would see in it the disfigured countenance of her Saviour, and thence rise to the ardent contemplation of the triumphant Spouse, whose glorious face illumines the abode of the saints.

[1] 1 Kings xxx. 26.
[2] De excidio Thuringiæ, 1, v. 5-36, Fortunatus ex persona Radegundis.

What a loathing, therefore, did she feel when, offering her royal honours, the destroyer of her own country sought to share with God the possession of a heart that heaven alone could comfort or gladden! First flight, then the refusal to comply with the manners of a court where everything was repulsive to her desires and recollections, her eagerness to break, on the very first opportunity, a bond which violence alone had contracted, prove that the trial had no other effect, as her Life says, but to bend her soul more and more to the sole object of her love.[1]

Meanwhile, near the tomb of St. Martin, another queen, Clotilde, the mother of the most Christian kingdom, was about to die. Unfortunate are those times when the men after God's own heart, at their departure from earth, leave no one to take their place; as the Psalmist cried out in a just consternation: *Save me, O Lord, for there is now no saint!*[2] For though the elect pray for us in heaven, they can no longer *fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in their flesh, for His body, which is the Church.*[3] The work begun at the Baptistery of Rheims was not yet completed; the Gospel, though reigning by faith over the Frankish nation, had not yet subdued its manners. Christ, who loved the Franks, heard the last prayer of the mother he had given them, and refused her not the consolation of knowing that she should have a successor. Radegonde was set free, just in time to prevent an interruption in the laborious work of forming the Church's eldest daughter; and she took up in solitude the struggle with God, by prayer and expiation, begun by the widow of Clovis.

In the joy of having cast off an odious yoke, forgiveness was an easy thing to her great soul;[4] in her monastery at Poitiers she showed an unfailing devotedness for the kings whose company she had fled. The fortune of France was bound up with theirs; France the cradle-

[1] Baudonivia, Vita Radegundis, 2. [2] Ps. xi. 2. [3] Col. i. 24.
[4] Baudonivia, 7.

land of her supernatural life, where the Man-God had revealed Himself to her heart, and which she therefore loved with part of the love reserved for her heavenly country. The peace and prosperity of her spiritual fatherland occupied her thoughts day and night. If any quarrel arose among the princes, say the contemporary accounts, she trembled from head to foot at the very thought of the country's danger. She wrote, according to their different dispositions, to each of the kings, imploring them to consider the welfare of the nation; she interested the chief vassals in her endeavours to prevent war. She imposed on her community assiduous watchings, exhorting them with tears to pray without ceasing; as to herself, the tortures she inflicted on herself for this end are inexpressible.[1]

The only victory, then, that Radegonde desired was peace among the princes of the earth; when she had gained this by her struggle with the King of heaven, her joy in the service of the Lord was redoubled, and the tenderness she felt for her devoted helpers, the nuns of Sainte-Croix, could scarcely find utterance: 'You, the daughters of my choice,' she would say, 'my eyes, my life, my sweet repose, so live with me in this world, that we may meet again in the happiness of the next.' And they responded to her love. 'By the God of heaven it is true that everything in her reflected the splendour of her soul.' Such was the spontaneous and graceful cry of her daughter Baudonivia; and it was echoed by the graver voice of the historian-bishop, Gregory of Tours, who declared that the supernatural beauty of the saint remained even in death;[2] it was a brightness from heaven, which purified while it attracted hearts, which caused the Italian Venantius Fortunatus to cease his wanderings,[3] made him a saint and a Pontiff, and inspired him with his most beautiful poems.

The light of God could not but be reflected in her,

[1] Baudonivia, II. [2] Greg. Turon. De gloria confessorum, cvi.
[3] Fortunat. Miscellanea, VIII, I, II, etc.

who, turning towards Him by uninterrupted contemplation, redoubled her desires as the end of her exile approached. Neither the relics of the saints which she had so sought after as speaking to her of her true home, nor her dearest treasure, the Cross of her Lord, was enough for her; she would fain have drawn the Lord Himself from His throne, to dwell visibly on earth. She only interrupted her sighs to excite in others the same longings. She exhorted her daughters not to neglect the knowledge of divine things; and explained to them with profound science and motherly love the difficulties of the Scriptures. As she increased the holy readings of the community for the same end, she would say: 'If you do not understand, ask; why do you fear to seek the light of your souls?' And she would insist: 'Reap, reap the wheat of the Lord; for, I tell you truly, you will not have long to do it: reap, for the time draws near when you will wish to recall the days that are now given you, and your regrets will not be able to bring them back.' And the loving chronicler to whom we owe these sweet intimate details continues: 'In our idleness we listen coolly to the announcement; but that time has come all too soon. Now is realized in us the prophecy which says: *I will send forth a famine into thy land: not a famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the Word of the Lord.*[1] For though we still read her conferences, that voice which never ceased is now silent; those lips, ever ready with wise advice and sweet words, are closed. O most good God, what an expression, what features, what manners Thou hadst given her! No, no one could describe it. The remembrance is anguish! That teaching, that gracefulness, that face, that mien, that science, that piety, that goodness, that sweetness, where are we to seek them now?'

Such touching sorrow does honour to both mother and daughters; but it could not keep back the former from her reward. On the morning of the Ides of August 587, while Sainte-Croix was filled with lamenta-

[1] Amos viii. 11.

tions, an angel was heard saying to others on high: 'Leave her yet longer, for the tears of her daughters have ascended to God.' But those who were bearing Radegonde away replied: 'It is too late, she is already in Paradise.'[1]

Let us read the liturgical account, which will complete what we have said:

Radegundis, Bertharii Thuringorum regis filia, decennis captiva a Francis abducta, cum insigni et regia esset forma, Francorum regibus cui ipsa cederet inter se decertantibus, Clotario Suessionum regi sorte obtigit; qui optimis eam magistris credidit, liberalibus erudiendam disciplinis. Tum puella, avide acceptis fidei christianæ documentis, et ejurato hæreditario, inanium deorum cultu, non præcepta tantum, sed et evangelica decrevit servare consilia. Adultiorem jam factam Clotarius, qui sibi dudum illam addixerat uxorem, in conjugium excepit: unde licet invita, quin et altera vice fuga elapsa, cunctis plaudentibus regina salutatur. Ad honores igitur solii evecta, beneficentiam in pauperes, assiduas orationes, crebras vigilias, jejunia, aliasque corporis afflictationes cum regia dignitate conjunxit, adeo ut non regina, sed monacha jugalis ab aulicis pietatem deridentibus diceretur.

Radegonde was the daughter of Berthaire, King of Thuringia. When ten years old she was led away captive by the Franks; and on account of her striking and queenly beauty their kings disputed among themselves for the possession of her. They drew lots, and she fell to the share of Clothaire, King of Soissons. He entrusted her education to excellent masters. Child as she was, she eagerly imbibed the doctrines of the Christian faith, and renouncing the worship of false gods which she had learnt from her fathers, she determined to observe not only the precepts, but also the counsels of the Gospel. When she was grown up, Clothaire, who had long before chosen her, took her to wife, and in spite of her refusal, in spite of her attempts at flight, she was proclaimed queen, to the great joy of all. When thus raised to the throne, she joined charity to the poor, continual prayer, frequent watchings, fasting and other bodily austerities to her regal dignity, so that the courtiers said in scorn that the king had married not a queen, but a nun.

Ejus patientia maxime enituit in tolerandis variis durioribusque molestiis quas ei

Her patience shone out brightly in supporting many grievous trials caused her by

[1] Baudonivia.

rex inferebat. Cum autem audivisset fratrem suum germanum Clotarii jussu injuste fuisse occisum, ab aula repente discessit, ipso rege annuente, et beatum Medardum episcopum adiit, instantissime deprecans ut Domino consecraretur. Proceres vero vehementer obsistebant ne pontifex eam velaret, quæ solemni more nupsisset regi. At illa statim ingressa sacrarium, monastica veste seipsam induit; indeque procedens ad altare, episcopum sic allocuta est: Si me consecrare distuleris, plus hominem reveritus quam Deum, erit qui animam abs te meam exigat. Quibus ille verbis commotus, reginam sacro velamine initiavit, et manu imposita diaconissam consecravit. Pictavum deinde perrexit, ubi monasterium virginum condidit, quod postea titulo sanctæ Crucis nuncupatum est. Virtutum splendore præcellens, ad sacræ religionis amplexum innumerabiles pene virgines pertraxit: quibus, ob eximia divinæ in se gratiæ testimonia, omnium efflagitatione præfecta, ministrare gaudebat magis quam præesse.

the king. But when she heard that her own brother had been unjustly slain by command of Clothaire, she instantly left the court with the king's consent, and going to the blessed bishop Medard, she earnestly begged him to consecrate her to the Lord. The nobles strongly opposed his giving the veil to her whom the king had solemnly married. But she at once went into the sacristy and clothed herself in the monastic habit. Then, advancing to the altar, she thus addressed the bishop: 'If you hesitate to consecrate me because you fear man more than God, there is one who will demand an account of my soul from you.' These words deeply touched Medard; he placed the sacred veil upon the queen's head, and imposing his hands upon her, consecrated her a deaconess. She proceeded to Poitiers, and there founded a monastery of virgins, which was afterwards called of the Holy Cross. The splendour of her virtues shone forth and attracted innumerable virgins to embrace a religious life. On account of her extraordinary gifts of divine grace, all wished her to be their mistress; but she desired to serve rather than to command.

Miraculorum licet multitudine longe lateque refulgens, primæ dignitatis penitus immemor, vilissima et abjectissima quævis munia expetebat. Ægrorum, egentium, ac maxime leprosorum curam præcipue dilexit: quos sæpe ab infirmitatibus mirabiliter libe-

The number of miracles she worked spread her name far and wide; but she herself, forgetful of her dignity, sought out the lowest and humblest offices. She loved especially to take care of the sick, the needy, and above all the lepers, whom she often cured in

rabat. Ea pietate divinum altaris sacrificium prosequebatur, ut propriis manibus conficeret panes sacrandos, quos dein diversis suppeditabat ecclesiis. Quæ vero inter regales delicias totam se carnis mortificationi impenderat, quæque ab adolescentia martyrii flagrabat desiderio; nunc vitam agens monasticam, rigidissima corpus domabat inedia: quinetiam ferreis catenis lumbos accincta, membra cruciabat ardentibus carbonibus laminisque candentibus in carne acriter infixis, ut sic etiam caro suo modo Christi amore inflammaretur. Clotarium regem, qui illam repetere et e cœnobio abripere decreverat jamque ad cœnobium sanctæ Crucis iter contulerat, ipsa datis ad sanctum Germanum Parisiensem episcopum litteris adeo obsterruit, ut ad sancti præsulis pedes provolutus illum rogaret ut a pia regina regis ac conjugis veniam efflagitaret.

a miraculous manner. She honoured the divine Sacrifice of the altar with deep piety, making with her own hands the bread which was to be consecrated, and supplying it to several churches. Even in the midst of the pleasures of a court, she had applied herself to mortifying her flesh, and from her childhood she had burned with desire of martyrdom; now that she was leading a monastic life she subdued her body with the utmost rigour. She girt herself with iron chains, she tortured her body with burning coals, courageously fixed red-hot plates of metal upon her flesh that thus it also might, in a way, be inflamed with love of Christ. King Clothaire, bent on taking her back and carrying her off from her monastery, set out for Holy Cross; but she deterred him by means of letters which she wrote to St. Germanus, Bishop of Paris; so that, prostrate at the holy prelate's feet, the king begged him to beseech his pious queen to pardon him who was both her sovereign and her husband.

Sanctorum reliquiis, variis ex regionibus allatis, monasterium suum ditavit. Sed et missis clericis ad Justinum imperatorem, insignem partem ligni Dominicæ Crucis impetravit: quæ solemni ritu a Pictaviensibus recepta est, gestientibus clero omnique populo, atque hymnos decantantibus, quos in laudem almæ Crucis confecerat Venantius Fortunatus, posthæc episcopus, qui Radegun-

Radegonde enriched her monastery with relics of the saints brought from different countries. She also sent some clerics to the Emperor Justin and obtained from him a large piece of the wood of our Lord's Cross. It was received with great solemnity by the people of Poitiers, and all, both clergy and laity, sang exultingly the hymns composed by Venantius Fortunatus in honour of the blessed Cross. This poet

dis potiebatur sancta familiaritate, ejusque cœnobium regebat. Ipsa denique sanctissima regina, jam matura cœlo, paucis diebus antequam e vita exiret, Christi apparitione sub specie speciosissimi adolescentis dignata est, et ex ejus ore has voces audire meruit: Quid adeo fruendi cupiditate teneris? quid tot lacrymis gemitibusque diffunderis? quid tam crebro meis altaribus suppliciter admoveris? quid tot laboribus corpusculum tuum infringis? cum ipse tibi semper adhæream. Tu gemma nobilis, noveris te in diademate capitis mei esse e gemmis primariis unam. Anno tandem quingentesimo octogesimo septimo purissimam animam in sinu cœlestis Sponsi, quem unice dilexerat, exhalavit, et a sancto Gregorio Turonensi in basilica beatæ Mariæ, ut optaverat, sepulta fuit.

was afterwards Bishop of Poitiers; he enjoyed the holy friendship of Radegonde and directed her monastery. At length the holy queen, being ripe for heaven, was honoured a few days before her death by an apparition of Christ under the form of a most beautiful youth; and she heard these words from His mouth: 'Why art thou consumed by so great a longing to enjoy My presence? Why dost thou pour out so many tears and sighs? Why comest thou as a suppliant so often to My altars? Why dost thou break down thy body with so many labours, when I am always united to thee? My beautiful pearl! Know that thou art one of the most precious stones in My kingly crown.' In the year 587 she breathed forth her pure soul into the bosom of the heavenly Spouse who had been her only love. Gregory of Tours buried her, as she had wished, in the church of St. Mary.

Thine exile is over, eternal possession has taken the place of desire; all heaven is illumined with the brightness of the precious stone that has come to enrich the diadem of the Spouse. O Radegonde, the Wisdom who is now rewarding thy toils led thee by admirable ways. Thy inheritance, *become to thee as a lion in the wood* spreading death around thee, thy captivity far from thy native land; what was all this but love's way of drawing thee *from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards*, where idolatry had led thee in childhood? Thou hadst to suffer in a foreign land, but the light from above shone into thy soul, and gave it strength. A powerful king tried in vain to make thee share his throne; thou wert a queen but for Christ, who in His

goodness made thee a mother to that kingdom of France which belongs to Him more than to any prince. For His sake thou didst love that land become thine by the right of the Bride who shares the sceptre of her Spouse; for His sake, that nation, whose glorious destiny thou didst predict, received unstintedly all thy labours, thy unspeakable mortifications, thy prayers and thy tears.

O thou who art ever queen of France, as Christ is ever its King, bring back to Him the hearts of its people, for in their blind error they have laid aside their glory, and their sword is no longer wielded for God. Protect, above all, the city of Poitiers, which honours thee with a special cultus together with its great St. Hilary. Bless thy daughters of Sainte-Croix, who, ever faithful to thy great traditions, prove the power of that fruitful stem, which through so many centuries and such devastations has never ceased to produce both flowers and fruit. Teach us to seek our Lord, and to find Him in His holy Sacrament, in the relics of His saints, in His suffering members on earth; and may all Christians learn from thee how to love.

Not far from the sepulchre of St. Laurence, on the opposite side of the Tiburtian Way, lies the tomb of St. Hippolytus, one of the sanctuaries most dear to the Christians in the days of triumph. Prudentius has described the magnificence of the crypt, and the immense concourse attracted to it each year on the Ides of August. Who was this saint? Of what rank and manner of life? What facts of his history are there to be told, beyond that of his having given his blood for Christ? All these questions have in modern times become the subject of numerous and learned works. He was a martyr, and that is nobility enough to make him glorious in our eyes. Let us honour him, then, and together with him another soldier of Christ, Cassian of Imola, whom the Church offers to our homage at the same time. Hippolytus was dragged by wild horses over rocks and briars till his body was all torn: Cassian,

who was a schoolmaster, was delivered by the judge to the children he had taught, and died of the thousands of wounds inflicted by their styles. The prince of Christian poets has sung of him as of Hippolytus, describing his combat and his tomb.

PRAYER

Da, quæsumus, omnipotens Deus: ut beatorum Martyrum tuorum Hippolyti et Cassiani veneranda solemnitas, et devotionem nobis augeat, et salutem. Per Dominum.

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the venerable solemnity of Thy blessed martyrs, Hippolytus and Cassian, may contribute to the increase of our devotion, and promote our salvation. Through Christ our Lord, etc.

August 14

VIGIL OF THE ASSUMPTION

WHAT is this dawn before which the brightest constellations pale? Laurence, who has been shining in the August heavens as an incomparable star, is wellnigh eclipsed, and becomes but the humble satellite of the Queen of Saints, whose triumph is preparing beyond the clouds.

Mary stayed on earth after her Son's Ascension, in order to give birth to his Church; but she could not remain for ever in exile. Yet she was not to take her flight to heaven until this new fruit of her maternity had acquired the growth and strength which it belongs to a mother to give. How sweet to the Church was this dependence!—a privilege given to her members by our Lord in imitation of Himself.[1] As we saw, at Christmas-time, the God-Man carried first in the arms of His Mother, gathering His strength and nourishing His life at her virginal breast; so the mystical body of the Man-God, the Holy Church, received, in its first years, the same care from Mary as the divine Child our Emmanuel.

As Joseph heretofore at Nazareth, Peter was now ruling the house of God; but our Lady was none the less to the assembly of the faithful the source of life in the spiritual order, as she had been to Jesus in His Humanity. On the day of Pentecost the Holy Ghost and every one of His gifts rested first upon her in all fulness; every grace bestowed on the privileged dwellers in the cenacle was given more eminently and more abundantly to her. *The sacred stream of the river maketh the city of God joyful,* because first of all *the Most*

[1] Carnalia in te Christus ubera suxit, ut per te nobis spiritualia fluerent.—Richard a S. Victore, in Cant. Cap. xxiii.

High has sanctified His own tabernacle, made her the *well of living waters, which run with a strong stream from Libanus*.

Eternal Wisdom herself is compared in the Scripture to overflowing waters; to this day, the voice of her messengers traverses the world, magnificent, as the voice of the Lord over the great waters, as the thunder which reveals His power and majesty: like a new deluge overturning the ramparts of false science, levelling every height raised against God, and fertilizing the desert. O fountain of the gardens hiding thyself so calm and pure in Sion, the silence which keeps thee from the knowledge of the profane hides from their sullied eyes the source of thy wavelets which carry salvation to the furthest limits of the Gentile world. To thee, as to the Wisdom sprung from thee, is applied the prophetic word: *I have poured out rivers*.[1] Thou givest to drink to the new-born Church thirsting for the Word. Thou art, as the Holy Spirit said of Esther, thy type, '*the little fountain which grew into a river, and was turned into a light, and into the sun, and abounded into many waters*.'[2] The apostles, inundated with divine science, recognized in thee the richest source, which having once given to the world the Lord God, continued to be the channel of His grace and truth to them.

As a mountain spreads out at its base in proportion to the greatness of its height, the incomparable dignity of Mary rested on her ever-growing humility. Nevertheless we must not think that the Mother of the Church was to do nothing more than win heaven's favours silently. The time had come for her to communicate to the friends of the Spouse the ineffable secrets known to her virginal soul alone; and as to the public facts of our Saviour's history, what memory surer or more complete than hers, what deeper understanding of the mysteries of salvation, could furnish the Evangelists with the inspiration and the matter of their sublime narrations? How could the chiefs of the Christian

[1] Eccli. xxiv. 40. [2] Esther x. 6.

people not consult in every undertaking the heavenly prudence of her whose judgment could never be obscured by the least error, any more than her soul could be tarnished by the least fault? Thus, although her gentle voice was never heard abroad, although she loved to put herself in the shade and take the last place in their assemblies, Mary was truly from that time forward, as the Doctors observe, the scourge of heresy, the mistress of the apostles and their beloved inspirer. 'If,' says Rupert,[1] 'the Holy Ghost instructed the apostles, we must not therefore conclude that they had not recourse to the most sweet teaching of Mary. Yea, rather, her word was to them the word of the Spirit Himself; she completed and confirmed the inspirations received by each one from Him who divideth as He wills.' And St. Ambrose, the illustrious Bishop of Milan, speaking of the privilege of the beloved disciple at the Last Supper, does not hesitate to attribute the greater sublimity of his teachings to his longer and more intimate intercourse with our Lady: 'This beloved of the Lord, who, resting on his bosom, drank from the depths of Wisdom, I am not astonished that he has explained divine mysteries better than all the others, for the treasure of heavenly secrets hidden in Mary was ever open to him.'[2]

Happy were the faithful of those days, permitted to contemplate the ark of the covenant, wherein, better than on tables of stone, dwelt the plenitude of the law of love! At her side, the rod of the new Aaron, the sceptre of Simon Peter, kept its vigour and freshness, and under her shadow the true manna of heaven was accessible to the elect of this world's desert. Denis of Athens, Hierotheus, both of whom we shall soon see again beside this holy ark, and many others, came to the feet of Mary to rest on their journey, to strengthen their love, to consult the august propitiatory where the divinity had resided. From the lips of the Mother of God they gathered words sweeter than honey, calming their

[1] Rupert in Cant. i. [2] Ambr. De Instit. Virg. vii.

souls, ordering their life, filling their noble minds with the brightness of heaven. To these privileged ones of the first age might be addressed those words of the Spouse, who in these years was completing His gathering from His chosen garden: *I have gathered My myrrh with My aromatical spices: I have eaten the honeycomb with My honey: I have drunk My wine with My milk: eat, O friends, and drink, and be inebriated, My dearly beloved.*[1]

No wonder that in Jerusalem, favoured with so august a presence, the first group of faithful rose unanimously above the observance of the precepts to the perfection of the counsels; they persevered in prayer, praising God in gladness and simplicity of heart, having favour with all the people; and they were of one heart and one soul. This happy community could not but be an image of heaven on earth, since the Queen of heaven was a member of it; the example of her life, her all-powerful intercession, her merits more vast than all the united treasures of all created sanctities, was Mary's contribution to this blessed family where all things were common to all.

From the hill of Sion, however, the Church had spread its branches over every mountain and every sea; the vineyard of the King of Peace was extended among all nations; it was time to let it out to the keepers appointed to guard it for the Spouse. It was a solemn moment; a new phase in the history of our salvation was about to begin: *Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the friends hearken: make me hear Thy voice.*[2] The Spouse, the Church on earth, the Church in heaven, all were waiting for her, who had tended the vine and strengthened its roots, to utter a word such as that which had heretofore brought down the Spouse to earth. But to-day heaven, not earth, was to be the gainer. *Flee away, O my Beloved*,[3] it was the voice of Mary about to follow the fragrant footsteps of the Lord her Son

[1] Cant. v. 1. [2] *Ibid.* viii. 13.
[3] *Ibid* 14.

up to the eternal mountains whither her own perfumes had preceded her.

Let us enter into the sentiments of the Church, who prepares by the fasting and abstinence of this Vigil to celebrate the triumph of Mary. Man may not venture to join on earth in the joys of heaven, without first acknowledging that he is a sinner and a debtor to the justice of God. The light task imposed on us to-day will appear still easier if we compare it with the Lent whereby the Greeks have been preparing for our Lady's feast ever since the first of this month.

PRAYER

Deus, qui virginalem aulam beatæ Mariæ, in qua habitares, eligere dignatus es: da, quæsumus; ut sua nos defensione munitos, jucundos facias suæ interesse festivitati. Qui vivis.

O God, who didst vouchsafe to choose for Thy habitation the virginal womb of the Blessed Mary, grant, we beseech Thee, that, defended by her protection, we may joyfully assist at her festival. Who livest, etc.

To this Collect of the Vigil let us add, with the holy liturgy, the commemoration of a holy confessor, whose imprisonment and sufferings at Rome, in the time of the Arians, made him wellnigh equal to the martyrs. As he is honoured with a church in the Eternal City, Eusebius is entitled to the homage of the whole world.

PRAYER

Deus, qui nos beati Eusebii, Confessoris tui, annua solemnitate lætificas: concede propitius; ut, cujus natalitia colimus, per ejus ad te exempla gradiamur. Per Dominum.

O God, who givest us joy by the annual solemnity of the blessed Eusebius, Thy Confessor, mercifully grant that, celebrating his festival, we may approach to Thee by following his example. Through our Lord, etc.

August 15

ASSUMPTION OF THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN

'TO-DAY the Virgin Mary ascended to heaven; rejoice, for she reigns with Christ for ever.'[1] The Church will close her chants on this glorious day with this sweet antiphon, which resumes the object of the feast and the spirit in which it should be celebrated.

No other solemnity breathes, like this one, at once triumph and peace; none better answers to the enthusiasm of the many and the serenity of souls consummated in love. Assuredly that was as great a triumph when our Lord, rising by His own power from the tomb, cast hell into dismay; but to our souls, so abruptly drawn from the abyss of sorrows on Golgotha, the suddenness of the victory caused a sort of stupor to mingle with the joy of that greatest of days. In presence of the prostrate angels, the hesitating apostles, the women seized with fear and trembling, one felt that the divine isolation of the Conqueror of death was perceptible even to His most intimate friends, and kept them, like Magdalen, at a distance.

Mary's death, however, leaves no impression but peace; that death had no other cause than love. Being a mere creature, she could not deliver herself from that claim of the old enemy; but leaving her tomb filled with flowers, she mounts up to heaven, *flowing with delights, leaning upon her Beloved*.[2] Amid the acclamations of the daughters of Sion, who will henceforth never cease to call her blessed, she ascends surrounded by choirs of heavenly spirits joyfully praising the Son of God. Never more will shadows veil, as they did on earth, the glory of the most beautiful daughter of Eve. Beyond the immovable Thrones, beyond the dazzling

[1] Magnificat Ant. for 2nd Vesp. [2] Cant. viii. 5.

Cherubim, beyond the flaming Seraphim, onward she passes, delighting the heavenly city with her sweet perfumes. She stays not till she reaches the very confines of the Divinity; close to the throne of honour where her Son, the King of ages, reigns in justice and in power; there she is proclaimed Queen, there she will reign for evermore in mercy and in goodness.

Here on earth Libanus and Amana, Sanir and Hermon dispute the honour of having seen her rise to heaven from their summits; and truly the whole world is but the pedestal of her glory, as the moon is her footstool, the sun her vesture, the stars of heaven her glittering crown. 'Daughter of Sion, thou art all fair and sweet,'[1] cries the Church, as in her rapture she mingles her own tender accents with the songs of triumph: 'I saw the beautiful one as a dove rising up from the brooks of waters; in her garments was the most exquisite odour; and as in the days of spring, flowers of roses surrounded her and lilies of the valley.'[2]

The same freshness breathes from the facts of Bible history wherein the interpreters of the sacred Books see the figure of Mary's triumph. As long as this world lasts a severe law protects the entrance to the eternal palace; no one, without having first laid aside the garb of flesh, is admitted to contemplate the King of heaven. There is one, however, of our lowly race, whom the terrible decree does not touch; the true Esther, in her incredible beauty, advances without hindrance through all the doors. Full of grace, she is worthy of the love of the true Assuerus; but on the way which leads to the awful throne of the King of kings, she walks not alone: two handmaids, one supporting her steps, the other holding up the long folds of her royal robe, accompany her; they are the angelic nature and the human, both equally proud to hail her as their mistress and lady, and both sharing in her glory.

If we go back from the time of captivity, when Esther saved her people, to the days of Israel's great-

[1] Mag. Ant. of 1st Vesp. [2] 1st Resp. of Matins fr. Cant. v. 12 and Eccli. l. 8.

ness, we find our Lady's entrance into the city of endless peace represented by the Queen of Saba coming to the earthly Jerusalem. While she contemplates with rapture the magnificence of the mighty prince of Sion, the pomp of her own retinue, the incalculable riches of the treasure she brings, her precious stones and her spices, plunge the whole city into admiration. *There was brought no more,* says the Scripture, *such abundance of spices as these which the Queen of Saba gave to King Solomon.*[1]

The reception given by David's son to Bethsabee, his mother, in the third Book of Kings, no less happily expresses the mystery of to-day, so replete with the filial love of the true Solomon. *Then Bethsabee came to King Solomon . . . and the king arose to meet her, and bowed to her, and sat down upon his throne, and a throne was set for the king's mother: and she sat on his right hand.*[2] O Lady, how exceedingly dost thou surpass all the servants and ministers and friends of God! 'On the day when Gabriel came to my lowliness,' are the words St. Ephrem puts into thy mouth, 'from handmaid I became Queen; and I, the slave of Thy Divinity, found myself suddenly the mother of Thy humanity, my Lord and my Son! O Son of the King who hast made me His daughter, O Thou heavenly One, who thus bringest into heaven His daughter of earth, by what name shall I call Thee?'[3] The Lord Christ Himself answered; the God made Man revealed to us the only name which fully expresses Him in His twofold nature; He is called THE SON. Son of Man as He is Son of God, on earth He has only a Mother, as in heaven He has only a Father. In the august Trinity He proceeds from the Father, remaining consubstantial with Him; only distinguished from Him in that He is Son; producing together with Him, as one Principle, the Holy Ghost. In the external mission He fulfils by the Incarnation to the glory of the Blessed Trinity—communicating to His humanity the manners, so to say, of His Divinity,

[1] 3 Kings x. 10. [2] 2 *Ibid.* ii. 19. [3] EPHREM in Natal. Dom., Sermo iv.

as far as the diversity of the two natures permits—He is in no way separated from His Mother, and would have her participate even in the giving of the Holy Ghost to every soul. This ineffable union is the foundation of all Mary's greatnesses, which are crowned by to-day's triumph. The days within the Octave will give us an opportunity of showing some of the consequences of this principle; to-day let it suffice to have laid it down.

'As Christ is the Lord,' says Arnold of Bonneval, the friend of St. Bernard, 'Mary is Lady and sovereign. He who bends the knee before the Son kneels before the Mother. At the sound of her name the devils tremble, men rejoice, the angels glorify God. Mary and Christ are one flesh, one mind, and one love. From the day when it was said, *The Lord is with thee*, the grace was irrevocable, the unity inseparable; and in speaking of the glory of Son and Mother, we must call it not so much a common glory as the selfsame glory.'[1] 'O Thou, the beauty and the honour of Thy Mother,' adds the great deacon of Edessa, 'thus hast Thou adorned her in every way; together with others she is Thy sister and Thy bride, but she alone conceived Thee.''[2]

Rupert in his turn cries out: 'Come then, O most beautiful one, thou shalt be crowned in heaven Queen of saints, on earth Queen of every kingdom. Wherever it shall be said of the Beloved that He is crowned with glory and honour, and set over the works of His Father's hands, everywhere also shall they proclaim of thee, O well beloved, that thou art His Mother, and as such Queen over every domain where His power extends; and, therefore, emperors and kings shall crown thee with their crowns and consecrate their palaces to thee.'[3]

FIRST VESPERS

Among the feasts of the saints this is the solemnity of solemnities. 'Let the mind of man,' says St. Peter Damian, 'be occupied in declaring her magnificence;

[1] Arnold. Carnotensis, De laudibus Mariæ.
[2] Ephrem in Natal. Dom., Sermo viii. [3] Rupert in Cant., lib. iii, c. iv.

let his speech reflect her majesty. May the sovereign of the world deign to accept the goodwill of our lips, to aid our insufficiency, to illumine with her own light the sublimity of this day.'[1]

It is no new thing, then, that Mary's triumph fills the hearts of Christians with enthusiasm. Before our times the Church showed by the prescriptions kept in the *Corpus juris* the pre-eminence she assigned to this glorious anniversary. Thus, under Boniface VIII, she granted to it, as to no other feast, except Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, the privilege of being celebrated with ringing of bells and the customary splendour in countries laid under interdict.[2]

In his instructions to the newly-converted Bulgarians, St. Nicholas I, who occupied the Apostolic See from 858 to 867, had already united these four solemnities when recommending the fasts of Lent, of the Ember days, and of the Vigils of these feasts—' Fasts,' he says, ' which the Holy Roman Church has long since received and observed.'[3]

We must refer to the preceding century the composition of the celebrated discourse which, until the time of St. Pius V, furnished the Lessons for the Matins of the feast; while its thoughts, and even its text, are still found in several parts of the Office.[4] The author, worthy of the greatest ages for style and science, but screening himself under a false name, began thus: ' You wish me, O Paula and Eustochium, to lay aside my usual form of treatises, and strive (a new thing to me) to celebrate in oratorical style the Assumption of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin.' And the supposed St. Jerome eloquently declared the grandeur of this feast: ' Incomparable as is she who thereon ascended glorious and happy to the sanctuary of heaven: a solemnity, the admiration of the heavenly hosts, the happiness of the citizens of our true country, who, not content with

[1] Petr. Dam. Sermo in Assumpt. B.M.V.
[2] Cap. Alma Mater, De sent. excommunicat. in vi°.
[3] Mansi, xv. 403.
[4] Especially the Mag. Ant. for 2nd Vesp., already quoted.

giving it one day as we do, celebrate it unceasingly in the eternal continuity of their veneration, of their love, and of their triumphant joy.'[1] Unfortunately a just aversion for the excesses of certain apocryphal writers led the author of this beautiful exposition of the greatness of Mary to hesitate in his belief as to the glorious privilege of her corporal Assumption. This over-discreet prudence was soon exaggerated in the martyrologies of Usuard and of Odo of Vienne.

That such a misconception of the ever-growing tradition should be found in Gaul is truly astonishing, since it was the ancient Gallican liturgy which gave to the West the explicit formula of that complete Assumption, the consequence of a divine and virginal maternity: 'No pain in childbirth, no suffering in death, no dissolution in the grave, for no tomb could retain her whom earth had never sullied.'[2]

When the first Carlovingians abandoned the Gallican liturgy, they bowed to the authority of the false St. Jerome.[3] But the faith of the people could not be suppressed. In the thirteenth century the two princes of theology, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, subscribed to the general belief in our Lady's anticipated resurrection. Soon this belief, by reason of its universality, claimed to be the doctrine of the Church herself. In 1497 the Sorbonne severely censured all contrary propositions.[4] In 1870 an earnest desire was expressed to have the doctrine defined; but the Vatican Council was unfortunately suspended too soon to complete our Lady's glorious crown. Yet the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, of which our times can boast, gives us hope for the future. The corporal Assumption of our Lady follows naturally from that dogma as

[1] *Pseudo*-HIERONYMUS. De Assumpt. B.M.V., I., VIII., XIV.

[2] Missale Gothicum.

[3] Hæ sunt festivitates in anno quæ per omnia servari debent. . . . De Assumptione Sanctæ Mariæ interrogandum reliquimus. Capitulare CAROLI MAGNI, I. 158; cui pro festo admittendo responsum a LUDOVICO PIO, capit. II., 33, ex can. XXXVI concilii Mogunt. anni 813.

[4] Propositio J. Morcelli: *Non tenemur credere sub pœna peccati mortalis quod Virgo fuit assumpta in corpore et anima, quia non est articulus fidei*; qualificatur: *Ut jacet, temeraria, scandalosa, impia, devotionis populi ad Virginem diminutiva, falsa et hæretica; ideo revocanda publice.*

its necessary result. Mary, having known nothing of original sin, contracted no debt with death, the punishment of that sin; she freely chose to die in order to be conformable to her Divine Son; and, as the Holy One of God, so the holy one of His Christ could not suffer the corruption of the tomb.

If certain ancient calendars give to this feast the title of Sleep or Repose, *Dormitio* or *Pausatio,* of the Blessed Virgin, we cannot thence conclude that at the time they were composed the feast had no other object than Mary's holy death; the Greeks, from whom we have the expression, have always included in the solemnity the glorious triumph that followed her death. The same is to be said of the Syrians, Chaldeans, Copts, and Armenians.

Among the last named, according to the custom of arranging their feasts by the day of the week rather than the date of the month, the Assumption is fixed for the Sunday which occurs between August 12 and 18. It is preceded by a week of fasting, and gives its name to the series of Sundays following it, up to the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in September.

At Rome the Assumption or *Dormitio* of the holy Mother of God appears in the seventh century to have already been celebrated for an indefinite length of time;[1] nor does it seem to have had any other day than August 15. According to Nicephorus Callistus,[2] the same date was assigned to it for Constantinople by the Emperor Maurice at the end of the sixth century. The historian notes, at the same time, the origin of several other solemnities, while of the *Dormitio* alone, he does not say that it was established by Maurice on such a day; hence learned authors have concluded that the feast itself already existed before the imperial decree was issued, which was thus only intended to put an end to its being celebrated on various days.[3]

At that very time, far away from Byzantium, the

[1] Liber pontific.: in Sergio I.
[2] Niceph. Call. Hist. Eccli., Liber xvii., cap. 28.
[3] Benedict XIV de festis B.M.V., c. viii.

Merovingian Franks celebrated the glorification of our Lady on January 18, with all the plenitude of doctrine we have mentioned above. However the choice of this day may be accounted for, it is remarkable that to this very time the Copts on the borders of the Nile announce in their synaxaria on the 21st of the month of Tobi, our January 28, the *repose of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and the Assumption of her body into heaven;* they, however, repeat the announcement on Mesori 16, or August 21, and on the 1st of this same month of Mesori they begin their Lent of the Mother of God, lasting a fortnight like that of the Greeks.[1]

Some authors think that the Assumption has been kept from apostolic times; but the silence of the primitive liturgical documents is not in favour of the opinion. The hesitation as to the date of its celebration, and the liberty so long allowed with regard to it, point rather to the spontaneous initiative of divers Churches, owing to some fact attracting attention to the mystery or throwing some light upon it. Of this nature we may reckon the account everywhere spread abroad about the year 451, in which Juvenal of Jerusalem related to the Empress St. Pulcheria and her husband Marcian the history of the tomb which was empty of its precious deposit, and which the apostles had prepared for our Lady at the foot of Mount Olivet. The following words of St. Andrew of Crete in the seventh century show how the new solemnity gained ground in consequence of such circumstances. The saint was born at Damascus, became a monk at Jerusalem, was afterwards deacon at Constantinople, and lastly bishop of the celebrated island from which he takes his name; no one then could speak for the East with better authority. 'The present solemnity,' he says, 'is full of mystery, having for its object to celebrate the day whereon the Mother of God fell asleep; this solemnity is too elevated for any discourse to reach; by some this mystery has not always been celebrated, but now all love and honour it. Silence

[1] Nilles, Kalendarum utriusque Eccl. orientalis et occidentalis.

long preceded speech, but now love divulges the secret. The gift of God must be manifested, not buried; we must show it forth, not as recently discovered, but as having recovered its splendour. Some of those who lived before us knew it but imperfectly: that is no reason for always keeping silence about it; it has not become altogether obscured; let us proclaim it and keep a feast. To-day let the inhabitants of heaven and of earth be united, let the joy of angels and men be one, let every tongue exult and sing Hail to the Mother of God.'[1]

Let us, too, do honour to the gift of God; let us be grateful to the Church for having given us this feast whereon to sing with the angels the glory of Mary.

The Psalms and Hymn of Vespers are the same as for the other feasts of our Lady. The Antiphons, Capitulum, and Versicle gracefully express the mystery of the day.

1. Ant. Assumpta est Maria in cœlum; gaudent angeli, laudantes benedicunt Dominum.

1. Ant. Mary is taken up into heaven; the angels rejoice, and praising bless the Lord.

Ps. Dixit Dominus, *page* 35

2. Ant. Maria Virgo assumpta est ad æthereum thalamum, in quo Rex regum stellato sedet solio.

2. Ant. The Virgin Mary is taken up into the heavenly dwelling, where the King of kings sits on His starry throne.

Ps. Laudate pueri, *page* 39.

3. Ant. In odorem unguentorum tuorum currimus: adolescentulæ dilexerunt te nimis.

3. Ant. We run after Thee to the odour of Thy ointments: young maidens have loved Thee exceedingly.

Psalm 121

Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: * In domum Domini ibimus.

I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord.

[1] Andr. Cret. Oratio xiii. in Dormitionem Deiparæ, ii.

Stantes erant pedes nostri: * in atriis tuis, Jerusalem.

Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem! *our heart loves and confides in thee, O Mary.*

Jerusalem quæ ædificatur ut civitas: * cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.

Mary is like to Jerusalem, that is built as a city, which is compact together.

Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus, tribus Domini: * testimonium Israel ad confitendum Nomini Domini.

For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord: the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord.

Quia illic sederunt sedes in judicio: * sedes super domum David.

Because seats sat there in judgment: seats upon the house of David; *and Mary is of a kingly race.*

Rogate quæ ad pacem sunt Jerusalem: * et abundantia diligentibus te.

Pray ye, *through Mary,* for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem: and may abundance be on them that love thee, *O Church of our God.*

Fiat pax in virtute tua: * et abundantia in turribus tuis.

The voice of Mary: let peace be in thy strength, *O thou new Sion,* and abundance in thy towers.

Propter fratres meos et proximos meos: * loquebar pacem de te.

I, *a daughter of Israel,* for the sake of my brethren and of my neighbours, spoke peace of thee.

Propter domum Domini Dei nostri: * quæsivi bona tibi.

Because of the house of the Lord our God, I have sought good things for thee.

4. Ant. Benedicta filia tu a Domino: quia per te fructum vitæ communicavimus.

4. Ant. Daughter *of Sion,* thou art blessed of the Lord: for by thee we have partaken of the fruit of life.

Psalm 126

Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum: * in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.

Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.

Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem: * frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.

Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere: * surgite postquam

It is vain for you to rise before light; rise ye after

sederitis, qui manducatis panem doloris.

Cum dederit dilectis suis somnum: * ecce hæreditas Domini, filii, merces, fructus ventris.

Sicut sagittæ in manu potentis: * ita filii excussorum.

Beatus vir qui implevit desiderium suum ex ipsis: * non confundetur cum loquetur inimicis suis in porta.

you have sitten, you that eat of the bread of sorrow.

When He shall give sleep to His beloved: behold the inheritance of the Lord are children: the reward, the fruit of the womb.

As arrows in the hand of the mighty, so the children of them that have been shaken.

Blessed is the man that hath filled his desire with them; he shall not be confounded when he shall speak to his enemies at the gate.

5. Ant. Pulchra es et decora, filia Jerusalem, terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata.

5. Ant. Thou art beautiful and comely, O daughter of Jerusalem, terrible as an army set in array.

Psalm 147

Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum: * lauda Deum tuum, Sion.

Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum: * benedixit filiis tuis in te.

Qui posuit fines tuos pacem: * et adipe frumenti satiat te.

Qui emittit eloquium suum terræ: * velociter currit sermo ejus.

Qui dat nivem sicut lanam: * nebulam sicut cinerem spargit.

Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas: * ante faciem frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?

Emittet Verbum suum, et liquefaciet ea: * flabit Spiritus ejus, et fluent aquæ.

Praise the Lord, *O Mary, thou true* Jerusalem: *O Mary,* O Sion *ever holy,* praise thy God.

Because he hath strengthened *against sin* the bolts of thy gates: he hath blessed thy children within thee.

Who hath placed peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the fat of corn, *with Jesus, who is the Bread of life.*

Who sendeth forth *by thee* His Word to the earth; His Word runneth swiftly.

Who giveth snow like wool; scattereth mists like ashes.

He sendeth His crystal like morsels: who shall stand before the face of His cold?

He shall send forth His Word *by Mary,* and shall melt them: His Spirit shall breathe, and the waters shall run.

Qui annuntiat Verbum suum Jacob: * justitias, et judicia sua Israel.

Non fecit taliter omni nationi: * et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.

Who declareth His Word to Jacob: His justices and His judgments to Israel.

He hath not done in like manner to every nation; and His judgments He hath not made manifest to them.

CAPITULUM (*Eccli. xxiv.*).

In omnibus requiem quæsivi, et in hæreditate Domini morabor. Tunc præcepit, et dixit mihi Creator omnium: et qui creavit me, requievit in tabernaculo meo.

In all things I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. Then the Creator of all things commanded and said to me: and He that made me rested in my tabernacle.

HYMN

Ave, Maris Stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cœli porta.

Hail, Star of the Sea! Blessed Mother of God, yet ever a Virgin! O happy gate of heaven!

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Evæ nomen.

Thou that didst receive the *Ave* from Gabriel's lips, confirm us in peace, and so let *Eva* be changed into an *Ave* of blessing for us.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

Loose the sinner's chains, bring light to the blind, drive from us our evils, and ask all good things for us.

Monstra te esse Matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui, pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.

Show thyself a Mother, and offer our prayers to Him who would be born of thee when born for us.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.

O incomparable Virgin and meekest of the meek, obtain us the forgiveness of our sins, and make us meek and chaste.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,

Obtain us purity of life and a safe pilgrimage; that we

Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

℣. Exaltata est sancta Dei Genitrix.
℟. Super choros angelorum ad cœlestia regna.

may be united with thee in the blissful vision of Jesus.

Praise be to God the Father, and to the Lord Jesus, and to the Holy Ghost: to the Three one self-same praise.
Amen.

℣. The holy Mother of God has been exalted.
℟. Above the choirs of angels to the heavenly kingdom.

ANTIPHON OF THE MAGNIFICAT

Virgo prudentissima, quo progrederis, quasi aurora valde rutilans? Filia Sion, tota formosa et suavis es, pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol.

Virgin most prudent, whither goest thou, like to the rosy dawn? Daughter of Sion, all beautiful and sweet art thou, fair as the moon, chosen as the sun.

PRAYER

Famulorum tuorum, quæsumus Domine, delictis ignosce: ut qui tibi placere de actibus nostris non valemus, Genitricis Filii tui Domini nostri intercessione salvemur. Qui tecum.

Pardon, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the sins of Thy servants; that we, who are not able to please Thee by our deeds, may be saved by the intercession of the Mother of Thy Son. Who lives, etc.

'When the time came for the Blessed Mary to leave this earth, the apostles were gathered together from all lands; and, having learnt that the hour was at hand, they watched with her. Now the Lord Jesus came with His angels and received her soul. In the morning the apostles took up her body and placed it in the tomb. And again the Lord came, and the holy body was taken up in a cloud.'[1]

To this testimony of Gregory of Tours the whole West and East respond, extolling 'the solemnity of

[1] Greg. Turon. De gloria Martyr., iv.

the blessed night whereon the venerated Virgin made her entry into heaven.'[1] 'What a brilliant light pierces the darkness' of this night, says St. John Damascene;[2] and he goes on to describe the assembly of the faithful, eagerly pressing during the sacred night to hear the praises of the Mother of God.[3]

How could Rome, so devout to Mary, allow herself to be outdone? On the testimony of St. Peter Damian, the whole people spent the glorious night in prayer, singing and visiting the different churches; and, according to several privileged persons enlightened from above, still greater, at that blessed hour, was the number of souls delivered from Purgatory by the Queen of the universe, and all visiting likewise the sanctuaries consecrated to her name.[4] But the most imposing of all demonstrations in the city was the memorable *litany* or procession, which dates back to the Pontificate of St. Sergius (687–701);[5] up to the second half of the sixteenth century it continued to express, as Rome alone knows how, the august visit our Lady received from her Son at the solemn moment of her departure from this world.

Two principal sanctuaries in the Eternal City represent, as it were, the residences or palaces of Mother and Son: the basilica of our Saviour on the Lateran and that of St. Mary on the Esquiline. As the latter rejoices in possessing the picture of the Blessed Virgin painted by St. Luke, the Lateran preserves in a special oratory, *holy of holies*, the picture *not made by hand of man* representing the form of our Saviour upon cedar-wood.[6] On the morning of the Vigil the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by the Cardinals, went barefoot, and, after seven genuflections, uncovered the picture of the Virgin's Son. In the evening, while the bell of *Ara cæli* gave from the Capitol the signal for the preparations prescribed

[1] Inter opera Hildefonsi Tolet. De Assumptione B.M.V., Sermo iv.
[2] Joan. Damasc. in Dormitionem B.M.V., Homilia i.
[3] *Ibid.*, Homilia iii.
[4] Petr. Dam. Opusc. xxxiv. Disputat. De variis apparit. et miraculis, Cap. 3.
[5] Liber Pontific. in Sergio I.
[6] Imago SS. Salvatoris *acheropita*, quæ servatur in oratorio dicto *Sancta Sanctorum*.

by the city magistrates, the Lord Pope went to St. Mary Major, where, surrounded by his court, he celebrated First Vespers. At the beginning of the night the Matins with nine lessons were chanted in the same church.

Meanwhile an ever-growing crowd gathers on the piazza of the Lateran, awaiting the Pontiff's return. From all sides appear the various guilds of the arts and crafts, each led by its own head and taking up its appointed position. Around the picture of the Saviour, within the sanctuary, stand the twelve bearers who form its perpetual guard, all members of the most illustrious families, and near them are the representatives of the senate and of the Roman people.

But the signal is given that the papal retinue is redescending the Esquiline. Instantly lighted torches glitter on all sides, either held in the hand, or carried on the brancards of the corporations. Assisted by the deacons, the Cardinals raise on their shoulders the holy image, which advances under a canopy, escorted in perfect order by the immense multitude. Along the illuminated and decorated streets,[1] amid the singing of psalms and the sound of instruments, the procession reaches the ancient Triumphal Way, winds round the Coliseum, and, passing through the arches of Constantine and Titus, halts for a first Station on the Via Sacra, before the church called St. Mary Minor or *Nuova*.[2] In this church, while the second Matins with three lessons are being chanted in honour of the Mother, some priests wash, with scented water in a silver basin, the feet of her Son, our Lord, and then sprinkle the people with the water thus sanctified. Then the venerable picture sets out once more, crosses the Forum amidst acclamations, and reaches the church of St. Adrian; thence returning to mount the slopes of the Esquiline by the streets where lie the churches of that part—St. Peter-ad-Vincula, St. Lucy, St. Martin-on-the-hill, St. Praxedes—it at last enters the piazza of St. Mary Major.

[1] Hittorp. Ordo Rom.

[2] Now St. Frances of Rome.

Then the delight and the applause of the crowd are redoubled; all, men and women, great and little, as we read in a document of 1462,[1] forgetting the fatigue of a whole night spent without sleep, cease not till morning to visit and venerate our Lord and Mary. In this glorious basilica, adorned as a bride, the glorious Office of Lauds celebrates the meeting of the Son and the Mother and their union for all eternity.

Striking miracles often showed the divine pleasure in this manifestation of the people's faith and love. Peter the Venerable[2] and other reliable witnesses[3] mention the prodigy, annually renewed, of the torches burning throughout the whole night, and being found on the morrow to be of the same weight as on the eve. In the year 847, as the procession headed by St. Leo IV passed by the Church of St. Lucy, a monstrous serpent, which had lived in a cavern hard by to the continual terror of the inhabitants, took to flight and was never seen again. In gratitude for this deliverance an octave was added to the feast.[4] Four centuries later, in the pontificate of the heroic Gregory IX, when the sacred cortège stopped according to custom before the church of St. Mary Nuova, the partisans of the excommunicated Frederick II, occupying the tower of the Frangipani not far off, began to cry out: 'Here is the Saviour, let the Emperor come!' when suddenly the tower fell to the ground, crushing them under its ruins.[5]

But let us return to the great basilica where other recollections invite us. On another night we joyfully celebrated within its walls the birth of our Emmanuel. How ineffable are the divine harmonies! At the same hour, when for the first time Mary had pressed to her heart the Infant God in the stable, she herself now awakes in the arms of her Well-Beloved at the very height of heaven. The Church, who reads during this month the Books of Divine Wisdom, did well to select for to-night the Canticle of Canticles.

[1] Archivio della Compagnia di *Sancta Sanctorum*.
[2] Petr. Venerab. De miraculis, II. xxx.
[3] Marangoni, Istoria dell' Oratorio di *Sancta Sanctorum*, p. 127.
[4] Liber Pontific. in. Leone IV
[5] Raynald. ad an. 1239.

The Bishop of Meaux thus describes this death: 'The Most Holy Virgin gave up her soul without pain and without violence into the hands of her Son. It was not necessary for her love to exert itself by any extraordinary emotions. As the slightest shock causes the fully ripe fruit to drop down from the tree, so was this blessed soul culled, to be suddenly transported to heaven; thus the holy Virgin died by a movement of divine love: her soul was carried to heaven on a cloud of sacred desires. Therefore the holy angels said: *Who is she that goeth up . . . as a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices, of myrrh, and frankincense?*[1]—a beautiful and excellent comparison admirably explaining the manner of her happy, tranquil death. The fragrant smoke that we see rising up from a composition of perfumes is not extracted by force nor propelled by violence: a gentle, tempered heat delicately detaches it and turns it into a subtle vapour which rises of its own accord. Thus was the soul of the holy Virgin separated from her body: the foundations were not shaken by a violent concussion; a divine heat detached it gently from the body and raised it up to its Beloved.[2]

For a few hours that sacred body remained in our world, 'the treasure of the earth, soon to become the wonder of the heavens.'[3] Who could tell the sentiments of the august persons gathered by our Lord around His Mother, to render her in His name the last duties? An illustrious witness, Denis of Athens, reminded Timothy, who had been there present with him, of the discourses which, coming from hearts filled with the Holy Ghost, rose up as so many hymns to the Almighty Goodness, whereby our littleness had been divinized. There was James, the brother of the Lord, and Peter, the leader of the choir, and the Pontiffs of the Sacred College, and all the brethren who had come to contemplate the body which had given us life and had borne God; above them all, after the apostles, did Hierotheus distinguish

[1] Cant. iii. 6.
[2] Dom Guéranger, Essai historique sur l'abbaye de Solesmes, suivi de la description de l'église abbatiale, avec l'explication des monuments qu'elle renferme, p. 113.
[3] Bossuet, First Sermon on the Assumption.

himself; for being ravished far from earth and from himself, he seemed to all like a divine cantor.[1]

But this assembly of men, in whom reigned the light of God, understood that they must carry out to the end the desires of her who even in death was still the humblest of creatures. Carried by the apostles, escorted by the angels of heaven and the saints of earth, the virginal body was borne from Sion to the valley of Gethsemani, where so often since that bleeding Agony our Lady had returned either in body or in heart. For a last time 'Peter, joining his venerable hands, gazed attentively at the almost divine features of the Mother of our Saviour; his glance, full of faith, sought to discover through the shades of death some rays of the glory wherewith the Queen of heaven was already shining'[2] John, her adopted son, cast one long, last, sorrowful look upon the Virgin's countenance, so calm and so sweet. The tomb was closed; earth was deprived for ever of the sight of which it was unworthy.

More fortunate than men, the angels, whose gaze could penetrate the marble monument, watched beside the tomb. They continued their songs until, after three days, the most holy soul of the Mother of God came down to take up her sacred body; then leaving the grave, they accompanied her to heaven. Let us too, then, have our hearts on high! Let us to-day forget our exile to rejoice in Mary's triumph; and let us learn to follow her by the odour of her sweet perfumes.

Let us make our own this ancient formula which was said at Rome over the assembled people, when about to start on the solemn *litany* we have described above.

PRAYER

Veneranda nobis, Domine, hujus est diei festivitas, in qua sancta Dei Genitrix mortem subiit temporalem; nec

It behoves us to honour, O Lord, the solemnity of this day, whereon the holy Mother of God suffered temporal death;

[1] Dionys. Areopagit. De divinis nominibus, cap. iii., § ii.
[2] Dom Guéranger, ubi supra.

tamen mortis nexibus deprimi potuit, quæ Filium tuum Dominum nostrum de se genuit incarnatum. Qui tecum.

yet she could not be held by the bonds of death, who of her own flesh brought forth our Lord, Thy Son, incarnate. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee.

MASS

Who is this King of glory? asked the keepers of the eternal gates on the day of Emmanuel's triumphant Ascension. Their question is twice repeated in the Psalm,[1] and a third time in Isaias, who cries out in the name of the heavenly citizens: *Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?*[2] In like manner do the angelic princes thrice express their admiration of the Virgin Mother. It is the sacred Canticle that tells us so. *Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?*[3] This first question, as St. Peter Damian says, refers to Mary's birth, which put an end to the night of sin.

Who is she that goeth up by the desert, as a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices?[4] This is the expression of the angel's astonishment at the Virgin's incomparable life, with its uninterrupted progress in all the virtues, like the sweet smoke rising from the incense.

Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?[5] Such, in the sight of the angels, was Mary rising from her tomb.

She had fulfilled her mission, accomplished the prophecy, crushed the head of the serpent. The blessed spirits who accompanied her cried out to the guardians of the heavenly ramparts, in the words of the triumphant Psalm: 'Open your gates!' So Judith, a type of Mary returning victorious, had cried: *Open the gates, for God is with us, who hath shown His power in Israel.*[6] The eternal gates were lifted up, and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the least to the greatest, went forth to

[1] Ps. xxiii. 8, 10.
[2] Isa. lxiii. 1.
[3] Cant. vi. 9.
[4] *Ibid.* iii. 6.
[5] *Ibid.* viii. 5.
[6] Judith xiii. 13.

meet the second Judith coming up from earth's lowly valley; and they rejoiced with far greater exultation than did Israel when David brought the figurative ark into the holy city.

Let us echo heaven's joy, and with our solemn Introit as a triumphal march, usher Mary into the true Jerusalem. The verse is taken from the forty-fourth Psalm, the *Epithalamium*, thus linking the chants of the holy Sacrifice with last night's lessons from the sacred Canticle.

INTROIT

Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes sub honore beatæ Mariæ Virginis: de cujus assumptione gaudent angeli, et collaudant Filium Dei.

Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for whose Assumption the angels rejoice and give praise to the Son of God.

Ps. Eructavit cor meum verbum bonum: dico ego opera mea Regi. ℣. Gloria Patri. Gaudeamus.

Ps. My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the King. ℣. Glory, etc. Let us all.

The following prayer asks for pardon and salvation through the intercession of the Mother of God. Its apparent want of harmony with the mystery of the feast might surprise us, did we not remember that it is only the second Collect for the day, in the Sacramentary; the first, which we have given above, said over the faithful at the beginning of the assembly, expressly declares that *Mary could not be held by the bonds of death.*

COLLECT

Famulorum tuorum, quæsumus Domine, delictis ignosce; ut, qui tibi placere de actibus nostris non valemus, Genitricis Filii tui Domini nostri intercessione salvemur. Qui tecum.

Pardon, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the sins of Thy servants; that we, who are not able to please Thee by our deeds, may be saved by the intercession of the Mother of Thy Son. Who liveth, etc.

EPISTLE

Lectio libri Sapientiæ.

Eccli. xxiv.

In omnibus requiem quæsivi, et in hæreditate Domini morabor. Tunc præcepit, et dixit mihi Creator omnium: et qui creavit me, requievit in tabernaculo meo, et dixit mihi: In Jacob inhabita, et in Israel hæreditare, et in electis meis mitte radices. Et sic in Sion firmata sum, et in civitate sanctificata similiter requievi, et in Jerusalem potestas mea. Et radicavi in populo honorificato, et in parte Dei mei hæreditas illius, et in plenitudine sanctorum detentio mea. Quasi cedrus exaltata sum in Libano, et quasi cypressus in monte Sion. Quasi palma exaltata sum in Cades, et quasi plantatio rosæ in Jericho. Quasi oliva speciosa in campis, et quasi platanus exaltata sum juxta aquam in plateis. Sicut cinnamomum, et balsamum aromatizans odorem dedi: quasi myrrha electa dedi suavitatem odoris.

Lesson from the Book of Wisdom.

Eccli. xxiv.

In all things I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. Then the Creator of all things commanded, and said to me; and He that made me rested in my tabernacle. And He said to me: Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thy inheritance in Israel, and take root in My elect. And so was I established in Sion, and in the Holy City likewise I rested, and my power was in Jerusalem: and I took root in an honourable people, and in the portion of my God His inheritance, and my abode is in the full assembly of saints. I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress-tree on Mount Sion: I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose-plant in Jericho: as a fair olive-tree in the plains, and as a plane-tree by the water in the streets was I exalted. I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aromatic balm: I yielded a sweet odour like the best myrrh.

The Epistle we have just read is closely connected with the Gospel that is to follow. The rest that Mary sought is the better part, the repose of the soul in the presence of the King of Peace; and when a soul is thus full of peace, she forms the choicest part of her Lord's inheritance. No creature has attained so nearly as our Lady to the eternal, unchangeable peace of the ever-tranquil Trinity; hence no other has merited to become, in the same degree, the resting-place of God.

A soul occupied by active works cannot attain the perfection or the fruitfulness of one in whom our Lord takes His rest, because she is at rest in Him; for this is the nuptial rest. As the Psalm says: 'When the Lord shall give sleep to His beloved, then shall their fruit be seen.'

Let us, then, who became Mary's children on the day the Lord first rested in her tabernacle, understand these magnificent expressions of eternal Wisdom; for they reveal to us the glory of her triumph. The branch that sprang from the stock of Jesse bears the divine Flower on which rests the fulness of the Holy Ghost; but it has taken root also in the elect, into whose branches it passes the heavenly sap which transforms them and divinizes their fruit. These fruits of Jacob and of Israel—*i.e.*, the works of the ordinary Christian life or of the life of perfection—belong therefore to our Blessed Mother. Rightly, then, does Mary enter to-day upon her unending rest in the eternal Sion—the true holy city and glorified people—the Lord's inheritance. Her power will be established in Jerusalem, and the saints will for ever acknowledge that they owe to her the fulness of their perfection.

But the plenitude of Mary's personal merits far surpasses that of all the saints together. As the cedar of Libanus towers above the flowers of the field, far more does our Lady's sanctity, next to that of her divine Son, surpass the sanctity of every other creature. The Angelic Doctor says: 'The trees to which the Blessed Virgin is compared in this Epistle may be taken to represent the different orders of the blessed. This passage therefore means that Mary has been exalted above the angels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and all the saints, because she possesses all their merits united in her single person.'[1]

The Gradual is taken, as was the verse of the Introit, from the 44th Psalm. In it we sing those perfections of the Bride that have caused the King of kings to call

[1] THOM. AQUIN. Sermo in Assumpt. B.M.V.

her to Himself. The Alleluia verse tells us how the angelic army hailed the entrance of its Queen.

GRADUAL

Propter veritatem, et mansuetudinem, et justitiam, et deducet te mirabiliter dextera tua.

℣. Audi filia, et vide, et inclina aurem tuam: quia concupivit Rex speciem tuam.
Alleluia, alleluia.

℣. Assumpta est Maria in cœlum, gaudet exercitus Angelorum. Alleluia.

Because of truth, and meekness, and justice, and thy right hand shall conduct thee wonderfully.

℣. Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear: for the King hath greatly desired thy beauty.
Alleluia, alleluia.
℣. Mary is assumed into heaven: the host of angels rejoiceth. Alleluia.

GOSPEL

Sequentia sancti Evangelii secundum Lucam.

Cap. x.

In illo tempore: Intravit Jesus in quoddam castellum: et mulier quædam Martha nomine excepit illum in domum suam, et huic erat soror nomine Maria, quæ etiam sedens secus pedes Domini audiebat verbum illius. Martha autem satagebat circa frequens ministerium: quæ stetit, et ait: Domine, non est tibi curæ quod soror mea reliquit me solam ministrare ? dic ergo illi ut me adjuvet. Et respondens dixit illi Dominus: Martha, Martha, sollicita es, et turbaris erga plurima. Porro unum est necessarium. Maria optimam partem elegit, quæ non auferetur ab ea.

Sequel of the Holy Gospel according to Luke.

Ch. x.

At that time, Jesus entered into a certain town; and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her house: and she had a sister called Mary, who, sitting also at the Lord's feet, heard His word. But Martha was busy about much serving: who stood and said, Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me alone to serve ? Speak to her therefore, that she help me. And the Lord answering said to her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and art troubled about many things: but one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her.

To this Gospel the Roman Liturgy[1] formerly added, as the Greek and the Mozarabic still add, the following verses from another chapter of St. Luke: *As He spoke these things a certain woman from the crowd lifting up her voice said to Him: Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the paps that gave Thee suck. But He said: Yea rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it.*[2]

The words thus added turned the people's thoughts towards our Lady; still the episode of Martha and Mary in the Gospel of the day remained unexplained. We will use the words of St. Bruno of Asti to express the reason tradition gives for the choice of this Gospel. 'These two women,' he says, 'are the leaders of the army of the Church, and all the faithful follow them. Some walk in Martha's footsteps, others in Mary's; but no one can reach our heavenly fatherland unless he follows one or the other. Rightly, then, have our fathers ordained that this Gospel should be read on the principal feast of our Lady, for she is signified by these two sisters. For no other creature combined the privileges of both lives, active and contemplative, as did the Blessed Virgin. Like Martha she received Christ—yea, she did more than Martha, for she received Him not only into her house, but into her womb. She conceived Him, gave Him birth, carried Him in her arms, and ministered to Him more frequently than did Martha. On the other hand, she listened, like Mary, to His words, and kept them for our sake, pondering them in her heart. She contemplated His humanity, and penetrated more deeply than all others into His Divinity. She chose the better part, which shall not be taken away from her.'[3]

'He,' continues St. Bernard, 'whom she received at His entrance into this poor world, receives her to-day at the gate of the Holy City. No spot on earth so worthy of the Son of God as the Virgin's womb: no throne in heaven so lofty as that whereon the Son of Mary places her in return. What a reception each gave to the other!

[1] Thomasii Capitulare Evangeliorum. [2] St. Luke xi. 27, 28.
[3] Bruno Ast. Homil. cxvii. in Assumpt. S.M.V.

It is beyond the power of expression, because beyond the reach of our thought. Who shall declare the generation of the Son and the Assumption of the Mother ?'[1]

In honour of both Mother and Son, let us put this lesson of the Gospel into practice in our lives. When our soul is troubled, like Martha, or distracted with many anxieties, let us always remember, as Mary did, that there is but one thing necessary. Our Lord alone, either in Himself or in His members, should be the one object of our thoughts.

Every human thing is of more or less importance in proportion to its relation to God's glory; we should value everything in this proportion, and then *the grace of God which surpasseth all understanding will keep our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.*

To-day the Church on earth, represented by Martha, complains that she has been left alone to struggle and labour; but our Lord defends Mary, and confirms her in her choice of the better part. The angels are keeping a great feast in heaven; the offertory once more tells of their joy.

OFFERTORY

Assumpta est Maria in cœlum: gaudent angeli, collaudantes benedicunt Dominum. Alleluia.	Mary is assumed into heaven, the angels rejoice; praising together they bless the Lord. Alleluia.

We must not allow anything like regret or envy to cast a shadow over our hearts. Mary has finished her pilgrimage and left our earth; but now that she has entered into her glory, she still prays for us. So says the Secret.

SECRET

Subveniat, Domine, plebi tuæ Dei Genitricis oratio: quam etsi pro conditione carnis migrasse cognoscimus, in cœlesti	May the prayer of the Mother of God assist Thy people, O Lord; though we know her to have passed out of this

[1] Bern. in Assumpt. B.M.V., Sermo i.

gloria apud te pro nobis intercedere sentiamus. Per eumdem.

world, may we experience her intercession for us with Thee in the glory of heaven. Through the same Lord, etc.

PREFACE

Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere: Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus: Et te in Assumptione beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis collaudare, benedicere et prædicare. Quæ et Unigenitum tuum Sancti Spiritus obumbratione concepit, et virginitatis gloria permanente, lumen æternum mundo effudit, Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Per quem majestatem tuam laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt Potestates; Cœli cœlorumque Virtutes, ac beata Seraphim, socia exsultatione concelebrant. Cum quibus et nostras voces ut admitti jubeas deprecamur, supplici confessione dicentes: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.

It is truly meet and just, right and available to salvation, that we should always and in all places give thanks to Thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God: and that we should praise, bless and glorify Thee on the Assumption of the blessed Mary ever a Virgin, who by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost conceived Thy only begotten Son, and the glory of her Virginity still remaining, brought forth to the world the Eternal Light, Jesus Christ our Lord. By whom the angels praise Thy majesty, the Dominations adore it, the Powers tremble before it; the heavens and the heavenly Virtues, and the blessed Seraphim with common jubilee glorify it. Together with whom we beseech Thee that we may be admitted to join our humble voices, saying: *Holy! Holy! Holy!*

If you loved Me, said our Lord to His disciples when about to leave them, *you would indeed be glad because I go to the Father.* Let us who love our Lady be glad because she goes to her Son, and as we sing in the Communion anthem, the better part is hers for ever.

COMMUNION

Optimam partem elegit sibi Maria: quæ non auferetur ab ea in æternum.

Mary hath chosen for herself the best part: which shall not be taken from her for ever.

The sacred Bread, for which we are indebted to Mary, remains always with us. May it, through her intercession, preserve us from all evils !

POSTCOMMUNION

Mensæ cœlestis participes effecti, imploramus clementiam tuam, Domine Deus noster; ut, qui Assumptionem Dei Genitricis colimus, a cunctis malis imminentibus, ejus intercessione liberemur. Per eumdem.

Having been made partakers of a heavenly banquet, we implore Thy mercy, O Lord our God: that we who celebrate the Assumption of the Mother of God, may by her intercession be delivered from all threatening evils. Through the same Lord, etc.

SECOND VESPERS

The antiphons, psalms, capitulum, hymn, and versicle are the same as at First Vespers, *page* 360.

ANTIPHON OF THE MAGNIFICAT

Hodie Maria Virgo cœlos ascendit: gaudete, quia cum Christo regnat in æternum.

This day the Virgin Mary went up to heaven: rejoice that she reigneth for ever with Christ.

In all the churches of France there takes place to-day the solemn procession which was instituted in memory of the vow whereby Louis XIII dedicated the most Christian Kingdom to the Blessed Virgin.

By letters given at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, February 10, 1638, the pious king consecrated to Mary his person, his kingdom, his crown, and his people. Then he continued: 'We command the Archbishop of Paris to make a commemoration every year, on the Feast of the Assumption, of this decree at the High Mass in his cathedral; and after Vespers on the said day let there be a procession in the said church, at which the royal associations and the corporation shall assist, with the same ceremonies as in the most solemn processions.

We wish the same to be done also in all churches, whether parochial or monastic, in the said town and its suburbs, and in all the towns, hamlets, and villages of the said diocese of Paris. Moreover, we exhort and command all the archbishops and bishops of our kingdom to have Mass solemnly celebrated in their cathedrals and in all churches in their dioceses; and we wish the Parliaments and other royal associations and the principal municipal officers to be present at the ceremony. We exhort the said archbishops and bishops to admonish all our people to have a special devotion to the holy Virgin, and on this day to implore her protection, so that our Kingdom may be guarded by so powerful a patroness from all attacks of its enemies, and may enjoy good and lasting peace; and that God may be so well served and honoured therein, that both we and our subjects may be enabled happily to attain the end for which we were created; for such is our pleasure!'

Thus was France again proclaimed Mary's kingdom. Within a month after the first celebration of the feast, according to the royal prescriptions, the Queen, after twenty years' barrenness, gave birth on September 5, 1638, to Louis XIV. This prince also consecrated his crown and sceptre to Mary. The Assumption, then, will always be the national feast of France, except for those of her sons who celebrate the anniversaries of revolutions and assassinations.

The following are the special prayers said every year, until the fall of the monarchy, in fulfilment of the vow of Louis XIII. We give the original text of the Collect:

ANTIPHON

Sub tuum præsidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix: nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God! despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and Blessed Virgin.

℣. Deus judicium tuum regi da, et justitiam tuam filio regis.

℟. Judicare populum tuum in justitia, et pauperes tuos in judicio.

℣. Give to the king Thy judgment, O God; and to the king's son Thy justice.

℟. To judge Thy people with justice: and Thy poor with judgment.

PRAYER

Deus, regum et regnorum rex, moderator et custos, qui Unigenitum Filium tuum, Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ filium, et ei subjectum esse voluisti, famuli tui christianissimi Francorum regis, fidelis populi et totius regni sui vota, secundo favore prosequere, et qui ejusdem se Virginis imperio mancipant, et ipsius servituti devota sponsione consecrant, perennis in vita tranquillitatis ac pacis et æternæ libertatis in cœlo præmia consequantur. Per eumdem.

O God of kings and of kingdoms, the King and Guide and Protector, who didst will Thy only begotten Son to be the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to be subject to her; graciously regard the prayers of Thy servant the most Christian king of the Franks, of his faithful people, and of all his kingdom. They have put themselves under the rule of that Blessed Virgin and consecrated themselves by vow to her service. May they obtain in reward perpetual tranquillity and peace in this life and everlasting liberty in heaven.

We must not forget that Hungary was similarly consecrated to the holy Mother of God by its first king, St. Stephen. From that time the Hungarians called the Feast of the Assumption the ' Day of the great Queen,' *Dies magnæ Dominæ*. Our Lady recompensed the piety of the *apostolic* king by calling him, on August 15, 1038, to exchange his earthly for a heavenly crown; we shall find his feast in the cycle on September 2.

In the sixteenth century the Lutherans in several places continued to celebrate the Assumption of our Lady, even after they had apostatized, because the people would not give up the feast. Many of the churches of Germany, as we learn from their breviaries and missals, were accustomed to celebrate Mary's triumph for thirty days by canticles and assemblies.

Let us offer to Mary a garland of liturgical pieces on this day of her triumph. We could find nothing better to commence with than these beautiful and fragrant flowers produced by Gaul in early times. They are taken from the Mass of January 16, in which our forefathers celebrated both the Maternity and the triumph of our Lady.

MISSA IN ADSUMPTIONE S. M. M. D. N.

Generosæ diei Dominicæ Genitricis inexplicabile Sacramentum, tanto magis præconabile, quantum est inter homines Assumptione Virginis singulare. Apud quem vitæ integritas obtinuit Filium; et mors non invenit par exemplum. Nec minus ingerens stuporem de transitu, quam exultatione ferens unico beata de partu. Non solum mirabilis pignore, quod fide concepit; sed translatione prædicabilis, qua migravit. Speciali tripudio, affectu multimodo, fideli voto, fratres dilectissimi, corde deprecemur attento: ut ejus adjuti muniamur suffragio; quæ fœcunda Virgo, beata de partu, clara de merito, felix prædicatur abscessu: obsecrantes misericordiam Redemptoris nostri: ut circumstantem plebem illuc dignetur introducere; quo Beatam Matrem Mariam, famulantibus Apostolis, transtulit ad honorem. Quod ipse præstare dignetur qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivit et regnat Deus in sæcula.

Ineffable is the mystery of this glorious day sacred to the Mother of our Lord; yet it is meet that we praise it exceedingly, for it has been made singularly honourable by the Assumption of the Virgin. In this mystery we see virginity bearing a Son, and a death that never found its like. Her passing away was no less wonderful than her child-bearing had been joyful. Admirable in conceiving her Son by her faith, she was admirable also in her passage to God. With special joy and increased love, with faithful prayer and attentive heart, let us, beloved brethren, call upon Mary: that we may be aided and protected by her intercession, while we proclaim her a fruitful Virgin and a happy Mother, glorious in merits, and blessed in her death. Let us beseech our merciful Redeemer to deign to lead the people here present to the heaven whereunto He gloriously assumed His blessed Mother Mary, while the Apostles stood around her. May He deign to grant us this grace who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth God for ever and ever.

COLLECTIO POST NOMINA

Habitatorem Virginalis hospitii, Sponsum beati thalami, Dominum tabernaculi, Regem Templi, qui eam innocentiam contulit Genitrici, qua dignaretur incarnata Deitas generari: quæ nihil sæculi conscia, tantum precibus mens attenta, tenuit puritatem in moribus, quam perceperat Angeli benedictione, visceribus: nec per Assumptionem de morte sensit inluviem: quæ vitæ portavit Auctorem: fratres karissimi, fusis precibus Dominum imploremus: ut ejus indulgentia illuc defuncti liberentur a tartaro; quo Beatæ Virginis translatum corpus est de sepulchro. Quod ipse præstare dignetur qui in Trinitate perfecta vivit.

Let us beseech the divine Guest of the Virgin's womb, the Spouse of the sacred nuptial chamber, the Lord of the Tabernacle, the King of the Temple, who bestowed such innocence upon His Mother that His Deity deigned to take flesh and be born of her. She knew nothing of the world; and with her mind fixed upon prayer, she showed forth in her manners that purity which she had conceived at the angel's greeting; and by her Assumption she was preserved from the corruption of death, she who had borne the Author of life. Yea, dearly beloved brethren, let us earnestly beseech our Lord, that in His mercy He would save the souls of the dead from hell and bring them to that place whither the body of the Blessed Virgin was translated. May He deign to hear our prayer who liveth in perfect Trinity.

CONTESTATIO

Dignum et justum est, omnipotens Deus, nos tibi magnas merito gratias agere, tempore celeberrimo, die præ cæteris honorando. Quo fidelis Israhel egressus est de Ægypto. Quo Virgo Dei Genitrix de mundo migravit ad Christum. Quæ nec de corruptione suscepit contagium; nec resolutionem pertulit in sepulchro, pollutione libera, germine gloriosa, assumptione secura, Paradiso dote prælata, nesciens damna de coitu, sumens vota de fructu, non subdita dolori per partum, non labori per transitum, nec vita voluntate,

It is right and just, O Almighty God, that we duly give Thee great thanks at this glorious season, on this most venerable day, whereon the faithful Israel came forth from Egypt; whereon the Virgin Mother of God passed from this world to Christ. She knew no corruption in life, no dissolution in the tomb; for she was free from all stain of sin, glorious by her divine Offspring; and being set free by her Assumption, she was made Queen of Paradise for her dower. Ever a spotless Virgin, she was filled with joy

nec funus solvitur vi naturæ. Speciosus thalamus, de quo dignus prodit Sponsus, lux gentium, spes fidelium, prædo dæmonum, confusio Judæorum: vasculum vitæ; tabernaculum gloriæ, templum cœleste: cujus juvenculæ melius prædicantur merita; cum veteris Evæ conferuntur exempla.

by the fruit of her womb. She knew no pain in childbirth, no sorrow in death. Her life and her death were above the laws of nature. She was the loveliest of bridal chambers whence came forth the noblest of bridegrooms, He who is the light of the nations, the hope of the faithful, the spoiler of the demons, and the shame of the Jews. She was a vessel of light, a tabernacle of glory, a heavenly temple. Now, the better to proclaim the merits of this Virgin, let us compare her life with that of the first Eve.

Siquidem ista mundo vitam protulit; illa legem mortis invexit. Illa prævaricando, nos perdidit; ista generando, salvavit. Illa nos pomo arboris in ipsa radice percussit; ex hujus virga flos exiit, qui nos odore reficeret, fruge curaret. Illa maledictione in dolore gebnerat: ista benedictionem in salute confirmat. Illius perfidia serpenti consensit, conjugem decepit, prolem damnavit; hujus obedientia Patrem conciliavit, Filium meruit, posteritatem absolvit. Illa amaritudinem pomi suco propinat; ista perennem dulcedinem Nati fonte desudat. Illa acerbo gustu natorum dentes deterruit; hæc suavissimi panis blandimenti cibo formavit: cui nullus deperet, nisi qui de hoc pane saturare fauce fastidit. Sed jam veteres gemitus in gaudia nova vertamus.

Mary brought forth life for the world, and Eve brought upon it the law of death. She by her sin ruined us, Mary by her divine Child saved us. Eve poisoned our very root by the fruit of the tree; Mary is the branch whence springs the flower that refreshed us with its fragrance and healed us by its fruit. Under the curse Eve brings forth her children in sorrow, Mary gives us blessing and salvation. Faithless Eve yielded to the serpent, deceived her husband, and ruined her children; Mary by her obedience appeased the Father's wrath, merited to have God for her Son, and saved her posterity. Eve gave us to drink the juice of a bitter fruit, Mary pours upon us unending sweetness from its fountain-head, her Son. Eve's bitter apple set her children's teeth on edge, our Lady has made us the sweetest bread for our food; near her none can perish unless he disdain to feast upon this bread. But let us turn from mourning past evils to our present joy.

Ad te ergo revertimur Virgo fœta, Mater intacta, nesciens virum, puerpera, honorata per Filium non polluta. Felix, per quam nobis inspirata gaudia successerunt. Cujus sicut gratulati sumus ortu, tripudiavimus partu; ita glorificamur in transitum. Parum fortasse fuerat si te Christus solo sanctificasset introitu; nisi etiam talem Matrem adornasset egressu. Recte ab ipso suscepta es in Assumptione feliciter; quem pie suscepisti conceptura per fidem: ut quæ terræ non eras conscia, non teneret rupes inclusa.

To thee, then, we return, O fruitful Virgin, spotless Mother, Maiden not knowing man, ennobled not polluted by thy Son. O happy one! the joy thou didst conceive thou hast transmitted to us. We were glad at thy birth, we exulted at thy pure delivery, and in like manner we glory in thy passing. It were a small thing that Christ sanctified thee at thine entrance into the world, had he not also honoured thee, O worthy Mother, at thy departure hence. Justly then did thy Son joyfully receive thee in thy Assumption, for thou didst lovingly receive Him when thou didst conceive Him by faith. Thou knewest nought of earth's bonds, how could that rocky tomb hold thee prisoner?

Vere diversis insolis anima redempta: cui Apostoli sacrum reddunt obsequium, angeli cantum, Christus amplexum, nubis vehiculum, Assumptio Paradisum, inter choros Virginum gloria principatum. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Cui Angeli atque Archangeli.

O soul redeemed amidst unwonted marvels! The Apostles pay thee the last sacred duties; the angels sing thy praises; Christ welcomes thee with His embrace; a cloud is thy chariot; thou art assumed into Paradise, there to reign in glory as Queen of the choirs of Virgins. Through Christ our Lord, to whom the angels and archangels, etc.

In the Ambrosian Liturgy the preface for the Mass of the Vigil is composed of the very same words as the Roman Collect said in the great procession described above. We will borrow the two following antiphons from the Mass of the day:

CONFRACTORIUM

Lætare Virgo, Mater Christi, stans a dextris ejus in ves-

Rejoice, O Virgin, Mother of Christ, standing at His right

titu deaurato, circumamicta jucunditate.

hand in a vesture of gold, surrounded with delights.

TRANSITORIUM

Magnificamus te, Dei Genitrix; quia ex te natus est Christus, salvans omnes, qui te glorificant. Sancta Domina, Dei Genitrix, sanctificationes tuas transmitte nobis.

We extol thee, O Mother of God; for from thee was born Christ, saving all who glorify thee. O holy Lady, Mother of God, give unto us thy sanctifying graces.

The Mozarabic Liturgy gives us these pieces from the Vespers of the feast:

LAUDA

Virgo Israel, ornare tympanis tuis.

℟. Et egredere in choro psallentium.

℣. Beata es Regina, quæ prospicis quasi lumen.

℟. Et egredere.

Dominus sit semper vobiscum.

℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.

O Virgin of Israel, be ready with thy timbrels.

℟. And go forth with a choir of singers.

℣. Blessed art thou, O Queen, who risest as the light.

℟. And go forth.

May the Lord be ever with you.

℟. And with thy spirit.

SONO

Dominus Deus cœli benedicat tibi: honor regni David in manu tua.

℟. Et adorabunt coram te filii multarum gentium. Alleluia.

℣. Audi, filia Sion, quia exaltata es, et facies tua fulget in templo Dei: Sol justitiæ ingressu tuo orietur.

℟. Et adorabunt.

Dominus sit.

℟. Et cum.

May the Lord God of heaven bless thee: the honour of David's kingdom is in thy hands.

℟. And the sons of many nations shall adore before thee. Alleluia.

℣. Hearken, O daughter of Sion, for thou art exalted, and thy countenance shineth in the temple of God: the Sun of Justice riseth up at thine entrance.

℟. And the sons.

May the Lord.

℟. And with.

ANTIPHONA

Benedicta tu Deo altissimo, præ omnibus mulieribus.

℟. Propter hoc non discedet laus tua ab ore hominum usque in sæculum.

℣. Non det in commotionem pedem tuum: neque dormiet qui custodit te.

℟. Propter.

℣. Gloria et honor Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

℟. Propter.
Dominus sit.
℟. Et cum.

Blessed art thou by the Most High God above all women.

℟. Wherefore thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of men for ever.

℣. He shall not suffer thy foot to be moved, neither shall He slumber that keepeth thee.

℟. Wherefore.

℣. Glory and honour be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

℟. Wherefore.
May the Lord.
℟. And with.

LAUDA

Rami mei rami honoris et gratiæ. Alleluia.

℟. Ego quasi vitis fructificavi suavitatem odoris. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

℣. Ego autem, sicut oliva fructifera in domo Domini, sperabo in misericordia Dei mei in æternum, et in sæculum sæculi.

℟. Ego quasi.

℣. Gloria et honor Patri.

℟. Ego quasi.

My branches are branches of honour and grace. Alleluia.

℟. As the wine I have brought forth a pleasant odour. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

℣. But I, as a fruitful olive-tree in the house of the Lord, will hope in the mercy of my God for ever, yea, for ever and ever.

℟. As the vine.

℣. Glory and honour be to the Father.

℟. As the vine.

ORATIO

Hæc est, Domine Deus, gloriosa illa Virgo Maria, quæ hodie a convalle lachrymarum et mundi deserto cognoscitur superassumi incumbens super dilectum Unigenitum tuum, Filiumque suum loco videlicet inenarrabili: cujus vero quasi

Behold, O Lord God, the glorious Virgin Mary, who from the valley of tears and the desert of this world is known to have been taken up this day, leaning upon her Beloved, thine only begotten Son and her Son, even to an unspeak-

signaculum et monile detegitur pretiosum, dum unius naturæ illud corpus confitemur Dominicum istius inlibatæ genitricis a Divinitate assumptum. Proinde quæsumus, ineffabilis summe Deus, ut illic extendatur nostra intentio, quo per fortem dilectionem hodie præcessit digna suffragatrix pro nobis ac beatissima Virgo.

℟. Amen.

Per misericordiam tuam, Deus noster, qui es benedictus, et vivis, et omnia regis in sæcula sæculorum.

℟. Amen.

able height. We show, as it were, her special seal and most precious jewel, when we confess the unity of nature between the Immaculate Mother and the human Body taken of her by the Divinity. Therefore we beseech Thee, O ineffable, Most High God, that thither all our energy may turn, whither on this day precedes us in her mighty love, our worthy advocate, the most Blessed Virgin.

℟. Amen.

Through Thy mercy, O our God, who art blessed, who livest and rulest all things for ever and ever.

Amen.

The Greeks offer us this graceful composition, the first eight stanzas of which are set to the eight musical tones, while the ninth returns to the first, thus making all the modes sing the triumph of Mary.[1]

IN OFFICIO VESPERTINO

Divinæ majestatis nutu, undecumque deiferi apostoli nubium sublati culmine,

Ad metam ubi pervenerunt, immaculatum vas tuum, vitæ principium, summa veneratione salutarunt.

At illæ sublimissimæ cœlorum potestates, cum suo Domino accedentes, Dei capax et illibatum corpus occursu honorabant, tremore corripiebantur, tum ad supernas sedes procedebant.

By the will of the Divine Majesty, the God-bearing Apostles were taken up from all parts and borne upon the clouds;

Having reached their destination, they salute with deepest veneration thy immaculate body.

But the most high powers of heaven, coming with their Lord, honoured with their company the spotless body which had held God; they were seized with trembling as they returned to the heavenly mansions.

[1] J. B. Pitra, Analecta Spicilegio Solesmensi, parata I. lxx. ex Anthologio.

Et arcana voce clamabant superioribus agminum ducibus: Ecce universi mundi regina, mater Dei accedit.

With mysterious voice they cried to the chiefs of the heavenly hosts: Behold the Queen of the universe, the Mother of God approaches.

Tollite portas, inque superna recipite eam, lucis uti perpetuæ matrem.

Lift up your gates and receive her into the highest places, as the Mother of eternal light.

Per ipsam enim mortalium omnium salus facta est, in quam dirigere oculos non possumus.

The salvation of all mankind was wrought through her, upon whom we cannot fix our gaze.

Ipsi namque dari dignum præmium nequit; ejus enim præstantia omnem superat cogitatum.

No condign honour can be given to her, for her excellence surpasses all thought.

Idciro intemerata Deipara, semper cum vivifico rege et filio vivens, intercede continuo, ut circummunias et salves ab omni inimico impetu juventutem tuam. In te enim tutelam possidemus.

Wherefore, O Immaculate Mother of God, ever living with the King of life, thy Son, intercede for us unceasingly, so as to protect and save from every attack of the enemy the youth who are thine, for in thee we have our defence.

Te per sæcula in splendoribus, beatam dicentes.

Thee we proclaim blessed in the eternal splendours.

Let us now gather from the Chaldean chants:

IN ASSUMPTIONE V. MARIÆ

Matrem Domini angelorum hominumque labia hominis laudare non sufficiunt, quam nec homines plane mente assequuntur, nec angeli sat perspiciunt:

The lips of man are not worthy to praise the Mother of the Lord of angels and of men, for neither can men understand her, nor angels know her sufficiently:

Mirandam in vita mortali, stupendam in morte vitali.

Admirable in her mortal life, marvellous in her life-giving death, living she was dead to the world, dying she raised the dead to life.

Vivens mundo mortua fuit, moriens mortuos exsuscitavit.

Ad ipsam apostoli properant e longinquis, angeli descendunt e superis, honoris causa debiti.

The apostles hasten to her from distant lands, the angels descend from on high, to pay her honour due.

Virtutes invicem cohortantur, Principatus ut flammeæ nubes exspatiantur, lætantur Dominationes, Potestates tripudiant.

Throni laudem ingeminant; Seraphim clamantibus: Beatum o corpus gloriæ; dum Cherubim illam cantibus extollunt inter ipsos procedentem.

Æthera, nubes, ipsi se submittunt; tonitrua plaudunt, collaudantia Filium; pluvia et ros uberibus ejus æmulantur:

Siquidem virentia pascunt, hæc autem virentium Dominum enutrivit.

The Virtues animate each other, the Principalities come forward like flaming clouds, the Dominations rejoice, the Powers exult.

The Thrones redouble their praise: while the Seraphim cry out: O blessed and glorious body; and the Cherubim extol her with their songs, as she passes through their midst.

The sky and the clouds bend down before her; the thunder claps, praising her Son; the rain and the dew envy her breasts: for they indeed nourish the plants, but she fed the Lord of the plants.

Ralph of Tongres, who wrote in the fourteenth century *of the observance of the canons in the Offices of the Church*, points out the following hymn as used in his time for to-day's feast:[1]

HYMN

O quam glorifica luce coruscas,
Stirpis Davidicæ regia proles:
Sublimis residens Virgo Maria,
Supra cœligenas ætheris omnes.

Oh, with what glorious light thou dost shine, royal daughter of David's race: seated on high, O Virgin Mary, above all the dwellers in heaven.

Tu cum virgineo mater honore,
Angelorum Domino pectoris aulam
Sacris visceribus casta parasti;
Natus hinc Deus est corpore Christus.

Thou with thy virginal honour art Mother; a home in thy heart for the Lord of the angels, thou, pure one, didst prepare in thy sacred womb; the Christ born of thee is God in the flesh.

Quem cunctus venerans orbis adorat,
Cui nunc rite genu flectitur omne:
A quo te, petimus, subveniente,
Abjectis tenebris, gaudia lucis.

'Tis He whom the whole world doth trembling adore, He before whom each knee rightly bends; from Him we implore, by thy intercession, the dispelling of darkness, the joys of light.

[1] Radulph. De canon. observ., Prop. xiii.

Hoc largire, Pater luminis omnis,
Natum per proprium, Flamine sacro:
Qui tecum nitida vivit in æthra,
Regnans, ac moderans sæcula cuncta.
Amen.

This do Thou grant, O Father of light, through Thine own Son, in the Holy Spirit: who liveth with Thee in the glittering heavens, reigning and governing all the ages.
Amen.

Let us conclude with this sweet Sequence:

SEQUENCE

Affluens deliciis,
David regis filia,
Sponsi fertur brachiis
Ad cœli sedilia:
Et amica properat
Sponsum, quo abierat,
Quærens inter lilia.

Flowing with delights the daughter of King David is borne in the Bridegroom's arms to the heavenly thrones; the beloved hastens, seeking the Spouse among the lilies whither He had gone.

Hodie cubiculum
Regis Hester suscipit,
Sedare periculum,
Quod hostilis efficit
Aman instans fraudibus,
Peccati rudentibus
Mundo mortem conficit.

To-day the chamber of the King opens to Esther seeking to avert the danger brought about by her enemy Aman, eager with his deceits, who prepares death for the world with the ropes of sin.

Per cœli palatia
Cuncta transit ostia
Intra regis atria,
Ubi sceptrum aureum,
Christum, os virgineum
Osculatur hodie,
Ut sit pax Ecclesiæ.

She traverses the mansions of heaven, passing through all the doors, into the court of the King: there to-day her virginal mouth kisses the golden sceptre Christ, that peace may be given to the Church.

Vox Rachelis in Rama
Hic auditur: sed drama
Tibi dulce canitur,
Ubi te amplectitur
Sponsus, et alloquitur,
Quo beata frueris
Plusquam cunctis superis.

Here in Rama the voice of Rachel is heard: there sweet music is sung to thee, where the Spouse embraces thee and converses with thee; the Spouse whom thou, O blessed one, enjoyest more than all the heavenly citizens.

Te transmittit hodie
Tellus cœli curiæ,
David regis Thecuitem,
Helisæi Sunamitem,
Ut fugati revocemur,
Et prostrati suscitemur
Ad æterna gaudia,
Ubi es in gloria.
Amen.

To-day our earth sends thee to the heavenly court, as the wise woman of Thecua to King David, as the Sunamitess to Eliseus, that we exiles may be called home, we who are cast down may be raised up even to the eternal joys, where thou art in glory.
Amen.

Thou didst taste death, O Mary! But that death, like the sleep of Adam at the world's beginning, was but an ecstasy leading the Bride into the Bridegroom's presence. As the sleep of the new Adam on the great day of salvation, it called for the awakening of resurrection. In Jesus Christ our entire nature, soul and body, was already reigning in heaven; but as in the first paradise, so in the presence of the Holy Trinity, it *was not good for man to be alone*.[1] To-day at the right hand of Jesus appears the new Eve, in all things like to her Divine Head, in His vesture of glorified flesh: henceforth nothing is wanting in the eternal paradise.

O Mary, who, according to the expression of thy devout servant John Damascene, hast made death blessed and happy,[2] detach us from this world, where nothing ought now to have a hold on us. We have accompanied thee in desire; we have followed thee with the eyes of our soul, as far as the limits of our mortality allowed; and now, can we ever again turn our eyes upon this world of darkness? O Blessed Virgin, in order to sanctify our exile and help us to rejoin thee, bring to our aid the virtues whereby, as on wings, thou didst soar to so sublime a height. In us, too, they must reign; in us they must crush the head of the wicked serpent, that one day they may triumph in us. O day of days, when we shall behold not only our Redeemer, but also the Queen who stands so close to the Sun of Justice as even to be clothed therewith, eclipsing with her brightness all the splendours of the saints!

[1] Gen ii. 18. [2] Joan. Damasc. in Dormit. B.M.V., Homil. i.

The Church, it is true, remains to us, O Mary, the Church who is also our Mother, and who continues thy struggle against the dragon with its seven hateful heads. But she, too, sighs for the time when the wings of an eagle will be given her, and she will be permitted to rise like thee from the desert and to reach her Spouse. Look upon her passing, like the moon, at thy feet, through her laborious phases; hear the supplications she addresses to thee as Mediatrix with the divine Sun; through thee may she receive light; through thee may she find favour with Him who loved thee, and clothed thee with glory and crowned thee with beauty.

August 16

SAINT JOACHIM

CONFESSOR, FATHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

FROM time immemorial the Greeks have celebrated the feast of St. Joachim on the day following our Lady's birthday. The Maronites kept it on the day after the Presentation in November, and the Armenians on the Tuesday after the Octave of the Assumption of the Mother of God. The Latins at first did not keep his feast. Later on it was admitted and celebrated sometimes on the day after the Octave of the Nativity, September 16, sometimes on the day following the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, December 9. Thus both East and West agreed in associating St. Joachim with his illustrious daughter when they wished to do him honour.

About the year 1510, Julius II placed the feast of the grandfather of the Messias upon the Roman Calendar with the rank of double major; and remembering that family, in which the ties of nature and of grace were in such perfect harmony, he fixed the solemnity on March 20, the day after that of his son-in-law, St. Joseph. The life of the glorious patriarch resembled those of the first fathers of the Hebrew people; and it seemed as though he were destined to imitate their wanderings also, by continually changing his place upon the sacred cycle.

Hardly fifty years after the Pontificate of Julius II the critical spirit of the day cast doubts upon the history of St. Joachim, and his name was erased from the Roman breviary. Gregory XV, however, re-established his feast in 1622 as a double, and the Church has since continued to celebrate it. Devotion to our Lady's father continuing to increase very much, the Holy See

was petitioned to make his feast a holiday of obligation, as it had already made that of his spouse, St. Anne. In order to satisfy the devotion of the people without increasing the number of days of obligation, Clement XII in 1738 transferred the feast of St. Joachim to the Sunday after the Assumption of his daughter, the Blessed Virgin, and restored to it the rank of double major.

On August 1, 1879, the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, who received the name of Joachim in baptism, raised both the feast of his glorious patron and that of St. Anne to the rank of doubles of the second class.

The following is an extract from the decree *Urbi et Orbi*, announcing this decision with regard to the said feasts: 'Ecclesiasticus teaches us that we ought to praise our fathers in their generation; what great honour and veneration ought we then to render to St. Joachim and St. Anne, who begot the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God, and are on that account more glorious than all others.'

'By your fruits are you known,' says St. John Damascene; 'you have given birth to a daughter who is greater than the angels and has become their Queen.'[1] Now since, through the divine mercy, in our unhappy times the honour and worship paid to the Blessed Virgin is increasing in proportion to the increasing needs of the Christian people, it is only right that the new glory which surrounds their blessed daughter should redound upon her happy parents. May this increase of devotion towards them cause the Church to experience still more their powerful protection.

MASS

Prayer is good with fasting and alms more than to lay up treasures of gold.[2] Far better than Tobias did Joachim experience the truth of the Archangel's word. Tradition says that he divided his income into three parts: the first for the Temple, the second for the poor,

[1] J. Damasc. Oratio I. de V.M. Nativit. [2] Tobias xii. 8.

and the third for his family. The Church, wishing to honour Mary's father, begins by praising this liberality, and also his justice which earned him such great glory.

INTROIT

Dispersit, dedit pauperibus: justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi: cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria.

Ps. Beatus vir qui timet Dominum: in mandatis ejus cupit nimis.

Gloria Patri. Dispersit.

He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor: his justice remaineth for ever and ever: his horn shall be exalted in glory.

Ps. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord: he delighteth exceedingly in His commandments.

Glory, etc. He hath.

Mother of God: such is the title which exalts Mary above all creatures; but Joachim, too, is ennobled by it; he alone can be called, for all eternity, *Grandfather of Jesus*. In heaven, even more than on earth, nobility and power go hand in hand. Let us, then, with the Church, become humble clients of one so great.

COLLECT

Deus, qui præ omnibus Sanctis tuis beatum Joachim Genitricis Filii tui patrem esse voluisti: concede, quæsumus; ut cujus festa veneramur, ejus quoque perpetuo patrocinia sentiamus. Per eumdem Dominum.

O God, who before all Thy saints wert pleased that blessed Joachim should be the father of her who bore Thy Son, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may ever experience his patronage, whose festival we venerate. Through the same Lord, etc.

EPISTLE

Lectio libri Sapientiæ.

Eccli. xxxi.

Beatus vir qui inventus est sine macula: et qui post aurum non abiit, nec speravit in pecunia et thesauris.

Lesson from the Book of Wisdom.

Eccli. xxxi.

Blessed is the man that is found without blemish, and that hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in money nor

Quis est hic, et laudabimus eum? Fecit enim mirabilia in vita sua. Qui probatus est in illo et perfectus est, erit illi gloria æterna: qui potuit transgredi, et non est transgressus: facere mala, et non fecit. Ideo stabilita sunt bona illius in Domino, et eleemosynas illius enarrabit omnis ecclesia sanctorum.

in treasures. Who is he, and we will praise him? For he hath done wonderful things in his life. Who hath been tried thereby, and made perfect, he shall have glory everlasting: he that could have transgressed, and hath not transgressed, and could do evil things, and hath not done them: therefore are his goods established in the Lord, and all the Church of the saints shall declare his alms.

Joachim's wealth, like that of the first patriarchs, consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The holy use he made of it drew down God's blessing upon it. But the greatest of all his desires heaven seemed to refuse him. His holy spouse Anne was barren. Amongst all the daughters of Israel expecting the Messias, there was no hope for her. One day the victims Joachim presented in the Temple were contemptuously rejected. Those were not the gifts the Lord of the Temple desired of him; later on, instead of lambs from his pastures, he was to present the mother of the Lamb of God, and His offering would not be rejected.

This day, however, he was filled with sorrow and fled away without returning to his wife. He hastened to the mountains where his flocks were at pasture; and living in a tent, he fasted continually, for he said: 'I will take no food till the Lord my God look mercifully upon me; prayer shall be my nourishment.'

Meanwhile Anne was mourning her widowhood and her barrenness. She prayed in her garden as Joachim was praying on the mountain.[1] Their prayers ascended at the same time to the Most High, and He granted them their request. An angel of the Lord appeared to each of them and bade them meet at the Golden Gate; and soon Anne could say: 'Now I know that the Lord hath

[1] Epiphan. Oratio de laudibus Virg.

greatly blessed me. For I was a widow and I am one no longer, and I was barren, and lo ! I have conceived !'[1]

The Gradual again proclaims the merit of almsgiving and the value God sets upon holiness of life. The descendants of Joachim shall be mighty and blessed in heaven and upon earth. May he deign to exert his influence with his all-holy daughter, and with his grandson Jesus, for our salvation.

GRADUAL

Dispersit, dedit pauperibus: justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

℣. Potens in terra erit semen ejus: generatio rectorum benedicetur.

Alleluia, alleluia.

℣. O Joachim, sanctæ conjux Annæ, pater almæ Virginis, hic famulis confer salutis opem. Alleluia.

He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor: his justice remaineth for ever and ever.

℣. His seed shall be mighty upon the earth: the generation of the mighty shall be blessed.

Alleluia, alleluia.

℣. O Joachim, spouse of holy Anne, father of the glorious Virgin, assist now thy servants unto salvation. Alleluia.

GOSPEL

Initium sancti Evangelii secundum Matthæum.

Cap. i.

Liber generationis Jesu Christi, filii David, filii Abraham. Abraham genuit Isaac. Isaac autem genuit Jacob. Jacob autem genuit Judam, et fratres ejus. Judas autem genuit Phares, et Zaram de Thamar. Phares autem genuit Esron. Esron autem genuit Aram. Aram autem genuit Aminadab. Aminadab autem genuit Naasson. Naasson autem genuit Salmon. Salmon autem genuit Booz de Rahab. Booz autem genuit Obed ex Ruth. Obed autem genuit Jesse. Jesse

The beginning of the Holy Gospel according to St. Matthew.

Ch. i.

The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham. Abraham begot Isaac; and Isaac begot Jacob; and Jacob begot Judas and his brethren; and Judas begot Phares and Zara of Thamar; and Phares begot Esron; and Esron begot Aram; and Aram begot Aminadab; and Aminadab begot Naasson; and Naasson begot Salmon; and Salmon begot Booz of Rahab; and Booz begot Obed of Ruth; and Obed begot Jesse; and Jesse begot

[1] Protevang. Jacobi.

autem genuit David regem. David autem rex genuit Salomonem, ex ea quæ fuit Uriæ. Salomon autem genuit Roboam. Roboam autem genuit Abiam. Abias autem genuit Asa. Asa autem genuit Josaphat. Josaphat autem genuit Oziam. Ozias autem genuit Joatham. Joatham autem genuit Achaz. Achaz autem genuit Ezechiam. Ezechias autem genuit Manassen. Manasses autem genuit Amon. Amon autem genuit Josiam. Josias autem genuit Jechoniam et fratres ejus in transmigratione Babylonis. Et post transmigrationem Babylonis: Jechonias genuit Salathiel. Salathiel autem genuit Zorobabel. Zorobabel autem genuit Abiud. Abiud autem genuit Eliacim. Eliacim autem genuit Azor. Azor autem genuit Sadoc. Sadoc autem genuit Achim. Achim autem genuit Eliud. Eliud autem genuit Eleazar. Eleazar autem genuit Mathan. Mathan autem genuit Jacob. Jacob autem genuit Joseph, virum Mariæ, de qua natus est Jesus, qui vocatur Christus.

David the king. And David the king begot Solomon, of her who had been the wife of Urias; and Solomon begot Roboam; and Roboam begot Abia; and Abia begot Asa; and Asa begot Josaphat; and Josaphat begot Joram; and Joram begot Ozias; and Ozias begot Joatham; and Joatham begot Achaz; and Achaz begot Ezechias; and Ezechias begot Manasses; and Manasses begot Amon; and Amon begot Josias: and Josias begot Jechonias and his brethren in the transmigration of Babylon. And after the transmigration of Babylon, Jechonias begot Salathiel; and Salathiel begot Zorobabel; and Zorobabel begot Abiud; and Abiud begot Eliacim; and Eliacim begot Azor; and Azor begot Sadoc; and Sadoc begot Achim; and Achim begot Eliud; and Eliud begot Eleazar; and Eleazar begot Mathan; and Mathan begot Jacob; and Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus; who is called Christ.

'Rejoice, O Joachim, for of thy daughter a Son is born to us,'[1] exclaims St. John Damascene. It is in this spirit the Church reads to us to-day the list of the royal ancestors of our Saviour. Joseph, the descendant of these illustrious princes, inherited their rights and passed them on to Jesus, who was his Son according to the Jewish law, though according to nature He was of the line of His Virgin Mother alone.

St. Luke, Mary's Evangelist, has preserved the names of the direct ancestors of the Mother of the Man-God,

[1] J. Damasc. Oratio I de V. M. Nativit. ex Isa. ix. 6.

springing from David in the person of Nathan, Solomon's brother. Joseph, the son of Jacob, according to St. Matthew, appears in St. Luke as son of Heli. The reason is, that by espousing Mary, the only daughter of Heli or Heliachim, that is Joachim, he became legally his son and heir.

This is the now generally received explanation of the two genealogies of Christ the Son of David. It is not surprising that Rome, the queen city who has become the Bride of the Son of man in the place of the repudiated Sion, prefers to use in her liturgy the genealogy which by its long line of royal ancestors emphasizes the kingship of the Spouse over Jerusalem. The name of Joachim, which signifies 'the preparation of the Lord,' is thus rendered more majestic, without losing aught of its mystical meaning.

He is himself crowned with wonderful glory. Jesus, his Grandson, gives him to share in His own authority over every creature. In the Offertory we celebrate St. Joachim's dignity and power.

OFFERTORY

Gloria et honore coronasti eum: et constituisti eum super opera manuum tuarum, Domine.	Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour: and hast set him over the works of thy hands, O Lord.

'Joachim, Anne and Mary,' says St. Epiphanius: 'what a sacrifice of praise was offered to the Blessed Trinity by this earthly trinity!' May their united intercession obtain for us the full effect of the sacrifice which is being prepared upon the altar in honour of the head of this noble family.

SECRET

Suscipe, clementissime Deus, sacrificium in honorem sancti patriarchæ Joachim patris Mariæ Virginis, majestati tuæ	Receive this sacrifice, O most merciful God, offered to Thy majesty in honour of the holy patriarch Joachim, the

oblatum: ut, ipso cum conjuge sua, et beatissima prole intercedente, perfectam consequi mereamur remissionem peccatorum, et gloriam sempiternam. Per Dominum.

father of the Virgin Mary; that by his intercession, with that of his spouse and most blessed offspring, we may deserve to obtain the entire remission of sins, and everlasting glory. Through, etc.

While enjoying the delights of the sacred mysteries, let us not forget that, if Mary gave us the Bread of Life, she herself came to us through Joachim. Let us confidently entrust to his prudent care the precious germ which we have just received, and which must now fructify in our souls.

COMMUNION

Fidelis servus et prudens, quem constituit Dominus super familiam suam, ut det illis in tempore tritici mensuram.

A faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord set over his family; to give them their measure of wheat in due season.

The sacraments produce of themselves the essential grace belonging to them; but we need the intercession of the saints to remove all obstacles to their full operation in our hearts. Such is the sense of the Postcommunion.

POSTCOMMUNION

Quæsumus, omnipotens Deus: ut, per hæc sacramenta, quæ sumpsimus, intercedentibus meritis et precibus beati Joachim, patris Genitricis dilecti Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi, tuæ gratiæ in futuro participes esse mereamur. Per eumdem.

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, that by these mysteries which we receive, the merits and prayers of blessed Joachim, father of her who bore Thy beloved Son our Lord Jesus Christ, interceding for us, we may be made worthy to be partakers of Thy grace in this life, and of eternal glory in the life to come. Through the same Lord, etc.

VESPERS

Yesterday at First Vespers the Church sang the praises of Joachim as 'a man glorious in his generation, unto whom the Lord gave the blessings of all nations, and upon whose head He confirmed His testament.'[1] The Second Vespers are taken from the Common of a Confessor not a Bishop, the Antiphons of which are so full of graceful simplicity. No more fitting words could be found wherewith to praise this just man *whose path*, as we read in the Book of Wisdom, was truly *as a brilliant light going forward and increasing even to perfect day*. He offered to the Lord in His temple the Virgin Mother who was to give our human nature to the Word. His life had no evening. It closed when his daughter's sanctity was attaining its zenith, and the father of the Immaculate Virgin went to carry hope to the souls of the just in limbo.

1. ANT. Domine, quinque talenta tradidisti mihi: ecce alia quinque superlucratus sum.

1. ANT. Lord, Thou gavest me five talents: behold I have gained five more.

Ps. Dixit Dominus, *page* 35.

2. ANT. Euge, serve bone, in modico fidelis, intra in gaudium Domini tui.

2. ANT. Well done, thou good servant, faithful in few things, enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Ps. Confitebor tibi, Domine, *page* 37.

3. ANT. Fidelis servus et prudens, quem constituit Dominus super familiam suam.

3. ANT. Faithful and prudent servant, whom his Lord hath placed over his family.

Ps. Beatus vir, *page* 38.

4. ANT. Beatus ille servus, quem cum venerit Dominus ejus, et pulsaverit januam, invenerit vigilantem.

4. ANT. Blessed is that servant, whom when his Lord shall come and knock at the gate, He shall find watching.

Ps. Laudate pueri, *page* 39.

[1] Ant. of Magnificat at 1st Vespers.

5. ANT. Serve bone et fidelis, intra in gaudium Domini tui.

5. ANT. Good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Ps. Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, *page* 305.

CAPITULUM

(*Eccli.* xxxi.).

Beatus vir, qui inventus est sine macula, et qui post aurum non abiit, nec speravit in pecunia et thesauris. Quis est hic, et laudabimus eum? fecit enim mirabilia in vita sua.

Blessed is the man that is found without blemish: and that hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in money nor in treasures. Who is he, and we will praise him? For he hath done wonderful things in his life.

HYMN[1]

Iste Confessor Domini colentes
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,
Hac die lætus meruit supremos
Laudis honores.

On this day the blessed confessor of the Lord, whom all nations throughout the world lovingly venerate, merited the highest honours of praise.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus.

Pious, prudent, humble, and chaste, he led a sober and spotless life, as long as quickening breath animated his frame.

[1] In the Monastic Breviary it is as follows:

R. *brev.* Os justi * Meditabitur sapientiam. Os justi.
V. Et lingua ejus loquetur judicium.
* Meditabitur. Gloria. Os justi.

Iste confessor Domini sacratus
Festa plebs cujus celebrat per orbem,
Hac die lætus meruit supremos
Laudis honores.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobrius, castus fuit et quietus,
Vita dum præsens vegetavit eius
Corporis artus.

Ad sacrum cujus tumulum frequenter
Membra languentum modo sanitati
Quolibet morbo fuerint gravata
Restituuntur.

Unde nunc noster chorus in honorem
Ipsius hymnum canit hunc libenter;
Ut piis ejus meritis juvemur
Omne per ævum.

Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui supra cœli residens cacumen,
Totius mundi machinam gubernat
Trinus et unus. Amen.

Cujus ob præstans meritum frequenter,
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituuntur.

Oft does it happen, through his eminent merit, that the languishing limbs of poor sufferers, overcoming the power of the disease, are restored to health.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas:
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per ævum.

Therefore does our choir devoutly sing his praise, telling his glorious victories: may we be evermore assisted by his benevolent prayers.

Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui super cœli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et unus.
Amen.

Salvation and honour and power be to Him who, seated glorious on His heavenly throne One and Three, ruleth the whole universe.
Amen.

℣. Potens in terra erit semen ejus.
℟. Generatio rectorum benedicetur.

℣. His seed shall be mighty upon earth.
℟. The generation of the righteous is blessed.

ANTIPHON OF THE MAGNIFICAT

Laudemus virum gloriosum in generatione sua, quia benedictionem omnium gentium dedit illi Dominus: et testamentum suum confirmavit super caput ejus.

Let us praise a man glorious in his generation, for the Lord gave him the blessing of all nations, and confirmed His covenant upon his head.

The Prayer is the Collect of the Mass, *page* 395.

The *Acts of the Saints* reproduce on March 20 this hymn from the ancient Roman Breviary, which will serve as a prayer to the father of Mary:

HYMN

O pater summæ, Joachim, puellæ
Quæ Deum clauso genuit pudore

O Joachim, father of the sovereign Maiden, who in all purity gave birth to God,

Promove nostras Domino querelas,
Castaque vota.

present to the Lord our petitions and our chaste desires.

Scis quot hic sævis agitemur undis,
Triste quos mundi mare defatigat:
Scis quot adnectat Satanas carove
Prælia nobis.

Thou knowest by what angry waves we are here tossed, whom the cruel sea of this world wearies out: thou knowest how many battles Satan and the flesh prepare for us.

Jam sacris junctus superum catervis,
Imo præcedens, potes omne, si vis:
Nil nepos Jesus merito negabit,
Nil tibi nata.

Now that thou art united to the holy companies in heaven, or rather art placed at their head, thou canst do all if thou wilt: for rightly neither Jesus thy Grandson nor Mary thy daughter can deny thee aught.

Fac tuo nobis veniam precatu
Donet et pacem Deitas beata:
Ut simul juncti resonemus illi
Dulciter hymnos.
Amen.

Obtain by thy prayer that our blessed God may give us pardon and peace: that united with thee we may sweetly sing canticles to Him.
Amen.

Father of Mary, we thank thee. All creation owes thee a debt of gratitude, since the Creator was pleased that thou shouldst give Him the Mother He had chosen for Himself.

Husband of holy Anne, thou showest us what would have been in paradise; thou seemest to have been reinstated in primeval innocence, in order to give birth to the Immaculate Virgin; sanctify Christian life, and elevate the standard of morals. Thou art the Grandfather of Jesus: let thy paternal love embrace all Christians who are His brethren. Holy Church honours thee more than ever in these days of trial; she knows how powerful thou art with the Eternal and Almighty Father, who made thee instrumental, through thy blessed daughter, in the temporal generation of his Eternal Son.

THE SAME DAY

SAINT ROCH

CONFESSOR

THREE years of famine, three months of defeats, three days of pestilence: the choice given to the guilty David between these three measures of expiation shows them to be equivalent before the justice of God. The terrible scourge, which makes more havoc in three days than would famine or a disastrous war in months and years, showed in the fourteenth century that it kept its sad pre-eminence; the Black Death covered the world with a mantle of mourning, and robbed it of a third of its inhabitants. Doubtless the world had never so well merited the terrible warning: the graces of sanctity poured in profusion on the preceding century had but checked for a while the defection of the nations; every embankment being now broken down, entrance was given to the irresistible tide of schism, reform, and revolution by which the world must die. Nevertheless God has mercy so long as life lasts; and while striking sinful mankind, He gave them at the same time the saint predestined to appease His vengeance.

At his birth he appeared marked with the cross. When a young man he distributed his goods to the poor, and, leaving his family and country, became a pilgrim for Christ's sake. Going to Italy to visit the sanctuaries, he there found the cities devastated by a terrible plague. Roch took up his abode among the dead and dying, burying the former, and healing the latter with the sign of the cross. Himself stricken with the evil, he hid himself so as to suffer alone; and a dog brought him food. When, cured by God, he returned to Montpellier, his native town, it was only to be there seized as a spy and thrown into prison, where he died after five years. Such are Thy dealings with Thy elect, O Wisdom of God! But no sooner was he dead than

prodigies burst forth, making known his origin and history, revealing the power he still enjoyed of delivering from pestilence those who had recourse to him.

The reputation of his influence, increased by fresh benefits at each visitation of plague, caused his cultus to become popular; hence, although the feast of St. Roch is not universal, this short notice was due to him. It will be completed by the following legend and prayer borrowed from the proper office *for certain places* in the supplement of the Roman Breviary:

Rochus in monte Pessulano natus, quanta in proximum caritate flagraret, tum maxime ostendit, cum sævissima peste longe lateque per Italiam grassante, patria relicta, Italicam peregrinationem suscepit, urbesque et oppida peragrans, seipsum in ægrotantium obsequium impendere, animamque suam pro fratribus ponere non dubitavit. Quod beati viri studium quam gratum Deo fuerit, miris sanationibus declaratum est. Complures enim pestilentia infectos e mortis periculo signo crucis eripuit, et integræ sanitati restituit. In patriam reversus, virtutibus et meritis dives, sanctissime obiit, ejusque obitum statim subsecuta est veneratio fidelium, quæ in Constantiensi deinde concilio magnum recepisse dicitur incrementum, cum ad propulsandam ingruentem luem Rochi imago solemni pompa, omni comitante populo, per eamdem civitatem, episcopis approbantibus, est delata. Itkque ejus cultus mirifice propagatus est in universo terrarum orbe, qui eumdem sibi apud Deum adversus contagio-

Roch was born at Montpellier. He showed his great love for his neighbour, when a cruel pestilence ravaged the length and breadth of Italy; leaving his native country he undertook a journey through Italy, and passing through the towns and villages, devoted himself to the service of the sick, not hesitating to lay down his life for his brethren. Miraculous cures bore witness how pleasing to God was the zeal of the holy man. For by the sign of the Cross he saved many who were in danger of death through the plague, and restored them to perfect health. He returned to his own country, and, rich in virtues and merits, died a most holy death. He was honoured by the veneration of the faithful immediately after his death. It is said their devotion was greatly increased at the Council of Constance, when, in order to avert the pestilence that threatened them, the image of St. Roch was, with the approbation of the bishops, carried solemnly through that town followed by the whole

sam luem patronum religioso studio adoptavit. Quibus accurate perpensis, Urbanus Octavus Pontifex Maximus, ut ejus dies festus iis in locis, in quibus forent ecclesiæ sancti Rochi nomine Deo dicatæ, Officio ecclesiastico celebraretur, indulsit.

people. Thus devotion to him has spread in a wonderful way through the whole world, and he has been piously declared the universal protector against contagious diseases. Having carefully considered all this, Pope Urban VIII allowed his feast to be celebrated with an ecclesiastical office in those places where there are churches dedicated to God under the invocation of St. Roch.

PRAYER

Populum tuum, quæsumus Domine, continua pietate custodi: et beati Rochi suffragantibus meritis, ab omni fac animæ et corporis contagione securum. Per Dominum.

We beseech thee, O Lord, protect Thy people in Thy unceasing goodness; and through the merits of blessed Roch, preserve them from every contagion of soul and body. Through.

August 17

SAINT HYACINTH

CONFESSOR

ONE of the loveliest lilies from the Dominican field to-day unfurls its petals at the foot of Mary's throne. Hyacinth represents on the sacred cycle that intrepid band of missionaries who, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, faced the barbarism of the Tartars and Mussulmans which was threatening the West. From the Alps to the northern frontiers of the Chinese Empire, from the islands of the Archipelago to the Arctic regions, he propagated his Order and spread the kingdom of God. On the steppes, where the schism of Constantinople disputed its conquests with the idolatrous invaders from the North, he was seen for forty years working prodigies, confounding heresy, dispelling the darkness of infidelity.

The consecration of martyrdom was not wanting to this, any more than to the first apostolate. Many were the admirable episodes where the angels seemed to smile upon the hard combats of their earthly brethren. In the convent founded by Hyacinth at Sandomir on the Vistula, forty-eight Friars Preachers were gathered together under the rule of blessed Sadoc. One day the lector of the Martyrology, announcing the feast of the morrow, read these words which appeared before his eyes in letters of gold: At Sandomir on the fourth of the Nones of June, the Passion of Forty-nine Martyrs. The astonished brethren soon understood this extraordinary announcement; in the joy of their souls they prepared to gather the palm, which was procured for them by an irruption of the Tartars on the very day mentioned. They were assembled in choir at the happy

moment, and whilst singing the *Salve Regina* they dyed with their blood the pavement of the church.

No executioner's sword was to close Hyacinth's glorious career. John, the beloved disciple, had had to remain on earth till the Lord should come; our saint waited for the Mother of his Lord to fetch him.

Neither labour nor the greatest sufferings, nor, above all, the most wonderful divine interventions were wanting to his beautiful life. Kieff, the holy city of the Russians, having for fifty years resisted his zeal, the Tartars, as avengers of God's justice, swept over it and sacked it. The universal devastation reached the very doors of the sanctuary where the man of God was just concluding the holy Sacrifice. Clothed as he was in the sacred vestments, he took in one hand the most holy Sacrament and in the other the statue of Mary, who asked him not to leave her to the barbarians; then, together with his brethren, he walked safe and sound through the very midst of the bloodthirsty pagans, along the streets all in flames, and lastly across the Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, whose waters, growing firm beneath his feet, retained the marks of his steps. Three centuries later, the witnesses examined for the process of canonization attested on oath that the prodigy still continued; the footprints always visible upon the water, from one bank to the other, were called by the surrounding inhabitants St. Hyacinth's Way.

The saint, continuing his miraculous retreat as far as Cracow, there laid down his precious burden in the convent of the Blessed Trinity. The statue of Mary, light as a reed while he was carrying it, now resumed its natural weight, which was so great that one man could not so much as move it. Beside this statue Hyacinth, after many more labours, would return to die. It was here that, at the beginning of his apostolic life, the Mother of God had appeared to him for the first time, saying: 'Have great courage and be joyful, my son Hyacinth! Whatsoever thou shalt ask in my name, shall be granted thee.' This happy interview took

place on the Vigil of the Assumption. The saint gathered from it the superhuman confidence of the thaumaturgus, which no difficulty could ever shake; but above all he retained from it the virginal fragrance which embalmed his whole life, and the light of supernatural beauty which made him the picture of his father Dominic.

Years passed away: heroic Poland, the privileged centre of Hyacinth's labours, was ready to play its part, under Mary's shield, as the bulwark of Christendom; at the price of what sacrifices we shall hear in October from a contemporary of our saint, St. Hedwiges, the blessed mother of the hero of Liegnitz. Meantime, like St. Stanislaus his predecessor in the labour, the son of St. Dominic came to Cracow, to breathe his last sigh and leave there the treasure of his sacred relics. Not on the Vigil this time, but on the very day of her triumph, August 15, 1257, in the church of the Most Holy Trinity, our Lady came down once more, with a brilliant escort of angels, and virgins forming her court. 'Oh! who art thou?' cried a holy soul who beheld all this in ecstasy. 'I,' answered Mary, 'am the Mother of mercy; and he whom I hold by the hand is brother Hyacinth, my devoted son, whom I am leading to the eternal nuptials.' Then our Lady intoned herself with her sweet voice: 'I will go to the mountain of Libanus,' and the angels and virgins continued the heavenly song with exquisite harmony, while the happy procession disappeared into the glory of heaven.

Let us read the notice of St. Hyacinth given by the liturgy. We shall there see that his above-mentioned passage over the Dnieper was not the only circumstance wherein he showed his power over the waves.

Hyacinthus Polonus, nobilibus et Christianis parentibus in Camiensi villa episcopatus Vratislaviensis natus est. A pueritia litteris instructus, post datam jurisprudentiæ et sacris

Hyacinth was a Pole and born of noble and Christian parents in the town of Camien of the diocese of Breslau. In his childhood he received a liberal education, and later he

litteris operam, inter canonicos Cracovienses ascitus, insigni morum pietate et summa eruditione ceteros antecelluit. Romæ in Prædicatorum ordinem ab ipso institutore sancto Dominico adscriptus, perfectam vivendi rationem, quam ab ipso didicerat, usque ad finem vitæ sanctissime retinuit. Virginitatem perpetuo coluit: modestiam, patientiam, humilitatem, abstinentiam, ceterasque virtutes, ut certum religiosæ vitæ patrimonium, adamavit.

studied law and Divinity. Having become a canon of the church of Cracow, he surpassed all his fellow-priests by his remarkable piety and learning. He was received at Rome into the Order of Preachers by the founder St. Dominic, and till the end of his life he observed in a most holy manner the mode of life he learnt from him. He remained always a virgin, and had a great love for modesty, patience, humility, abstinence and other virtues, which are the true inheritance of the religious life.

Caritate in Deum fervens, integras sæpe noctes fundendis precibus, castigandoque corpori insumens, nullum eidem levamentum, nisi lapidi innixus, sive humi cubans, adhibebat. Remissus in patriam, Frisaci primum in itinere amplissimum sui ordinis monasterium, mox Cracoviæ alterum erexit. Inde per alias Poloniæ regni provincias, aliis quatuor exædificatis, incredibile dictu est quantum verbi Dei prædicatione et vitæ innocentia apud omnes profecerit. Nullum diem prætermisit, quo non præclara aliqua fidei, pietatis atque innocentiæ argumenta præstiterit.

In his burning love for God he would spend whole nights in prayer and chastising his body. He would allow himself no rest except by leaning against a stone, or lying on the bare ground. He was sent back to his own country; but first of all on the way there, he founded a large house of his Order at Friesach, and then another at Cracow. Then in different provinces of Poland he built four other monasteries, and it seems incredible what an amount of good he did in all these places by preaching the Word of God and by the innocence of his life. Not a day passed but he gave some striking proof of his faith, his piety, and his innocence.

Sanctissimi viri studium erga proximorum salutem maximis Deus miraculis illustravit. Inter quæ illud insigne, quod Vandalum fluvium prope Visogradum aquis redundantem, nullo navigio usus, trajecit, sociis quoque expanso super undas pallio traductis. Ad-

God honoured the holy man's zeal for the good of his neighbour by very great miracles. The following is one of the most striking: he crossed without a boat the river Vistula, which had overflowed, near Wisgrade, and drew his companions also across on his cloak which he

mirabili vitæ genere ad quadraginta prope annos post professionem perducto, mortis die suis fratribus prænuntiato, ipso assumptæ Virginis festo, Horis Canonicis persolutis, sacramentis ecclesiasticis summa cum veneratione perceptis, iis verbis: In manus tuas Domine, spiritum Deo reddidit, anno salutis millesimo ducentesimo quinquagesimo septimo. Quem miraculis, etiam post obitum, illustrem, Clemens Papa Octavus in Sanctorum numerum retulit.

spread out over the water. After having persevered in his admirable manner of life for forty years after his profession, he foretold to his brethren the day of his death. On the feast of our Lady's Assumption in the year 1257, having finished the Canonical Hours, and received the sacraments of the Church with great devotion, saying these words: 'Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit,' he gave up his soul to God. He was illustrious for miracles in death as in life, and Pope Clement VIII numbered him among the saints.

Great was thy privilege, O Son of Dominic, to be so closely associated to Mary as to enter into thy glory on the very feast of her triumph. As thou occupiest so fair a place in the procession accompanying her to heaven, tell us of her greatness, her beauty, her love for us poor creatures, whom she desires to make sharers, like thee, in her bliss.

It is through her that thou wert so powerful in this thy exile, before being near her in happiness and glory. Long after Adalbert and Anschar, Cyril and Methodius, thou didst traverse once more the ungrateful North, where thorns and briars so quickly spring up again, where the people, whom the Church has with such labour delivered from the yoke of paganism, are continually letting themselves be caught in the meshes of schism and the snares of heresy. In his chosen domain the prince of darkness suffered fresh defeats, an immense multitude broke his chains, and the light of salvation shone further than any of thy predecessors had carried it. Poland, definitively won to the Church, became her rampart, until the days of treason which put an end to Christian Europe.

O Hyacinth, preserve the faith in the hearts of

this noble people. Obtain grace for the Northern regions, which thou didst warm with the fiery breath of thy word. Nothing thou askest of Mary will be refused, for the Mother of Mercy promised thee so. Keep up the apostolic zeal of thy illustrious Order. May the number of thy brethren be multiplied, for it is far below our present needs.

Akin to thy power over the waves, is another attributed to thee by the confidence of the faithful, and justified by many prodigies: viz., that of restoring life to the drowned. Many a time also have Christian mothers experienced thy miraculous power, in bringing to the saving font their little ones, whom a dangerous delivery threatened to deprive of baptism. Prove to thy devout clients that the goodness of God is ever the same, and the influence of His elect not lessened.

The Same Day

OCTAVE OF ST. LAURENCE

AT Christmas Stephen watched beside the crib, where the Infant God attracted our hearts; Laurence to-day escorts the Queen whose beauty outshines the heavens. It was fitting that a deacon should be present at both triumphs of love, shown at Bethlehem in the weakness of the Babe, and in heaven in the glory wherewith the Son delights to honour His Mother. During her pilgrimage through the desert of this world, the deacons are the guardians of the Bride, the Church, signified by the ancient tabernacle, wherein was the Ark of the Covenant, a figure of Mary.

'Beloved sons,' said the Pontiff to them on the day of their consecration, 'consider by how great a privilege, inheriting both the office and the name of the Levitical tribe, you surround the tabernacle of the testimony, which is the Church, to defend it against an untiring enemy. As your fathers carried the tabernacle,

so must you support the Church; adorn her by sanctity, strengthen her by the divine word, uphold her by the example of perfection. Levi signifies *set apart;* be you then separated from earthly desires; shine with the brightness of spotless purity, as beseems the tribe beloved of the Lord.'[1]

By this disengagement from earth which gives true liberty, the Church, who is free herself, whereas the Synagogue was a slave, clothes her deacons with a grace unknown to the Levites of old. It would be true to say of Laurence what was written of Stephen, that his face appeared as the face of an angel amongst men; from the brow of each shone the light of Wisdom who dwelt in them, and the Holy Ghost who spoke by them put a grace upon their lips. In blood not his own did the Levite of Sinai, raising his sword, consecrate his hands to Jehovah; the deacon, ever ready to give his own blood, manifests his power by a fidelity of love, not of servitude; keeps up his energy by righteousness and self-forgetfulness; and while his feet are on the earth, where he combats, his eyes are on heaven, to which he aspires, and his heart is given to the Church, who has entrusted herself to him.

With what devotedness he guards both her and her treasures; from the precious pearl of the Body of her spouse, to the jewels of the Mother, which are her poor and suffering children; from the purely spiritual riches springing from baptism and the word of God, to those material goods, the possession of which proves the Bride's right of citizenship here below. It were well to recall this lesson in our days: God willed that the greatest martyr of the holy City should win his crown by refusing to deliver up the revenues of the Church; and yet, under the circumstances, the confiscation of the treasure was legal, at least as far as an edict of Cæsar could legalize injustice. Laurence did not consider that this pretended legality authorized him to yield to the governor's demands; he had no answer but disdain

[1] Pontificale Rom. in Ordinat. Diacon.

for this man who knew not that the earth being the Lord's the Bride of the Lord is responsible to Him alone in the administration of His goods. Would he have acted differently if the State had then, as later, joined hypocrisy to tyranny, and tried to vindicate its spoliations by artful language, unknown to the straightforward highway robber? Where are now the State and the Cæsar of those days? It is no new thing for persecutors to end in shame; the imperial murderer of the great deacon had not long to wait; in less than two years, Valerian had become the footstool of Sapor, and afterwards his skin, dyed red, was hung from the roof of a Persian temple.

Laurence, meanwhile, has received more homage than was ever offered to king or Cæsar. What ancient Roman conqueror ever attained to his glory? Rome itself became his conquest: twenty-four sanctuaries dedicated to Christ in his name in the Eternal City eclipse all the imperial palaces. And throughout the world, how many important churches and monasteries rejoice in his powerful patronage. The New World imitates the Old, giving the name of St. Laurence to its towns and provinces, its islands, bays, rivers, capes, and mountains. But among all Christian kingdoms, his native Spain justly distinguishes itself in paying honour to the illustrious archdeacon; it celebrates the feast of his holy parents Orentius and Patience, who gave him birth in the territory of Huesca; and it consecrated to him the noblest monument of its grandest age, St. Laurence of the Escurial, at once a church, a monastery, and a palace, built in the form of a gigantic gridiron.

Let us close the Octave with the prayer addressed to him to-day by our common Mother: 'Raise up, O Lord, in Thy Church the spirit which was followed by the blessed Levite, Laurence; that we, being filled with it, may study to love what he loved, and in our works to practise what he taught.'

We have just quoted the Collect of the octave day; it is borrowed, together with the Introit and other

prayers of to-day, from the Mass which was anciently celebrated in the night of August 10. We take the opportunity of remarking that supernatural prodigies at various times have proved that this glorious night won for the martyr a special privilege of delivering souls from purgatory in virtue of his own fiery torture. It became the custom in Rome to pray for the dead in the basilica of St. Laurence *in agro Verano*, raised by the first Christian emperor over the martyr's tomb. The faithful of the Eternal City come to sleep their last sleep under its shadow, and within its walls Pius IX, of happy memory, willed to await his resurrection.

Notker gives us this fine Sequence, after which we will conclude with a prayer from the Leonine Sacramentary.

SEQUENCE

Laurenti, David magni martyr milesque fortis,

Tu imperatoris tribunal,
Tu manus tortorum cruentas,
Sprevisti, secutus desiderabilem atque manu fortem,

Qui solus potuit regna superare tyranni crudelis,

Cujusque sanctus sanguinis prodigos facit amor milites ejus,
Dummodo illum liceat cernere dispendio vitæ præsentis.

Cæsaris tu fasces contemnis et judicis minas derides.

Carnifex ungulas et ustor craticulam vane consumunt.

Dolet impius urbis præfectus, victus a pisce assato, Christi cibo.
Gaudet Domini conviva favo,

O Laurence, martyr and brave soldier of the great and true David,

The tribunal of the emperor,
The bloodstained hand of the executioners,
Are set at nought by thee, who followest the Desirable One, who is mighty at hand.

Who alone could overthrow the kingdom of the cruel tyrant,

And whose holy love maketh his soldiers prodigal of their blood,
Provided they may behold Him, at the price of the present life.

Thou despisest the fasces of Cæsar, and laughest to scorn the judge's threats.

In vain does the torturer use his iron hooks and the executioner his gridron.

The impious prefect of the city laments, overcome by the broiled fish, the food of Christ.
But the guest of the Lord

conresurgendi, cum ipso saturatus.

O Laurenti, militum David invictissime, regis æterni,

Apud illum servulis ipsius deprecare veniam semper,
Martyr milesque fortis.
Amen.

rejoices, feasting with Him on the honeycomb, the type of resurrection.[1]

O Laurence, most invincible of all the soldiers of the eternal king David,

Ever implore of Him pardon for His servants.
O brave martyr and soldier.
Amen.

PRAYER

Auge, quæsumus Domine, fidem populi tui, de sancti Laurentii Martyris festivitate conceptam; ut ad confessionem tui Nominis nullis properare terreamur adversis, sed tantæ virtutis intuitu potius incitemur. Per Dominum.

Increase, O Lord, we beseech Thee, the faith of Thy people gotten on the feast of the holy martyr Laurence; that we may by no adversities be terrified from hastening to confess Thy Name, but may rather be encouraged by the sight of such great valour. Through, etc.

[1] An allusion to the mysterious scene of Easter evening, when our risen Lord ate a piece of broiled fish and some honeycomb before His disciples, and gave them the remains.

August 18

FOURTH DAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASSUMPTION

IN the eternal decrees Mary was never separated from Jesus; together with Him, she was the type of all created beauty. When the Almighty Father prepared the heavens and the earth, His Son, who is His Wisdom, played before Him in His future humanity as first exemplar, as measure and number, as starting-point, centre, and summit of the work undertaken by the Spirit of Love; but at the same time the predestined Mother, the woman chosen to give to the Son of God from her own flesh His quality of Son of Man, appeared among mere creatures as the term of all excellence in the various orders of nature, of grace, and of glory. We need not, then, be astonished at the Church putting on Mary's lips the words first uttered by Eternal Wisdom: 'From the beginning and before the world was I created.'

The divine ideal was realized in her whole being, even in her body. To form out of nothing a reflection of the divine perfections is the purpose of creation and the law even of matter. Now, next to the face of the most beautiful of the sons of men, nothing on earth so well expressed God as the Virgin's countenance. St. Denis is said to have exclaimed on seeing our Lady for the first time: 'Had not faith revealed to me thy Son, I should have taken thee for God.' Whether it be authentic or not to place it in the mouth of the Areopagite,[1] this cry of the heart expresses the feeling of the ancients. We shall be the less surprised at this, if we remember that no son ever resembled his mother as Jesus did; it was the law of nature doubled in Him, since He had no earthly father. It is now the delight of the angels to behold in the glorified bodies of Jesus

[1] Ex pseudo-epistola Dionys. ad Paulum.

and Mary new aspects of eternal beauty, which their own immaterial substances could not reflect.

Now the unspeakable perfection of Mary's body sprang from the union of that body with the most perfect soul that ever was, excepting, of course, the soul of our Lord her Son. With us, the original Fall has broken the harmony that ought to exist between the two very different elements of our human being, and has generally displaced, and sometimes even destroyed, the proportions of nature and grace. It is very different where the divine work has not thus been vitiated from the beginning; so that in each blessed spirit of the nine choirs, the degree of grace is in direct relation to His gifts of nature.[1] Exemption from sin allowed the soul of the Immaculate One to *inform* the body of its own image with absolute sway, while the soul itself, lending itself to grace to the full extent of its exquisite powers, suffered God to raise it supernaturally above all the Seraphim, even to the steps of His own throne.

For in the kingdom of grace, as in that of nature, Mary's supereminence was such as became a Queen. At the first moment of her existence in the womb of St. Anne, she was set far above the highest mountains; and God, who loves only what He has made worthy of His love, loved this entrance, this gate of the true Sion, above all the tabernacles of Jacob. It was indeed impossible that the Word, who had chosen her for His Mother, should, even for an instant, love any creature more, as being more perfect. Throughout her life there was never in Mary the least want of correspondence with her preventing graces; so great perfection could not brook the least failing, the least interruption, the least delay. From the first moment of her most holy Conception till her glorious death, grace operated in her without hindrance, to the utmost of its divine power. Thus, starting from heights unknown to us, and doubling her speed at each stroke of her wings,

[1] Thom. Aquin., I^a P., qu. lxii., art. 6.

her powerful flight bore her up to that nearness to God, where our admiring contemplation follows her during these days.

Our Lady, moreover, is not only the first-born, the most perfect, the most holy, of creatures and their Queen—or rather she is all this, only because she is also the Mother of the Son of God. If we wish only to prove that she alone surpasses all the united subjects of her vast empire, we may compare her with men and with angels, in the order of nature and of grace. But all comparison is out of the question if we try to follow her to the inaccessible heights, where, still the handmaid of the Lord, she participates in the eternal relations which constitute the Blessed Trinity. What mode of divine charity is that whereby a creature loves God as her Son? But let us listen to the Bishop of Meaux, not the least of whose merits is to have understood as he did the greatness of Mary: 'To form the holy Virgin's love, it was necessary to mingle together all that is most tender in nature and most efficacious in grace. Nature had to be there, for it was love of a son; grace had to act, for it was love of a God. But what is beyond our imagination is that nature and grace were insufficient; for it is not in nature to have God for a son; and grace, at least ordinary grace, cannot love a son as God: we must therefore rise higher. Suffer me, O Christians, to raise my thoughts to-day beyond nature and grace, and to seek the source of this love in the very bosom of the Eternal Father. The divine Son, of whom Mary is Mother, belongs to her and to God. She is united with God the Father by becoming the Mother of His only begotten Son, who is common to her and the Eternal Father by the manner of His conception. But to make her capable of conceiving God, the Most High had to overshadow her with His own power—that is, to extend to her His own fecundity. In this way Mary is associated in the eternal generation. But this God, who willed to give her His Son, was obliged also, in order to complete His work, to place in her chaste bosom a spark

of the love He himself bears to His only Son, who is the splendour of His glory and the living image of His substance. Such is the origin of Mary's love: it springs from an effusion of God's heart into hers; and her love of her Son is given to her from the same source as her Son Himself. After this mysterious communication, what hast thou to say, O human reason? Canst thou pretend to understand the union of Mary with Jesus Christ? It has in it something of that perfect unity which exists between the Father and the Son. Do not attempt any more to explain that maternal love which springs from so high a source, and which is an overflow of the love of the Father for His only begotten Son.'[1]

Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, sends a representative to Mary's court to-day, in the person of its valiant and gentle martyr, Agapitus. By his youth and his fidelity, he reminds us of that other gracious athlete, the acolyte Tarcisius, whose victory, gained on August 15, is eclipsed by the glory of Mary's queenly triumph. During the persecution of Valerian, and just before the combats of Sixtus and Laurence, Tarcisius, carrying the body of our Lord, was met by some pagans, who tried to force him to show them what he had; but, pressing the heavenly treasure to his heart, he suffered himself to be crushed beneath their blows rather than 'deliver up to mad dogs the members of the Lord.'[2] Agapitus, at fifteen years of age, suffered cruel tortures under Aurelian. Though so young he may have seen the disgraceful end of Valerian; while the new edict, which enabled him to follow Tarcisius to Mary's feet, had scarcely been promulgated throughout the empire, when Aurelian, in his turn, was cast down by Christ, from whom alone kings and emperors hold their crowns.

PRAYER

Lætetur Ecclesia tua, Deus, beati Agapiti Martyris tui confisa suffragiis: atque ejus

Let Thy Church rejoice, O God, relying on the intercession of blessed Agapitus, Thy

[1] Bossuet, First sermon for the Assumption. [2] Damas. in Callisti.

precibus gloriosis, et devota permaneat, et secura consistat. Per Dominum.

martyr; and by his glorious prayers, may she remain devout, and be securely supported. Through, etc.

As we return from Palestrina to the Eternal City, we pass on our left the cemetery of Saints Marcellinus and Peter, where were first deposited the holy relics of the pious empress Helena, who entered heaven on this day. The Roman Church deemed no greater honour could be given her than to mingle, so to say, her memory on May 3 with that of the sacred Wood which she restored to our adoring love. We shall not, then, speak to-day about the glorious discovery, which, after three centuries of struggle, gave so happy a consecration to the era of triumph. Nevertheless, let us offer our homage to her who set up the standard of salvation, and placed the Cross on the brow of princes who were once its persecutors.

PRAYER

Domine Jesu Christe, qui locum, ubi crux tua latebat, beatæ Helenæ revelasti, ut per eam Ecclesiam tuam hoc pretioso thesauro ditares: ejus nobis intercessione concede; ut vitalis ligni pretio æternæ vitæ præmia consequamur. Qui vivis.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who unto blessed Helena didst reveal the place where Thy Cross lay hid: thus choosing her as the means to enrich Thy Church with that precious treasure: do Thou, at her intercession, grant that by the price of the Tree of Life we may attain unto the rewards of everlasting life. Who livest and reignest, etc.

But let us return to the empress of heaven, for Helena is but her happy handmaid and the martyrs are her army. Adam of St. Victor offers us this sweet sequence wherewith to praise her and pray to her in the midst of this stormy sea:

SEQUENCE

Ave, Virgo singularis,
Mater nostri salutaris,
Quæ vocaris *stella maris*,
Stella non erratica;

Hail, matchless Virgin,
Mother of our salvation, who
art called Star of the Sea, a star
that wandereth not; permit

Nos in hujus vitæ mari
Non permitte naufragari,
Sed pro nobis salutari
Tuo semper supplica.

us not in this life's ocean to suffer shipwreck, but ever intercede for us with the Saviour born of thee.

Sævit mare, fremunt venti,
Fluctus surgunt turbulenti;
Navis currit, sed currenti
Tot occurrunt obvia!
Hic sirenes voluptatis,
Draco, canes, cum piratis,
Mortem pene desperatis
Hæc intentant omnia.

The sea is raging, the winds are roaring, the boisterous billows rise; the ship speeds on, but her swift course what fearful odds oppose! Here the sirens of pleasure, the dragon, the sea-dogs, pirates, all at once menace wellnigh despairing man with death.

Post abyssos, nunc ad cœlum,
Furens unda fert phaselum;
Nutat malus, fluit velum,
Nautæ cessat opera;
Contabescit in his malis
Homo noster animalis:
Tu nos, mater spiritalis,
Pereuntes libera.

Down to the depths and up to the sky does the raging surge bear the frail bark; the mast totters, the sail is snatched away, the mariner ceases his useless toil; our animal man faints amid so great evils: do thou, O Mother, who art spiritual, save us ere we perish.

Tu, perfusa cœli rore,
Castitatis salvo flore,
Novum florem novo more
Protulisti sæculo.
Verbum Patri coæquale,
Corpus intrans virginale,
Fit pro nobis corporale
Sub ventris umbraculo.

The dew of heaven being sprinkled on thee, thou, without losing the flower of thy purity, didst in a new manner give to the world a new flower. The Word co-equal with the Father, entering thy virginal body, took for our sakes a body in the secret of thy womb.

Te prævidit et elegit
Qui potenter cuncta regit,
Nec pudoris claustra fregit,
Sacra replens viscera;
Nec pressuram, nec dolorem,
Contra primæ matris morem,
Pariendo Salvatorem,
Sensisti, puerpera.

He who rules all things in His power, foresaw and elected thee. He filled thy sacred bosom without breaking the seal of thy virginity. Unlike the first mother, thou, O Mother, didst feel neither anguish nor pain in bringing forth the Saviour.

O Maria, pro tuorum
Dignitate meritorum,
Supra choros angelorum
Sublimaris unice:

O Mary, by the dignity of thy merits, thou alone art raised far above the choirs of angels: happy is this day whereon thou

Felix dies hodierna
Qua conscendis ad superna !
Pietate tu materna
Nos in imo respice.

didst ascend to such heights !
Oh ! in thy motherly love, look
down upon us here below.

Radix sancta, radix viva,
Flos, et vitis, et oliva,
Quam nulla vis insitiva,
Juvit ut fructificet;
Lampas soli, splendor poli,
Quæ splendore præes soli,
Nos assigna tuæ proli,
Ne districte judicet.

O holy root, O living root,
O flower and vine and olive,
no ingrafted energy made thee
fruitful; light of the earth and
brightness of heaven, thou out-
shinest the sun in splendour;
present us to thy Son, that He
judge us not sternly.

In conspectu summi Regis,
Sis pusilli memor gregis
Qui, transgressor datæ legis,
Præsumit de venia:
Judex mitis et benignus,
Judex jugi laude dignus
Reis spei dedit pignus,
Crucis factus hostia.

In presence of the Most
High King, be mindful of the
little flock, which, though it
has transgressed the law given
it, dares to hope for pardon;
the Judge, who is mild and
merciful, Judge worthy of
everlasting praise, becoming
the victim of the Cross, gave
to the guilty the pledge of
hope.

Jesu, sacri ventris fructus,
Nobis inter mundi fluctus
Sis dux, via et conductus
Liber ad cœlestia:
Tene clavum, rege navem;
Tu, procellam sedans gravem,
Portum nobis da suavem
Pro tua clementia.
Amen.

O Jesus, fruit of a holy
Mother, to us amid the world's
billows be a guide, a way and
a free passage to heaven: take
the helm and guide the ship:
and stilling the tempest, do
Thou in Thy clemency lead
us to a pleasant harbour.
Amen.

August 19

FIFTH DAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASSUMPTION

'IT is a great thing for a saint to have as much grace as would suffice for many; but if he had sufficient for all men in the world, that would be fulness of measure: and this is the case with Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin.'[1] So speaks the prince of theologians with regard to her whom Suarez salutes as the 'universal cause, intimately united to the Lord her Son.'[2]

A higher authority than that of the School has confirmed this teaching of the Angelic Doctor; in his encyclical *Magnæ Dei Matris,* the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII has deigned to make his own the words we have just quoted; and he adds: 'When, therefore, we hail Mary as full of grace, we awaken the recollection of her sublime dignity and of the redemption of the human race, wrought by God through her intermediary; moreover we call to mind the divine and eternal relationship whereby she is associated to Christ in His joys and His sorrows, His humiliations and His triumphs, in ruling and aiding men with a view to their eternal welfare.'[3]

St. Bernardine of Siena compares our Lady to the fountain mentioned in Genesis, which sprang from the earth and watered its whole surface.[4] And as it is well to know the different expressions of the different schools, we may add that the illustrious representative of the Seraphic Order recognizes in Mary what he calls 'a sort of jurisdiction or authority over every temporal procession of the Holy Ghost,'[5] because, he continues,

[1] Thom. Aq. Opusc. in Salutat. Angelicam.
[2] Suarez in III[am] P., qu. xxxvii, art. 4. Disputat. xxi, sect. 3.
[3] Encyclical of September 8, 1892.
[4] Bernardin. Sen. Pro festiv. V.M. Sermo vi de annuntiatione, art. i, c. 2.
[5] *Ibid.* Sermo v. de Nativit. B.M., cap. 8.

'she is the Mother of Him from whom the Holy Ghost proceeds; and therefore all the gifts, graces, and virtues of this Holy Spirit are administered by her hands, distributed to whom she wills, when she wills, and as she wills, and as much as she wills.'[1]

We must not, however, conclude from these words that the Blessed Virgin has a right, properly so called, over the Holy Ghost or His gifts. Nor may we ever consider our Lady to be in any way a principle of the Holy Ghost, any more than she is of the Word Himself as God. The Mother of God is great enough not to need any exaggeration of her titles. All that she has, she has, it is true, from her Son by whom she is the first redeemed. But in the historical order of the accomplishment of our salvation, the divine predilection, whereby she was chosen to be Mother of the Saviour, made her to be 'the source of the source of life,' according to the expression of St. Peter Damian.[2] Moreover, being Bride as perfectly as she was Mother, and united, in the fulness of all her powers of nature and of grace to all the prayers, to all the sufferings, to the whole oblation of the Son of Man, as His truly universal co-operatrix in the time of His sorrow: what wonder that she should in the days of His glory have a Bride's full share in the dispensation of the goods acquired in common, though differently, by the new Adam and the new Eve? Even if Jesus were not bound in justice to give it her, who would expect such a Son to act otherwise?

Bossuet, who cannot be suspected of being carried away, and whom we therefore quote by preference, did not consider his necessary controversies with heresy an excuse for not following the doctrine of the saints. 'God,' says he, 'having once willed to give us Jesus Christ by the holy Virgin, *the gifts of God are without repentance*, and this order remains unchanged. It is and ever will be true, that having received by her charity the universal principle of grace, we also receive

[1] Bernardin Sen. etc.
[2] Petr. Dam. Homilia in Nativ. B.V.

through her mediation its various applications in all the different states whereof the Christian life is made up. Her maternal love having contributed so much to our salvation in the mystery of the Incarnation, which is the universal principle of grace, she will eternally contribute to it in all the other operations, which are but dependent on the first.

Theology recognizes three principal operations of the grace of Jesus Christ: God calls us, justifies us, gives us perseverance. Vocation is the first step; justification is our progress; perseverance ends the voyage, and gives us in our true country glory and rest, which are not to be found on earth. Mary's charity takes part in these three works. Mary is the Mother of the called, of the justified, and of the persevering; her fruitful charity is an universal instrument of the operations of grace.'[1]

This noble language is an authentic testimony to the tradition of the holy Church of Gaul, which by its Irenæus, its Bernard, its Anselm, and so many others, made France the kingdom of Mary. May the present teachers put to profit what they have inherited from their great predecessors, and continue to sound the inexhaustible depths of mystery in Mary; so that one day they may deserve to hear from her lips that word of Eternal Wisdom: *They that explain me shall have life everlasting.*[2]

We borrow from the ancient processional of our English St. Edith the beautiful Responsory *Quæ est ista ;* after which we will give a series of other graceful Responsories written in metre, which are to be found in the Antiphoner of Sens, 1552.

RESPONSORIES

℟. Quæ est ista quæ penetravit cœlos ? ad cujus transitum Salvator advenit, et

℟. Who is this that hath penetrated the heavens ? At whose passage the Saviour

[1] Bossuet, Sermon sur la dévotion à la Ste. Vierge, pour la fête de la Conception, 9 Déc., 1669.

[2] Eccli. xxiv. 31.

induxit eam in thalamo regni sui, ubi cantantur organa hymnorum: * Quæ ab angelis ad laudem Regis æterni sine fine resonant semper.

℣. O Virgo ineffabiliter veneranda, cui Michael Archangelus, et omnis militia angelorum deferunt honorem, quam vident exaltatam super cœlos cœlorum. * Quæ ab angelis.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. * Quæ ab angelis.

℟. Sanctas primitias offert Genitus Genitori: * Florem virgineum niveo candore decorum.

℣. Non calor hunc coxit, nec frigus noctis adussit. * Florem.

℟. Regni cœlestis, per fructum virginitatis, * Damna reformantur vetitum contracta per esum.

℣. Restitui numerum gaudet sacer ordo minutum. * Damna.

℟. Virginitas cœlum post lapsum prima recepit: * Sed prius in Genito, post in Genitrice beata.

℣. Cœlicus ordo sacram reveretur virginitatem. * Sed prius.

℟. Porta Sion clausi portam penetrat paradisi: * Prima parens toti quam secum clauserat orbi.

came to meet her, and introduced her into His royal chamber, where music and hymns resound: * Which the angels sing unceasingly, for ever praising the Eternal King.

℣. O Virgin unspeakably venerable, to whom Michael the Archangel and all the angelic hosts pay honour, whom they behold exalted above the heaven of heavens. * Which the angels.

Glory be to the Father, etc. * Which the angels.

℟. Holy firstfruits does the Son offer to His Father. * The virginal flower lovely in its snowy whiteness.

℣. No heat has scorched it, nor night-cold withered it. * The virginal flower.

℟. Through the fruit of virginity of the heavenly kingdom, * The loss incurred by eating the forbidden fruit is repaired.

℣. The sacred hierarchy rejoices that its diminished number is restored. * The loss incurred.

℟. After the fall virginity is the first to recover heaven: * First of all in the Son, then in his Blessed Mother.

℣. The heavenly ranks revere holy virginity. * First of all.

℟. The gate of Sion enters the gate of closed Paradise. * Which our first mother had closed to herself and the whole world.

℣. Intactæ matri reseratur janua cœli. * Prima.

℣. To the spotless Mother the gate of heaven is opened. * Which our first.

℟. Unam quam petiit Virgo benedicta recepit : * Ut facie Domini sine tempore perfrueretur.

℟. The Blessed Virgin received the one thing she requested. * To enjoy the face of the Lord for all eternity.

℣. Divinum munus votum prævenit et auxit. * Ut facie.

℣. The divine bounty both prevented and surpassed her desire. * To enjoy.

℟. Quindenis gradibus dum scandit ad atria vitæ: * Angelicum meruit Virgo transcendere culmen.

℟. While she mounts the fifteen steps to the palace of life, * The Virgin deserved to rise above the angelic heights.

℣. Post Genitum Genitrix meruit præcellere cunctis. * Angelicum.

℣. Next to her Son the Mother merited to surpass all others. * The Virgin.

℟. Ecclesiæ Sponsum Virgo genuit speciosum: * Qui Deus est et homo persona junctus in una.

℟. The Virgin brought forth the beautiful Spouse of the Church. * Who is both God and man united in one Person.

℣. Sic secum Matrem cœlesti sede locavit. * Qui Deus.

℣. Thus he placed His Mother with Him on His heavenly throne. * Who is.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. * Qui Deus.

Glory be to the Father, etc. * Who is.

The following Hymn was composed by St. Peter Damian:

HYMN

Aurora velut fulgida,
Ad cœli meat culmina,
Ut sol Maria splendida,
Tamquam luna pulcherrima.

As a brilliant aurora Mary rises to the heights of heaven, glittering as the sun, most beautiful like the moon.

Regina mundi hodie
Thronum conscendit gloriæ,
Illum enixa filium
Qui est ante luciferum.

To-day the Queen of the world ascends to her throne of glory, the Mother of that Son who was begotten before the day-star.

Assumpta super angelos,
Excedit et archangelos;

She is raised above the angels and passes beyond the

Cuncta sanctorum merita
Transcendit una femina.

archangels; this one woman surpasses all the merits of the saints.

Quem foverat in gremio,
Locarat in præsepio:
Nunc Regem super omnia
Patris videt in gloria.

Him, whom she had cherished in her bosom, she placed in a manger; now she beholds Him King over all in the glory of His Father.

Pro nobis, Virgo virginum,
Tuum deposce Filium:
Per quam nostra susceperat
Ut sua nobis præbeat.

O Virgin of virgins, implore for us thy Son: by thee He received of ours, through thee may He give us of His own.

Sit tibi laus, Altissime,
Qui natus es ex Virgine:
Sit honor ineffabili
Patri, sanctoque Flamini.

To Thee, O Most High, be praise, who wast born of the Virgin: be honour to Thy ineffable Father and to the Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Amen.

August 20

SAINT BERNARD

ABBOT AND DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH

THE valley of wormwood has lost its bitterness; having become Clairvaux, or the *bright valley*, its light shines over the world; from every point of the horizon vigilant bees are attracted to it by the *honey from the rock* which abounds in its solitude. Mary turns her glance upon its wild hills, and with her smile sheds light and grace upon them. Listen to the harmonious voice arising from the desert; it is the voice of Bernard, her chosen one. 'Learn, O man, the counsel of God; admire the intentions of Wisdom, the design of love. Before bedewing the whole earth, he saturated the fleece; being to redeem the human race, he heaped up in Mary the entire ransom. O Adam, say no more: "The woman whom Thou gavest me offered me the forbidden fruit;" say rather: "The woman whom Thou gavest me has fed me with a fruit of blessing." With what ardour ought we to honour Mary, in whom was set all the fulness of good! If we have any hope, any saving grace, know that it overflows from her who to-day rises replete with love: she is a garden of delights, over which the divine South Wind does not merely pass with a light breath, but sweeping down from the heights, He stirs it unceasingly with a heavenly breeze, so that it may shed abroad its perfumes, which are the gifts of various graces. Take away the material sun from the world: what would become of our day? Take away Mary, the star of the vast sea: what would remain but obscurity over all, a night of death and icy darkness? Therefore, with every fibre of our heart, with all the love of our soul, with all the eagerness of our aspirations, let us venerate

Mary; it is the will of Him who wished us to have all things through her.'[1]

Thus spoke the monk who had acquired his eloquence, as he tells us himself, among the beeches and oaks of the forest,[2] and he poured into the wounds of mankind the wine and oil of the Scriptures. In 1113, at the age of twenty-two, Bernard arrived at Citeaux, in the beauty of his youth, already ripe for great combats. Fifteen years before, on March 21, 1098, Robert of Molesmes had created this new desert between Dijon and Beaune. Issuing from the past, on the very feast of the patriarch of monks, the new foundation claimed to be nothing more than the literal observance of the precious Rule given by him to the world. The weakness of the age, however, refused to recognize the fearful austerity of these newcomers into the great family, as inspired by that holy code, wherein discretion reigns supreme;[3] for this discretion is the characteristic of the school accessible to all, where Benedict 'hoped to ordain nothing rigorous or burthensome in the service of God.'[4] Under the government of Stephen Harding, the next after Alberic, successor of Robert, the little community from Molesmes was becoming extinct, without human hope of recovery, when the descendant of the lords of Fontaines arrived with thirty companions, who were his first conquest, and brought new life where death was imminent.

'Rejoice, thou barren one that bearest not, for many will be the children of the barren.' La Ferté was founded that same year in Chalonnais; next Pontigny, near Auxerre; and in 1115 Clairvaux and Morimond were established in the diocese of Langres; while these four glorious branches of Citeaux were soon, together with their parent stock, to put forth numerous shoots. In 1119 the *Charter of charity* confirmed the existence of the Cistercian Order in the Church. Thus the tree, planted six centuries earlier on the summit of

[1] Bernard. Sermo. Nativ. B.M.
[2] Greg. Dialogue II., xxxvi.
[3] Vita Bernardi, L. iv. 23.
[4] S. P. Benedict. in Reg. Prolog.

Monte Cassino, proved once more to the world that in all ages it is capable of producing new branches, which, though distinct from the trunk, live by its sap, and are a glory to the entire tree.

During the months of his novitiate Bernard so subdued nature that the interior man alone lived in him; the senses of his own body were to him as strangers. By an excess, for which he had afterwards to reproach himself, he carried his rigour, though meant for a desirable end, so far as to ruin the body, that indispensable help to every man in the service of his brethren and of God. Blessed fault, which heaven took upon itself to excuse so magnificently. A miracle (a thing which no one has a right to expect) was needed to uphold him henceforth in the accomplishment of his destined mission.

Bernard was as ardent in the service of God as others are for the gratification of their passions. 'You would learn of me,' he says in one of his earliest works, 'why and how we must love God. And I answer you: The reason for loving God is God Himself; and the measure of loving Him is to love Him without measure.'[1] What delights He enjoyed at Citeaux in the secret of the face of the Lord! When, after two years, he left this blessed abode to found Clairvaux, it was like coming out of paradise. More fit to converse with angels than with men, he began, says his historian, by being a trial to those whom he had to guide: so heavenly was his language, such perfection did he require surpassing the strength of even the strong ones of Israel, such sorrowful astonishment did he show on the discovery of infirmities common to all flesh.[2]

But the Holy Spirit was watching over the vessel of election called to bear the name of the Lord before kings and people; the divine charity which consumed his soul taught him that love has two inseparable, though sadly different, objects: God, whose goodness makes us love Him; and man, whose misery exercises our charity. According to the ingenious remark of

[1] De diligendo Deo, I, 1.

[2] Vita, I, vi. 27-30.

William de Saint-Thierry, his disciple and friend, Bernard re-learnt the art of living among men.[1] He imbued himself with the admirable recommendations given by the legislator of monks to him who is chosen Abbot over his brethren: "When he giveth correction, let him act prudently, and push nothing to extremes, lest whilst eager of extreme scouring off the rust, the vase be broken. . . . When he enjoineth work to be done, let him use discernment and moderation, and think of holy Jacob's discretion, who said: "If I cause my flocks to be overdriven, they will all die in one day." Taking, therefore, these and other documents regarding that mother of virtue, discretion—let him so temper all things as that the strong may have what to desire and the weak nothing to deter them.'[2]

Having received what the Psalmist calls 'understanding concerning the needy and the poor,' Bernard felt his heart overflowing with the tenderness of God for those purchased by the divine Blood. He no longer terrified the humble. Beside the little ones who came to him attracted by the grace of his speech might be seen the wise, the powerful, and the rich ones of the world, abandoning their vanities, and becoming themselves little and poor in the school of one who knew how to guide them all from the first elements of love to its very summits. In the midst of seven hundred monks receiving daily from him the doctrine of salvation, the Abbot of Clairvaux could cry out with the noble pride of the saints: 'He that is mighty has done great things in us, and with good reason our soul magnifies the Lord. Behold we have left all things to follow Thee: it is a great resolution, the glory of the great apostles; yet we, too, by His great grace have taken it magnificently. Perhaps, even if I wish to glory therein, I shall not be foolish, for I will say the truth: there are some here who have left more than a boat and fishing-nets.'[3]

'What more wonderful,' he said on another occasion, 'than to see one who formerly could scarce abstain

[1] Vita, I, vi. 30. [2] S. P. Bened. Reg. lxiv.
[3] Bern. De diversis, Sermo xxxvii. 7.

two days from sin preserve himself from it for years, and even for his whole life? What greater miracle than that so many young men, boys, noble personages—all those, in a word, whom I see here—should be held captive without bonds in an open prison by the sole fear of God, and should persevere in penitential macerations beyond human strength, above nature, contrary to habit? What marvels we should discover, as you well knew, were we allowed to seek out the details of each one's exodus from Egypt, of his passage through the desert, his entrance into the monastery, and his life within its walls.'[1]

But there were other marvels not to be hidden within the secret of the cloister. The voice that had peopled the desert was bidden to echo through the world; and the noises of discord and error, of schism and the passions, were hushed before it; at its word the whole West was precipitated as one man upon the infidel East. Bernard had now become the avenger of the sanctuary, the umpire of kings, the confidant of sovereign Pontiffs, the thaumaturgus applauded by enthusiastic crowds; yet, at the very height of what the world calls glory, his one thought was the loved solitude he had been forced to quit. 'It is high time,' he said, 'that I should think of myself. Have pity on my agonized conscience: what an abnormal life is mine! I am the chimera of my time; neither clerk nor layman, I have the habit of a monk and none of the observances. In the perils which surround me, at the brink of precipices yawning before me, help me with your advice, pray for me.'[2]

While absent from Clairvaux he wrote to his monks: 'My soul is sorrowful and cannot be comforted till I see you again. Alas! Must my exile here below, so long protracted, be rendered still more grievous? Truly those who have separated us have added sorrow upon sorrow to my evils. They have taken away from me the only remedy which enabled me to live away from Christ; while I could not yet contemplate His glorious

[1] In Dedicat. Eccl., Sermo i. 2. [2] Epist. ccl.

face, it was given me at least to see you, you His holy temple. From that temple the way seemed easy to the eternal home. How often have I been deprived of this consolation? This is the third time, if I mistake not, that they have torn out my heart. My children are weaned before the time; I had begotten them by the Gospel, and I cannot nourish them. Constrained to neglect those dear to me and to attend to the interests of strangers, I scarcely know which is harder to bear, to be separated from the former or to be mixed up with the latter. O Jesus, is my whole life to be spent in sighing? It were better for me to die than to live; but I would fain die in the midst of my family; there I should find more sweetness, more security. May it please my Lord that the eyes of a father, how unworthy soever of the name, may be closed by the hands of his sons; that they may assist him in his last passage; that their desires, if Thou judge him worthy, may bear his soul to the abode of the blessed; that they may bury the body of a poor man with the bodies of those who were poor with him. By the prayers and merits of my brethren, if I have found favour before Thee, grant me this desire of my heart. Nevertheless, Thy will, not mine, be done; for I wish neither to live nor to die for myself.'[1]

Greater in his Abbey than in the noblest courts, Bernard was destined to die at home at the hour appointed by God; but not without having had his soul prepared for the last purification by trials both public and private. For the last time he took up again, but could not finish, the discourses he had been delivering for the last eighteen years on the Canticle. These familiar conferences, lovingly gathered by his children, reveal in a touching manner the zeal of the sons for divine science, the heart of the father and his sanctity, and the incidents of daily life at Clairvaux. Having reached the first verse of the third chapter, he was describing the soul seeking after the Word in the weakness of this life, in the dark night of this world, when he broke

[1] Epist. cxliv.

off his discourses, and passed to the eternal face-to-face vision, where there is no more enigma, nor figure, nor shadow.

The following is the notice consecrated by the Church to her great servant:

Bernardus, Fontanis in Burgundia honesto loco natus, adolescens propter egregiam formam vehementer sollicitatus a mulieribus, numquam de sententia colendæ castitatis dimoveri potuit. Quas diaboli tentationes ut effugeret, duos et viginti annos natus, monasterium Cisterciense, unde hic ordo incepit, et quod tum sanctitate florebat, ingredi constituit. Quo Bernardi consilio cognito, fratres summopere conati sunt eum a proposito deterrere: in quo ipse eloquentior ac felicior fuit. Nam sic eos aliosque multos in suam perduxit sententiam, ut cum eo triginta juvenes eamdem religionem susceperint. Monachus jejunio ita deditus erat, ut quoties sumendus esset cibus, toties tormentum subire videretur. In vigiliis etiam et orationibus mirifice se exercebat; et christianam paupertatem colens, quasi cœlestem vitam agebat in terris, ab omni caducarum rerum cura et cupiditate alienam.

Elucebat in eo humilitas, misericordia, benignitas: contemplationi autem sic addictus erat, ut vix sensibus, nisi ad officia pietatis, uteretur: in quibus tamen prudentiæ laude excellebat. Quo in studio occupatus, Genuensem ac Medio-

Bernard was born of a distinguished family at Fontaines in Burgundy. As a youth, on account of his great beauty he was much sought after by women, but could never be shaken in his resolution of observing chastity. To escape these temptations of the devil, he, at twenty-two years of age, determined to enter the monastery of Citeaux, the first house of the Cistercian Order, then famous for sanctity. When his brothers learnt Bernard's design, they did their best to deter him from it; but he, more eloquent and more successful, won them and many others to his opinion; so that together with him thirty young men embraced the Cistercian Rule. As a monk he was so given to fasting, that whenever he had to take food he seemed to be undergoing torture. He applied himself in a wonderful manner to prayer and watching, and was a great lover of Christian poverty; thus he led a heavenly life on earth, free from all anxiety or desire of perishable goods.

The virtues of humility, mercy, and kindness shone conspicuously in his character. He devoted himself so earnestly to contemplation, that he seemed hardly to use his senses except to do acts of charity, and in these he was remark-

lanensem aliosque episcopatus oblatos recusavit, professus se tanti officii munere indignum esse. Abbas factus Claravallensis, multis in locis ædificavit monasteria, in quibus præclara Bernardi institutio ac disciplina diu viguit. Romæ, sanctorum Vincentii et Anastasii monasterio ab Innocentio Secundo Papa restituti præfecit abbatem illum, qui postea Eugenius Tertius Summus Pontifex fuit, ad quem etiam librum misit de Consideratione.

able for his prudence. While thus occupied he refused the bishoprics of Genoa, Milan, and others, which were offered to him, declaring that he was unworthy of so great an office. He afterwards became Abbot of Clairvaux, and built monasteries in many places, wherein the excellent rules and discipline of Bernard long flourished. When the monastery of SS. Vincent and Anastasius of Rome was restored by Pope Innocent II, St. Bernard appointed as Abbot the future Sovereign Pontiff, Eugenius III; to whom he also sent his book 'De Consideratione.'

Multa præterea scripsit, in quibus apparet, eum doctrina potius divinitus tradita, quam labore comparata, instructum fuisse. In summa virtutum laude exoratus a maximis principibus de eorum componendis controversiis, et de ecclesiasticis rebus constituendis, sæpius in Italiam venit. Innocentium item Secundum Pontificem Maximum in confutando schismate Petri Leonis, cum apud imperatorem et Henricum Angliæ regem, tum in concilio Pisis coacto, egregie adjuvit. Denique tres et sexaginta annos natus, obdormivit in Domino, ac miraculis illustris, ab Alexandro Tertio Papa inter sanctos relatus est. Pius vero Octavus Pontifex Maximus ex sacrorum Rituum Congregationis consilio sanctum Bernardum universalis Ecclesiæ Doctorem declaravit et confirmavit, necnon Missam et Officium de Doctoribus ab omnibus recitari jussit, atque

He wrote many other works which clearly show that his doctrine was more the gift of God than the result of his own labours. On account of his great reputation for virtue, the greatest princes begged him to act as arbiter in their disputes, and he went several times into Italy for this purpose, and for arranging ecclesiastical affairs. He was of great assistance to the Supreme Pontiff Innocent II in putting down the schism of Peter de Leone, both at the courts of the emperor and of King Henry of England, and at a Council held at Pisa. At length, being sixty-three years old, he fell asleep in the Lord. He was famous for miracles, and Pope Alexander III placed him among the saints. Pope Pius VIII, with the advice of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, declared St. Bernard a Doctor of the universal Church, and commanded all to recite

indulgentias plenarias quotannis in perpetuum ordinis Cisterciensium ecclesias visitantibus die hujus sancti festo concessit.

the Mass and Office of a Doctor on his feast. He also granted a plenary indulgence yearly for ever, to all who visit churches of the Cistercian Order on this day.

Let us offer to St. Bernard the following hymn, with its ingenuous allusions; it is worthy of him by the graceful sweetness wherewith it celebrates his grandeurs:

HYMN

Lacte quondam profluentes,
Ite, montes vos procul,
Ite, colles, fusa quondam
Unde mellis flumina;
Israel, jactare late
Manna priscum desine.

Ye mountains, once flowing with milk, depart to a distance; depart, ye hills that once poured forth streams of honey; Israel, cease to boast freely of your ancient manna.

Ecce cujus corde sudant,
Cujus ore profluunt
Dulciores lacte fontes,
Mellis amnes æmuli:
Ore tanto, corde tanto
Manna nullum dulcius.

Behold one from whose heart ebb forth, and from whose mouth flow out sweeter fountains of milk and rival rivers of honey: than such a mouth, than such a heart no manna could be sweeter.

Quæris unde duxit ortum
Tanta lactis copia;
Unde favus, unde prompta
Tanta mellis suavitas;
Unde tantum manna fluxit,
Unde tot dulcedines.

Thou askest whence such abundance of milk originated; whence the honeycomb, whence the swift-flowing sweetness of honey; whence such manna; and whence so many delights.

Lactis imbres Virgo fudit
Cœlitus puerpera:
Mellis amnes os leonis
Excitavit mortui:
Manna sylvæ, cœlitumque
Solitudo proxima.

The showers of milk the Virgin Mother shed on him from heaven: the mouth of the dead lion was the source of the honeyed rivers: the woods and the solitude so nigh the heavens produced the manna.

Doctor o Bernarde, tantis
Aucte cœli dotibus,
Lactis hujus, mellis hujus,

O Bernard, O Doctor, enriched with such gifts of heaven, shed down upon us the

Funde rores desuper;
Funde stillas, pleniore
Jam potitus gurgite.

dews of this milk and of this honey; give us the drops, now that thou possessest the full sea.

Summa summo laus Parenti,
Summa laus et Filio:
Par tibi sit, sancte, manans
Ex utroque, Spiritus;
Ut fuit, nunc et per ævum
Compar semper gloria.
Amen.

Highest praise be to the Sovereign Father, and highest praise to the Son: and be the like to Thee, O Holy Spirit, proceeding from them both, as it was, now is, and ever will be, equal glory eternally.
Amen.

It was fitting to see the herald of the Mother of God following so closely her triumphal car; entering heaven during this bright Octave, thou delightest to lose thyself in the glory of her whose greatness thou didst proclaim on earth. Be our protector in her court; attract her maternal eyes towards Citeaux; in her name save the Church once more, and protect the Vicar of Christ.

But to-day, rather than to pray to thee, thou invitest us to sing to Mary and pray to her with thee; the homage most pleasing to thee, O Bernard, is that we should profit by thy sublime writings and admire the Virgin who, ' to-day ascending glorious to heaven, put the finishing touch to the happiness of the heavenly citizens. Brilliant as it was already, heaven became resplendent with new brightness from the light of the virginal torch. Thanksgiving and praise resound on high. And shall we not in our exile partake of these joys of our home ? Having here no lasting dwelling, we seek the city where the Blessed Virgin has arrived this very hour. Citizens of Jerusalem, it is but just that, from the banks of the rivers of Babylon, we should think with dilated hearts of the overflowing river of bliss, of which some drops are sprinkled on earth to-day. Our Queen has gone before us; the reception given to her encourages us who are her followers and servants. Our caravan will be well treated with regard to salvation, for it is preceded by the Mother of mercy as advocate before the Judge her Son.'[1]

[1] Bernard. In Assumpt. B.M.V., Sermo i.

'Whoso remembers having ever invoked thee in vain in his needs, O Blessed Virgin, let him be silent as to thy mercy. As for us, thy little servants, we praise thy other virtues, but on this one we congratulate ourselves. We praise thy virginity, we admire thy humility; but mercy is sweeter to the wretched; we embrace it more lovingly, we think of it more frequently, we invoke it unceasingly. Who can tell the length and breadth and height and depth of thine, O blessed one? Its length, for it extends to the last day; its breadth, for it covers the earth; its height and depth, for it has filled heaven and emptied hell. Thou art as powerful as merciful; having now rejoined thy Son, manifest to the world the grace thou hast found before God: obtain pardon for sinners, health for the sick, strength for the weak, consolation for the afflicted, help and deliverance for those who are in any danger,[1] O clement, O merciful, O sweet Virgin Mary!'[2]

[1] BERNARD. In Assumpt. B.M.V., Sermo iv.
[2] A tradition of the cathedral of Spires attributes to St. Bernard the addition of this triple cry of the heart to the *Salve Regina*.

August 21

SAINT JANE FRANCES FREMIOT DE CHANTAL

WIDOW

ALTHOUGH Mary's glory is within her, beauty appears also in the garment wherewith she is clad: a mysterious robe woven of the virtues of the saints, who owe to her both their justice and their reward. As every grace comes to us through our Mother, so all the glory of heaven converges towards that of the Queen.

Now among the blessed souls there are some more immediately connected with the holy Virgin. Prevented by the peculiarly tender love of the Mother of grace, they left all things, when on earth, to run after the odour of the perfumes of the Spouse she gave to the world; in heaven they keep the greater intimacy with Mary which was theirs even in the time of exile. Hence it is, that at this time of her exaltation beside the Son of God, the Psalmist sings also of the virgins entering joyously with her into the temple of the King. The crowning of our Lady is truly the special feast of these *daughters of Tyre*, who have themselves become princesses and queens in order to form her noble escort and her royal court.

If the saint proposed to our veneration to-day is not adorned with the diadem of virginity, she is nevertheless one of those who have deserved in their humility to hear the heavenly message: *Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear; and forget thy people and thy father's house.*[1] In reply, such was her eagerness in the ways of love, that numberless virgins followed in her footsteps in order to be more sure of reaching the Spouse. She also, then, has a glorious place in the vesture of gold, with its play of colours, wherewith the

[1] Ps. xliv. 11.

Queen of Saints is clad in her triumph. For what is the *variety* noticed by the psalm in the embroideries and fringes of that robe of glory, if not the diversity of tints in the gold of divine charity among the elect? In order to bring forward the happy effect produced by this diversity in the light of the saints, Eternal Wisdom has multiplied the forms under which the life of the counsels may be presented to the world. Such is the teaching given in the holy liturgy, by bringing together the feasts of yesterday and to-day on its sacred cycle. Between Cistercian austerity and the more interior renouncement of the Visitation of holy Mary there seems to be a great distance: nevertheless the Church unites the memory of St. Jane de Chantal and of the Abbot of Clairvaux in homage to the Blessed Virgin during the happy octave which consummates her glory; it is because all rules of perfection are alike in being merely variations of the one rule, that of love, of which Mary's life was a perfect pattern. 'Let us not divide the robe of the Bride,' says St. Bernard. 'Unity, as well in heaven as on earth, consists in charity. Let him who glories in the rule not break the rule by acting contrary to the Gospel. If the kingdom of God is within us, it is because it is *not meat and drink; but justice, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*.[1] To criticize others on their exterior observance, and to neglect the rule in what regards the soul, is to take out a gnat from the cup and to swallow a camel. Thou breakest thy body with endless labour, thou mortifiest with austerities thy members which are on the earth; and thou dost well. But while thou allowest thyself to judge him who does not so much penance, he perhaps is following the advice of the Apostle: more eager for the better gifts, keeping less of that *bodily exercise* which *is profitable to little*, he gives himself up more to that *godliness* which *is profitable to all things*.[2] Which, then, of you two keeps the rule better? doubtless he that becomes better thereby. Now which is the better? The humbler, or

[1] Rom. xiv. 17. [2] 1 Tim. iv. 8.

the more fatigued? *Learn of me*, said Jesus,[1] *because I am meek and humble of heart.*'[2]

St. Frances de Sales, in his turn, speaking of the diversity of religious Orders, says very well: 'All religious Orders have one spirit common to them all, and each has a spirit peculiar to itself. The common spirit is the design they all have of aspiring after the perfection of charity; but the peculiar spirit of each is the means of arriving at that perfection of charity—that is to say, at the union of our souls with God, and with our neighbour through the love of God.' Coming next to the special spirit of the institute he had founded together with our saint, the Bishop of Geneva declares that it is 'a spirit of profound humility towards God and of great sweetness towards our neighbour, inasmuch as there is less rigour towards the body, so much the more sweetness must there be in the heart.'[3] And because 'this Congregation has been so established that no great severity may prevent the weak and infirm from entering it and giving themselves up to the perfection of divine love,'[4] he adds playfully: 'If there be any sister so generous and courageous as to wish to attain perfection in a quarter of an hour by doing more than the Community does, I would advise her to humble herself and be content to become perfect in three days, following the same course as the rest. For a great simplicity must always be kept in all things: to walk simply, that is the true way for the daughters of the Visitation, a way exceedingly pleasing to God and very safe.'[5]

With sweetness and humility for motto, the pious Bishop did well to give his daughters for escutcheon the divine Heart whence these gentle virtues derive their source. We know how magnificently Heaven justified the choice. Before a century had elapsed, a nun of the Visitation, St. Margaret Mary, could say: 'Our adorable Saviour showed me the devotion to His divine Heart as a beautiful tree which He had destined

[1] St Matt. xi. 29.
[2] Bernard. Apologia ad Gulielm.
[3] Entretiens spirituels.
[4] Constitutions of the Visitation, Introduction.
[5] Entretiens spirituels.

from all eternity to take root in the midst of our institute. He wills that the daughters of the Visitation should distribute the fruits of this sacred tree abundantly to all those that wish to eat of it, and without fear of its failing them.'[1]

'Love! love! love! my daughters; I know nothing else.' Thus did Jane de Chantal, the glorious co-operatrix of St. Francis in establishing the Visitation of holy Mary, often cry out in her latter years. 'Mother, said one of the sisters, 'I shall write to our houses that your charity is growing old, and that, like your godfather St. John, you can speak of nothing but love.' To which the saint replied: 'My daughter, do not make such a comparison, for we must not profane the saints by comparing them to poor sinners; but you will do me a pleasure if you tell those sisters that if I went by my own feelings, if I followed my inclination, and if I were not afraid of wearying the sisters, I should never speak of anything but charity; and I assure you, I scarcely ever open my mouth to speak of holy things, without having a mind to say: Thou shalt love the Lord with thy whole heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.'[2]

Such words are worthy of her who obtained for the Church the admirable Treatise on the Love of God, composed, says the Bishop of Geneva, for her sake, at her request and solicitation, for herself and her companions.[3] At first, however, the impetuosity of her soul, overflowing with devotedness and energy, seemed to unfit her to be mistress in a school where heroism can only express itself by the simple sweetness of a life altogether hidden in God. It was to discipline this energy of the valiant woman without extinguishing its ardour, that St. Francis perseveringly applied himself during the eighteen years he directed her. 'Do all things,' he repeats in a thousand ways, 'without haste, gently, as do the angels; follow

[1] Letter of June 17, 1689, to Mother de Saumaise.
[2] Memoirs of Mother de Chaugy, Part III., chap. v.
[3] Treatise on the Love of God, Preface; Memoirs of Mother de Chaugy.

the guidance of divine movements, and be supple to grace; God wills us to be like little children.' And this reminds us of an exquisite page from the lovable saint, which we cannot resist quoting: 'If one had asked the sweet Jesus when He was carried in His Mother's arms, whither He was going, might He not with good reason have answered: I go not, 'tis My Mother that goes for Me: and if one had said to Him: But at least do You not go with Your Mother? might He not reasonably have replied: No, I do not go, or if I go whither My Mother carries Me, I do not Myself walk with her nor by My own steps, but by My Mother's, by her, and in her. But if one had persisted with Him, saying: But at least, O most dear divine Child, You really will to let Yourself be carried by Your sweet Mother? No, verily, might He have said, I will nothing of all this, but as My entirely good Mother walks for Me, so she wills for Me; I leave her the care as well to go as to will to go for Me where she likes best; and as I go not but by her steps, so I will not but by her will; and from the instant I find Myself in her arms, I give no attention either to willing, or not willing, turning all other cares over to My Mother, save only the care to be on her bosom, to suck her sacred breast, and to keep myself close clasped to her most beloved neck, that I may most lovingly kiss her with the kisses of My mouth. And be it known to you that while I am amidst the delights of these holy caresses which surpass all sweetness, I consider that my Mother is a tree of life, and Myself on her as its fruit, that I am her own heart in her breast, or her soul in the midst of her heart, so that as her going serves both her and Me without My troubling Myself to take a single step, so her will serves us both without My producing any act of My will about going or coming. Nor do I ever take notice whether she goes fast or slow, hither or thither; nor do I inquire whither she means to go, contenting Myself with this, that go whither she please I go still locked in her arms, close laid to her beloved breasts, where I feed as among lilies.

. . . . Thus should we be, Theotimus,[1] pliable and tractable to God's good pleasure.'[2]

The Church abridges for us far better than we could the life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal:

Joanna Francisca Fremiot de Chantal, Divione in Burgundia clarissimis orta natalibus, ab ineunte ætate eximiæ sanctitatis non obscuras edidit significationes. Eam enim vix quinquennem nobilem quemdam Calvinistam solida supra ætatem argumentatione perstrinxisse ferunt, collatumque ab eo munusculum flammis illico tradidisse in hæc verba: En quomodo hæretici apud inferos comburentur, qui loquenti Christo fidem detrectant. Matre orbata, Deiparæ Virginis tutelæ se commendavit, et famulam, quæ ad mundi amorem eam alliciebat, ab se rejecit. Nihil puerile in moribus exprimens, a sæculi deliciis abhorrens, martyriumque anhelans, religioni ac pietati impense studebat. Baroni de Chantal nuptui a patre tradita, virtutibus omnibus excolendis operam dedit, liberos, famulos, aliosque sibi subjectos in fidei doctrina, bonisque moribus imbuere satagens. Profusa liberalitate pauperum inopiam sublevabat, annona divinitus non raro multi-

Jane Frances Frémiot de Chantal was born at Dijon in Burgundy, of noble parents, and from her childhood gave clear signs of her future great sanctity. It was said that when only five years of age she put to silence a Calvinist nobleman by substantial arguments, far beyond her age, and when he offered her a little present she immediately threw it into the fire, saying: 'This is how heretics will burn in hell, because they do not believe Christ when He speaks.' When she lost her mother, she put herself under the care of the Virgin Mother of God, and dismissed a maid-servant who was enticing her to love of the world. There was nothing childish in her manners; she shrank from worldly pleasures, and thirsting for martyrdom, she devoted herself entirely to religion and piety. She was given in marriage by her father to the Baron de Chantal, and in this new state of life she strove to cultivate every virtue, and busied herself in instructing

[1] 'A great servant of God informed me not long ago that by addressing my speech to Philothea in the "Introduction to a Devout Life," I hindered many men from profiting by it: because they did not esteem advice given to a woman to be worthy of a man. I marvel that there were men who, to be thought men, showed themselves in effect so little men. . . . Nevertheless, to imitate the great Apostle in this occasion, who esteemed himself *a debtor to everyone*, I have changed my address in this treatise and speak to Theotimus; but if perchance there should be any woman (and such an unreasonableness would be more tolerable in them) who would not read the instructions which are given to men, I beg them to know that Theotimus to whom I speak is the human spirit desirous of making progress in holy love, which spirit is equally in women as in men.'—'Treatise on the Love of God,' Preface.

[2] 'Treatise on the Love of God,' Book IX, chap. xiv. (We have preferred the translation by Dom H. B. Mackey, O.S.B.)

plicata: quo factum est, ut nemini se umquam Christi nomine roganti stipem abnegaturam spoponderit.

Viro in venatione interempto, perfectioris vitæ consilium iniens, continentiæ voto se obstrinxit. Viri necem non solum æquo animo tulit, sed, in publicum indultæ veniæ testimonium, occisoris filium e sacro fonte suscipere sui victrix elegit. Modica familia, tenui victu atque vestitu contenta, pretiosas vestes in pios usus convertit. Quidquid a domesticis curis supererat temporis, precibus, piis lectionibus, laborique impendebat. Numquam adduci potuit ut alteras nuptias, quamvis utiles et honorificas, iniret. Ne autem a proposito castimoniæ observandæ in posterum dimoveretur, illius voto innovato, sanctissimum Jesu Christi nomen candenti ferro pectori insculpsit. Ardentius in dies caritate fervescens, pauperes, derelictos, ægros, teterrimisque morbis infectos ad se adducendos curabat; eosque non hospitio tantum excipiebat, solabatur, fovebat, verum etiam sordidas eorumdem vestes depurgabat, laceras reficiebat, et manantibus fœtido pure ulceribus labia admovere non exhorrebat.

in faith and morals her children, her servants and all under her authority. Her liberality in relieving the necessities of the poor was very great, and more than once God miraculously multiplied her stores of provisions; on this account she promised never to refuse anyone who begged an alms in Christ's name.

Her husband having been killed while hunting, she determined to embrace a more perfect life and bound herself by a vow of chastity. She not only bore her husband's death resignedly, but overcame herself so far as to stand godmother to the child of the man who had killed him, in order to give a public proof that she pardoned him. She contented herself with a few servants and with plain food and dress, devoting her costly garments to pious usages. Whatever time remained from her domestic cares she employed in prayer, pious reading, and work. She could never be induced to accept offers of second marriage, even though honourable and advantageous. In order not to be shaken in her resolution of observing chastity, she renewed her vow, and imprinted the most holy name of Jesus Christ upon her breast with a red-hot iron. Her love grew more ardent day by day. She had the poor, the abandoned, the sick, and those who were afflicted with the most terrible diseases brought to her, and not only sheltered and comforted and nursed them, but washed and mended their filthy garments, and did not shrink from putting her lips to their running sores.

A Sancto Francisco Salesio, quo spiritus moderatore usa fuit, divinam voluntatem edocta, proprium parentem, socerum, filium denique ipsum, quem etiam vocationi obsistentem, sua e domo egrediens, pedibus calcare non dubitavit, invicta constantia deseruit, et sacri instituti Visitationis sanctæ Mariæ fundamenta jecit. Ejus instituti leges integerrime custodivit, et adeo paupertatis fuit amans, ut vel necessaria sibi deesse gauderet. Christianæ vero animi demissionis et obedientiæ, virtutumque denique omnium perfectissimum exemplar se præbuit. Altiores in corde suo ascensiones disponens, arduissimo efficiendi semper id quod perfectius esse intelligeret, voto se obstrinxit. Denique, sacro Visitationis instituto ejus potissimum opera longe lateque diffuso, verbo, exemplo et scriptis etiam divina sapientia refertis, ad pietatem et caritatem sororibus excitatis, meritis referta, et sacramentis rite susceptis, Molinis, anno millesimo sexcentesimo quadragesimo primo, die decima tertia Decembris, migravit ad Dominum, ejusque animam, occurrente sancto Francisco Salesio, in cœlos deferri sanctus Vincentius a Paulo procul distans adspexit. Ejus corpus postea Annecium translatum est: eamque miraculis ante et post obitum claram Benedictus decimus quartus beatorum, Clemens vero decimus tertius Pontifex Maximus albo sanctorum adjecit. Festum autem ejusdem die duodecimo Kalendas Septembris

Having learnt the will of God from St. Francis de Sales her director, she founded the Institute of the Visitation of our Lady. For this purpose she quitted, with unfaltering courage, her father, her father-in-law, and even her son, over whose body she had to step in order to leave her home, so violently did he oppose her vocation. She observed her Rule with the utmost fidelity, and so great was her love of poverty, that she rejoiced to be in want of even the necessaries of life. She was a perfect model of Christian humility, obedience, and all other virtues. Wishing for still higher ascensions in her heart, she bound herself by a most difficult vow always to do what she thought most perfect. At length when the Order of the Visitation had spread far and wide, chiefly through her endeavours, after encouraging her sisters to piety and charity by words and example, and also by writings full of divine wisdom; laden with merits, she passed to the Lord at Moulins, having duly received the Sacraments of the Church. She died on December 13, in the year 1641. St. Vincent de Paul, who was at a great distance, saw her soul being carried to heaven, and St. Francis de Sales coming to meet her. Her body was afterwards translated to Annecy. Miracles having made her illustrious both before and after her death, Benedict XIV placed her among the blessed, and Pope Clement XIII among the saints. Pope Clement XIV

ab universa Ecclesia Clemens decimus quartus Pontifex Maximus celebrari præcepit.

commanded her feast to be celebrated by the universal Church on the twelfth of the Kalends of September.

The office of Martha seemed at first to be destined for thee, O great saint! Thy father, Francis de Sales, forestalling St. Vincent de Paul, thought of making thy companions the first Daughters of Charity. Thus was given to thy work the blessed name of Visitation, which was to place under Mary's protection thy visits to the sick and neglected poor. But the progressive deterioration of strength in modern times had laid open a more pressing want in the institutions of holy Church. Many souls called to share Mary's part were prevented from doing so by their inability to endure the austere life of the great contemplative Orders. The Spouse, who deigns to adapt His goodness to all times, made choice of thee, O Jane, to second the love of His Sacred Heart, and come to the rescue of the physical and moral miseries of an old, worn-out, and decrepit world.

Renew us, then, in the love of Him whose charity consumed thee first; in its ardour thou didst traverse the most various paths of life, and never didst thou fail of that admirable strength of soul, which the Church presents before God to-day in order to obtain through thee the assistance necessary to our weakness.[1] May the insidious and poisonous spirit of Jansenism never return to freeze our hearts; but at the same time as we learn from thee, love is only then real when, with or without austerities, it lives by faith, generosity, and self-renunciation, in humility, simplicity, and gentleness. It is the spirit of thy holy institute, the spirit which became, through thy angelic Father, so amiable and so strong; may it ever reign amidst thy daughters, keeping up among their houses the sweet union which has never ceased to rejoice heaven; may the world be refreshed by the perfumes which ever exhale from the silent retreats of the Visitation of holy Mary!

[1] Collect, Secret, and Postcommunion of the Feast.

August 22

THE OCTAVE OF THE ASSUMPTION

HE alone who could understand Mary's holiness could appreciate her glory. But Wisdom, who presided over the formation of the abyss, has not revealed to us the depth of that ocean, beside which all the virtues of the just and all the graces lavished upon them are but streamlets. Nevertheless, the immensity of grace and merit, whereby the Blessed Virgin's supernatural perfection stands quite apart from all others, gives us a right to conclude that she has an equal supereminence in glory, which is always proportioned to the sanctity of the elect. Whereas all the other predestined of our race are placed among the various ranks of the celestial hierarchy, the holy Mother of God is exalted above all the choirs, forming by herself a distinct order, a new heaven, where the harmonies of angels and saints are far surpassed. In Mary God is more glorified, better known, more loved than in all the rest of the universe. On this ground alone, according to the order of creative Providence, which subordinates the less to the more perfect, Mary is entitled to be Queen of earth and heaven. In this sense, it is for her, next to the Man-God, that the world exists. The great theologian, Cardinal de Lugo, explaining the words of the saints on this subject, dares to say: 'Just as, creating all things in His complacency for His Christ, God made Him the end of creatures; so, with due proportion we may say He drew the rest of the world out of nothing, through the love of the Virgin Mother, so that she, too, might thus be justly called the end of all things.'[1]

[1] De Lugo, De Incarnat. disput. vii, sect. 11.

As Mother of God, and at the same time His firstborn, she had a right and title over His goods; as Bride she ought to share His crown. 'The glorious Virgin,' says St. Bernardine of Siena, 'has as many subjects as the Blessed Trinity has. Every creature, whatever be its rank in creation, spiritual as the angels, rational as man, material as the heavenly bodies or the elements, heaven and earth, the reprobate and the blessed, all that springs from the power of God, is subject to the Virgin. For He who is the Son of God and of the Blessed Virgin, wishing, so to say, to make His Mother's principality in some sort equal to His Father's, became, God as He is, the servant of Mary. If, then, it be true to say that everyone, even the Virgin, obeys God, we may also convert the proposition, and affirm that everyone, even God, obeys the Virgin.'[1]

The empire of Eternal Wisdom comprises, so the Holy Spirit tells us, the heavens, the earth, and the abyss: the same, then, is the appanage of Mary on this her coronation day. Like the divine Wisdom to whom she gave Flesh, she may glory in God. He whose magnificence she once chanted to-day exalts her humility. She who is blessed above all others has become the honour of her people, the admiration of the saints, the glory of the armies of the Most High. Together with the Spouse, let her, in her beauty, march to victory; let her triumph over the hearts of the mighty and the lowly. The giving of the world's sceptre into her hands is no mere honour void of reality: from this day forward she commands and fights, protects the Church, defends its head, upholds the ranks of the sacred militia, raises up saints, directs apostles, enlightens doctors, exterminates heresy, crushes hell.

Let us hail our Queen, let us sing her mighty deeds; let us be docile to her; above all, let us love her and trust in her love. Let us not fear that, amidst the great interests of the spreading of God's kingdom, she will forget our littleness or our miseries. She knows all that

[1] Bernardin. Sen. Sermo v de festiv. B.M., cap. 6.

takes place in the obscurest corners, in the furthest limits of her immense domain. From her title of *universal cause* under the Lord is rightly deduced the universality of her providence; and the masters of doctrine show us Mary in glory sharing in the science called *of vision*, whereby all that is, has been, or is to be is present before God. On the other hand, we must believe that her charity could not possibly be defective: as her love of God surpasses the love of all the elect, so the tenderness of all mothers united, centred upon an only child, is nothing to the love wherewith Mary surrounds the least, the most forgotten, the most neglected of all the children of God, who are her children too. She forestalls them in her solicitude, listens at all times to their humble prayers, pursues them in their guilty flights, sustains their weakness, compassionates their ills, whether of body or of soul, sheds upon all men the heavenly favours whereof she is the treasury. Let us, then, say to her, in the words of one of her great servants: 'O most holy Mother of God, who hast beautified heaven and earth, in leaving this world thou hast not abandoned man. Here below thou didst live in heaven; from heaven thou conversest with us. Thrice happy those who contemplated thee and lived with the Mother of life! But in the same way as thou didst dwell in the flesh with them of the first age, thou now dwellest with us spiritually. We hear thy voice; and all our voices reach thine ear; and thy continual protection over us makes thy presence evident. Thou dost visit us; thine eye is upon us all; and although our eyes cannot see thee, O most holy one, yet thou art in the midst of us, showing thyself in various ways to whomsoever is worthy. Thy immaculate body, come forth from the tomb, hinders not the immaterial power, the most pure activity of that spirit of thine, which being inseparable from the Holy Ghost, breathes also where it wills. O Mother of God, receive the grateful homage of our joy, and speak for thy children to Him who has glorified thee: whatsoever thou askest of Him, He will

accomplish it by His divine power; may He be blessed for ever !'[1]

Let us honour the group of martyrs which forms the rearguard of our triumphant Queen. Timothy, who came from Antioch to Rome, Hippolytus, Bishop of Porto, and Symphorian, the glory of Autun, suffered for God at different periods and at different places; but they gathered their palms on the same day of the year, and the same heaven is now their abode. ' My son, my son,' said his valiant mother to Symphorian, ' remember life eternal; look up, and see Him who reigns in heaven; they are not taking thy life away, but changing it into a better.' Let us admire these heroes of our faith; and let us learn to walk like them, though by less painful paths, in the footsteps of our Lord, and so to rejoice Mary.

PRAYER

Auxilium tuum nobis, Domine, quæsumus, placatus impende: et intercedentibus beatis martyribus tuis Timotheo, Hippolyto et Symphoriano, dexteram super nos tuæ propitiationis extende. Per Dominum.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to be appeased, and to impart to us Thy help: and, by the intercession of blessed Timothy, Hippolytus, and Symphorian, Thy martyrs, extend over us the right hand of Thy mercy. Through our Lord, etc.

The inexhaustible Adam of St. Victor gives us another sequence for the Assumption; it was sung at Saint Victor on the octave day.

SEQUENCE

Gratulemur in hac die
In qua sanctæ fit Mariæ
Celebris Assumptio;
Dies ista, dies grata
Qua de terris est translata
In cœlum cum gaudio.

Let us rejoice on this day whereon is celebrated the Assumption of holy Mary; this day, this happy day when from earth she was translated into heaven with joy.

[1] German. Constantinop. In Dormit. B.M., Oratio i.

Super choros exaltata
Angelorum, est prælata
Cunctis cœli civibus.
In decore contemplatur
Natum suum, ut precatur
Pro cunctis fidelibus.

Exalted above the choirs of angels, she is set over all the citizens of heaven. She contemplates her Son in His beauty, and prays for all the faithful.

Expurgemus nostras sordes
Ut illius, mundicordes,
Assistamus laudibus;
Si concordent linguis mentes,
Aures ejus intendentes
Erunt nostris vocibus.

Let us cleanse away our stains, that clean of heart we may take part in her praises; if our minds be in accord with our tongues, her ears will be attentive to our voices.

Nunc concordes hanc laudemus
Et in laude proclamemus:
Ave, plena gratia!
Ave, Virgo Mater Christi,
Quæ de Sancti concepisti
Spiritus præsentia!

Let us, then, praise her with one accord, and in her praise cry out: Hail, full of grace! hail, Virgin Mother of Christ, who didst conceive Him by the presence of the Holy Spirit!

Virgo sancta, Virgo munda,
Tibi nostræ sit jocunda
Vocis modulatio.
Nobis opem fer desursum,
Et, post hujus vitæ cursum,
Tuo junge Filio.

Holy Virgin, spotless Virgin, may the music of our voice be pleasing to thee. Bring us help from on high, and after this life's course, unite us to thy Son.

Tu a sæclis prælecta,
Litterali diu tecta
Fuisti sub cortice;
De te, Christum genitura,
Prædixerunt in Scriptura
Prophetæ, sed typice.

O thou elect from all eternity, long wast thou hidden in the shell of the letter; of thee as future Mother of Christ, the Prophets foretold in the Scripture, but in types.

Sacramentum patefactum
Est, dum Verbum, caro factum,
Ex te nasci voluit,
Quod nos sua pietate
A maligni potestate
Potenter eripuit.

The Mystery was unveiled when the Word made Flesh willed to be born of thee, who in His love did powerfully snatch us from the power of the wicked one.

Te per thronum Salomonis,
Te per vellus Gedeonis
Præsignatam credimus;
Et per rubum incombustum,
Testamentum si vetustum
Mystice perpendimus.

Thee by the throne of Solomon, thee by the fleece of Gedeon, we believe to be foreshown, and by the bush unburnt, if the ancient Testament we mystically ponder.

Super vellus ros descendens
Et in rubo flamma splendens
(Neutram tamen læditur),
Fuit Christus carnem sumens,
In te tamen non consumens
Pudorem, dum gignitur.

On the fleece the dew descending, in the bush the flame resplendent (yet neither hurt thereby), was Christ assuming flesh in thee, yet not destroying thy purity by His birth.

De te virga processurum
Florem mundo profuturum
Isaias cecinit,
Flore Christum præfigurans
Cujus virtus semper durans
Nec cœpit, nec desinit.

The flower that was to spring from thee, the stem, and benefit the world, Isaias sang; by the flower prefiguring Christ, whose power everlasting neither began nor endeth.

Fontis vitæ tu cisterna,
Ardens, lucens es lucerna;
Per te nobis lux superna
Suum fudit radium:
Ardens igne caritatis,
Luce lucens castitatis,
Lucem summæ claritatis
Mundo gignens Filium.

Thou art the reservoir of the fountain of life, thou art a lamp burning and shining: through thee the light supernal on us hath shed its ray; burning with fire of charity, shining with light of chastity, bringing into the world thy Son, the light of supreme brightness.

O salutis nostræ porta,
Nos exaudi, nos conforta,
Et a via nos distorta
Revocare propera:
Te vocantes de profundo,
Navigantes in hoc mundo,
Nos ab hoste furibundo
Tua prece libera.

O gate of our salvation, hear us and comfort us, and from our crooked ways hasten to call us back: we are calling on thee from the abyss, sailing on the sea of the world; from the furious enemy deliver us by thy prayer.

Jesu, nostrum salutare,
Ob meritum singulare
Tuæ Matris, visitare
In hac valle nos dignare
Tuæ dono gratiæ.
Qui neminem vis damnari,
Sic directe conversari
Nos concedas in hoc mari,
Ut post mortem munerari
Digni simus requie.

Amen.

O Jesus our salvation, by the incomparable merit of Thy Mother, deign to visit us in this valley with the gift of Thy grace. Thou who willest that no one be condemned, grant us to steer our course so straightly through this sea that after death we may be worthy to be rewarded in Thy rest.

Amen.

The following prayer is remarkable for the symbolism wherewith it is inspired. It is used at the blessing of medicinal herbs and fruits, given from time immemorial, in certain places, on the day of the Assumption.

PRAYER

Deus qui virgam Jesse, Genitricem Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi, hodierna die ad cœlorum fastigia ideo evexisti, ut per ejus suffragia et patrocinia fructum ventris illius, eumdem Filium tuum, mortalitati nostræ communicares: te supplices exoramus; ut ejusdem Filii tui virtute, ejusque Genitricis glorioso patrocinio, istorum terræ fructuum præsidiis per temporalem ad æternam salutem disponamur. Per eumdem Dominum nostrum.

O God, who on this day didst raise up to the height of heaven the rod of Jesse, the Mother of Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, in order that through her prayers and patronage Thou mightest communicate to our mortality the same Thy Son the fruit of her womb: we humbly beseech Thee, that by the power of this Thy Son, and by the glorious patronage of His Mother, we may, by the help of these fruits of the earth, be disposed by temporal health for eternal salvation. Through the same Christ our Lord.

But let us close the radiant octave by hearing Mary herself speak in this beautiful antiphon, appointed amongst others in certain manuscripts to accompany the Magnificat on the feast. Our Lady there appears, not in her own name alone, but as representing the Church, which begins in her its entrance in body and soul into heaven. The present happiness of the Blessed Virgin is the pledge for us all of the eternal felicity promised us; the triumph of the Mother of God will not be complete until the last of her children has followed her into glory. Let us, then, join in this prayer so full of sweet love: it is truly worthy to express the feelings of Mary as she crossed the threshold of her heavenly home.

ANTIPHON

Maria exsultavit in spiritu, et dixit: Benedico te, qui dominaris super omnem benedictionem. Benedico habitaculum gloriæ tuæ, benedico te, cui factum est habitaculum in utero meo; et benedico omnia opera manuum tuarum, quæ obediunt tibi in omni subjectione. Benedico dilectionem tuam qua nos dilexisti. Benedico omnia verba quæ exierunt de ore tuo, quæ data sunt nobis. In veritate enim credam, quia sicut dixisti sic fiet.

Alleluia.

Mary exulted in spirit and said: I bless Thee who art Lord over every blessing. I bless the dwelling of Thy glory, I bless Thee for whom was made a dwelling in my womb, and I bless all the works of Thy hands which obey Thee in all subjection. I bless Thy love wherewith Thou hast loved us. I bless all the words that have come forth from Thy mouth and are given to us. For I believe in truth that as Thou hast said, so shall it be done.

Alleluia.

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